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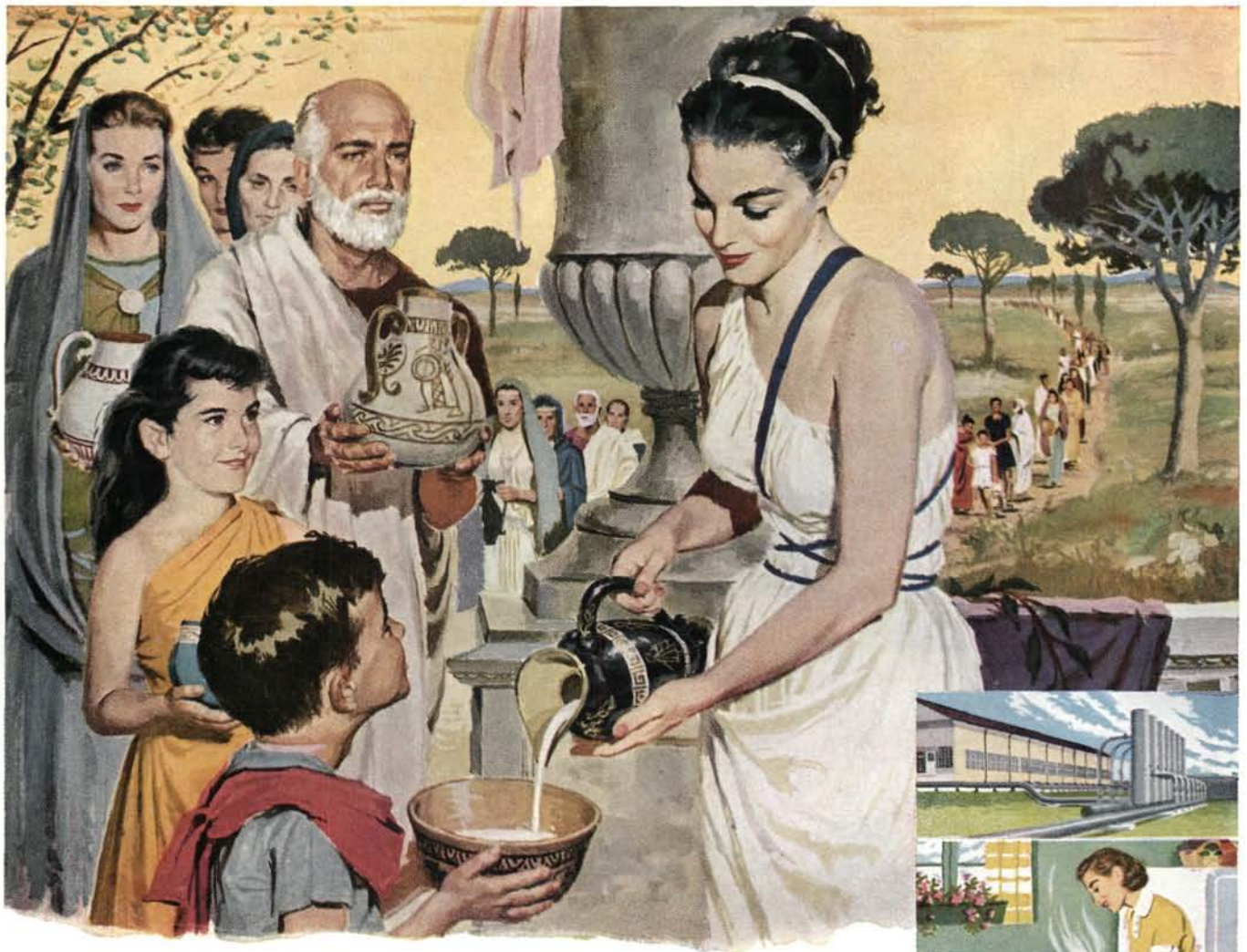
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by Oscar Handlin

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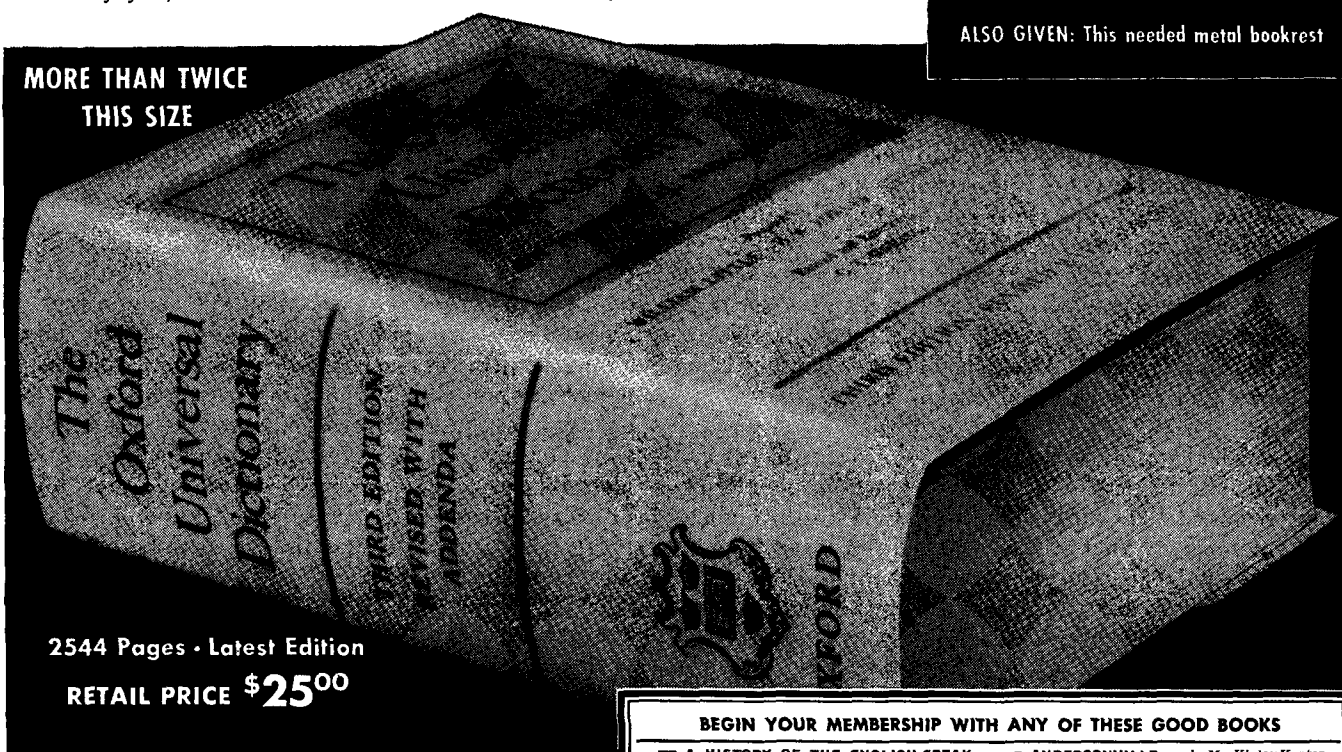
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



London



THE most striking change to take place in Great Britain has been the change at Number 10 Downing Street. Quite suddenly, Sir Anthony Eden is a new man. Whereas the Prime Minister had seemed fragile, so that many observers doubted his physical capacity to carry the office, he now appears robust. Whereas he had seemed strained, he is now relaxed. Where he had been distant, he is now affable; where equivocal, decisive.

The change clearly does not leap from the assurance of dangers overcome, nor yet from popularity regained. The air is full of thunder. It seems much more likely that it has sprung from some intense personal experience; perhaps from a decision to stake everything at last on a course of action from which there is no retreat.

Sir Anthony's wager

Sir Anthony's wager is threefold: that he can now stop inflation in its tracks and, in doing so, revive a national faith in "Tory freedom"; that he can quickly and safely lessen the burden of defense spending; that he can solve the twin problems of Cyprus and Suez. If he wins, the reward is greatness. Should he lose, the loss would equally be on the grand scale. Everything is at stake — his own position, his Government's majority, his party's future.

It is over Cyprus that Sir Anthony has been accused of being most equivocal. Some Britons do not think him firm enough. In Parliament a rebel group, led by Captains Charles Waterhouse and Julian Amery, demands "no surrender whatsoever to the Greeks." The rebels today claim to number more than 50. Sir Anthony's majority in the House is but 60. Should negotiations fail or result in

"surrender," it is conceivable that the rebels could bring down the Government.

In the country, outside Parliament, opinion in the summer swung violently against Sir Anthony over Cyprus. By June the Gallup Poll showed that only 25 per cent of the people approved of the Prime Minister's policy. Labor voters were solid in angry disapproval of what they regarded as outright repression. Nevertheless, Sir Anthony continues on his own way. Sir John Harding, the eminent military governor, has convinced him that the "terrorists" are few, that they can be mopped up by the new year, and that the way will be opened for compromise.

Layoffs in the auto industry

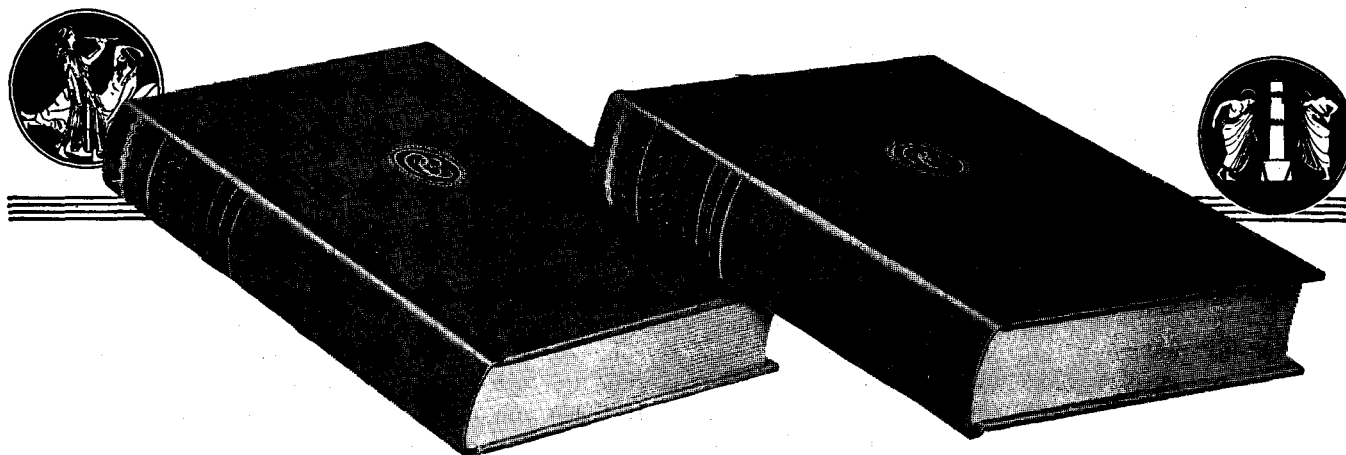
Opposition to the Government on other issues has been slowly mounting. It was intensified when out of the blue Sir Leonard Lord, head of the British Motor Corporation formed from the merger of the giant Austin and Nuffield interests, handed 6000 of his automobile workers their cards, one week's pay in lieu of notice, and a note of thanks. Sir Leonard was censured in Parliament for his abruptness. The auto workers' union called a strike, but it was only halfheartedly observed. More than half of those who still had jobs defied the picket lines and stayed at work.

To many Socialists the incident seemed proof that employers, encouraged by the Government, are actively engaged upon a counterrevolution. In a sense the Socialists are right. The Government has not deliberately induced unemployment, but it has deliberately induced a "mobility" of labor which means that many workers will lose their jobs and be forced to find others. In part the recession that

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The Atlantic Report on London



started in the automobile industry may be the result of inflated wage demands, but in much larger part it is the result of economic policy. Not only is installment buying restricted by law, but there is a 60 per cent sales tax on new cars sold in Britain, which is discouraging to would-be purchasers.

One object of such "curtailment of demand" is to free labor for other industries where there is a shortage of men. A second is to reduce imports, notably of steel. A third is to drive home the lesson that competitive efficiency is the real paymaster, not, as many have imagined, "the boss" or "the State." A fourth is to deep-freeze the majority of the year's new wage demands.

Pegging the barometer

Having already put the squeeze on credit, raised interest rates (several times), boosted taxes, and budgeted for a revenue surplus of \$1.25 billion, the Government in the summer encouraged the nationalized industries — coal, rail transport, gas, and electric power — to peg their prices for a year. To peg prices as a cure for inflation is like pegging the barometer as a cure for weather, unless wages are also held.

And unless wages are held — or the policy of full employment abandoned — another devaluation of the pound sterling is probable. The testing time for this hypothesis may come in the fall. Then the balance of payments is seasonably at its most precarious. And then, with factories opening up again after the vacation period, the true extent of the recession will become more apparent.

Already some Conservatives have doubts as to whether prices, wages, and the balance of payments can, or should, be held in this conservative way. Sir Robert Boothby has urged an immediate return to physical controls. Cyril Osborne has proposed legislation to prohibit increases in either wages or dividends, except as a reward for increased output. But to others, including Sir Anthony, the Tory disinflationary policy is a matter of principle. These men believe that Britain is very close to true prosperity and could quickly find it if only people would behave with sense and resolution.

If disinflation proves politically possible, it will be because this recession has in fact been rigged inside a boom. "Consumer durables" may be stagnating, but the capital goods industries are going great guns. Western European buying power, which is more and more important to Britain, has been steadily increasing, although more slowly than

last year. Exports to America have been running at record levels. The colonies clamor for development.

The fact that by the summer very few workers, even in Coventry, the capital of recessed cardom, had yet been forced to sell house and home, or to leave friends and family in a distant search for work, gave an air of unreality to the first strident calls of the agitators outside the factories. And as the situation became a little more tense, by a happy coincidence Khrushchev, in exposing Stalinists to ridicule and contempt, weakened the power of the British Communists just when they seemed likely to be most dangerous.

Cut spending for defense?

The visit of Bulganin and Khrushchev to Britain had lent Communists in trade unions an influence they had not previously achieved. They have since lost a great deal of it. The visit of B and K is more likely to be remembered for what it did to Sir Anthony than for what it did for the Communists. During the endless meetings in Downing Street the British Prime Minister became more than ever aware of the Soviet threat to the British Commonwealth, and he became more convinced that the supreme threat is not military but economic.

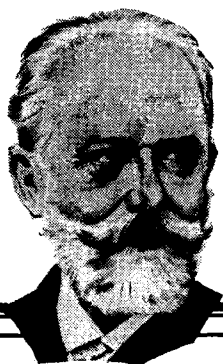
Added to Britain's fresh possession of the H-bomb (several will be tested next year in the Pacific), this conviction encouraged the Cabinet to consider a big reduction in defense expenditure. "We in Britain devote 9 per cent of our national income to defense; the figure for all other Western European countries is 5 per cent," Harold Macmillan said in May. "Suppose our figure, too, was 5 per cent. Our defense program would be, not over £1500 million, but about £800 million, giving £700 million worth of spare resources.

"If we got only half shifted into exports it would completely transform our foreign balance . . . it would resolve one of the Treasury's main dilemmas . . . I would certainly be able to make a considerable reduction in taxes."

The feeling grew that a cut in defense spending would solve almost everything. If the Commonwealth is to be "defended" economically, Britain needs a great surplus of trade. A cut in defense seems the only way of ensuring such a surplus. At the moment there is a bare balance.

A second item, which may provoke even more discussion, is the strong British desire to bring the embargo on strategic goods for China into line

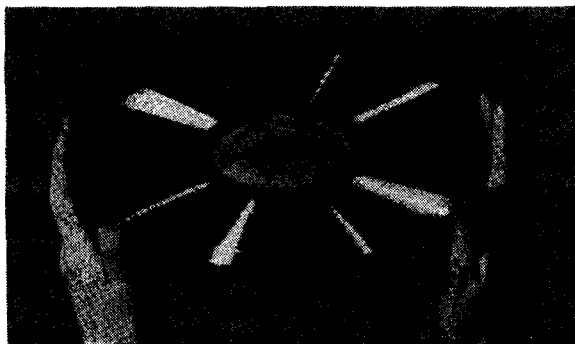
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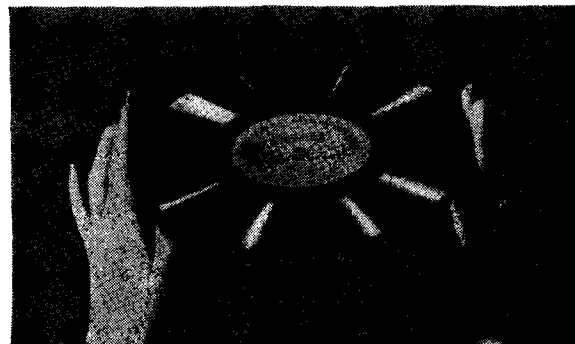
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The Atlantic Report on London



with that governing trade with the Soviet Union. The British have already used the "exceptions procedure" in the NATO agreement to send token quantities of British tractors and Malayan rubber to China. This is not a deliberate flouting of the alliance. At present the British simply feel as if they were out on their own in the world.

Taxes and the middle class

A concrete example of pro-Americanism was the jettisoning of Clause Nine in the Finance Bill. This clause would have made foreign nationals resident in Britain liable to British tax on their full incomes, instead of that part brought into Britain. Several American firms at once made tentative arrangements to transfer their European headquarters elsewhere, and one foreign correspondent just up and left for home.

No company in the United States is rich enough to pay the salaries that would have been needed if top employees left in Britain were to pay the extra tax and yet keep their accustomed living standards. With horror it was discovered that to leave a \$30,000-a-year American with as much money as he had before would have meant paying him \$161,000 a year, some \$140,000 of which would have gone to the British Government. Clause Nine was intended simply to tidy up the tax system. When its catastrophic effects were explained to him, Mr. Macmillan agreed to leave the system untidy.

One effect of the consequent publicity was to draw fresh attention to the plight of the British middle classes. The middle-class revolt is not a revolt for privilege but rather a revolt against equality. The British today are more equal than any other peoples in the world. The trouble with economic equality is that it denies the cash value of that extra bit of efficiency, of education, of sharpness, skill, brains, or elbow grease.

This frustration found political expression in a by-election at Tonbridge, in Kent. The middle class simply stayed away in large numbers. A safe Tory seat with a guaranteed majority of 10,000 was turned into an insecure post held this time by a fluky majority of a few hundred.

The British middle classes have ever been driven to overcome their inbred isolationism, of which those thick, high suburban garden hedges are the outward symbols. The Middle Class Alliance, founded by Henry Price, M.P., attracted 25,000 members in the first three days of its existence. Even more successful is the People's League for the

Defense of Freedom headed by Edward Martell and Lord Moynihan, both political liberals. This League claims it is going to fight "trade union tyranny and arrogant bureaucracy." Just how is not yet clear.

Nasser seizes his opportunity

Nasser's grab in late July was so sudden, so redolent of danger and decay, that it made a new look at NATO seem even more imperative than before. While the Middle East was in a turmoil, Britain's main forces were in Germany on a front where all was quiet under the shadow of the H-bomb.

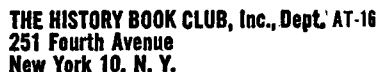
Equally imperative, the British felt, was a new look at Anglo-American relations in the Middle East. The British have been deeply suspicious of American activities in that area. They claim that it is Aramco money paid Saudi Arabia that powers the virulent campaign to drive the British from the oil fields. Now it has become obvious that it was either "competitive appeasement" or at least a lack of joint Anglo-American policy in the Middle East that presented Nasser with his opportunity.

The first immediate consequence of the coup was the rally of a divided country behind Eden snorting flame. Another consequence was to strengthen the voice, and perhaps the position, of the Waterhouse rebels in Parliament. A third was to make British control of Cyprus seem doubly justified. But all except the second seem likely to prove temporary phenomena. For has British possession of the "vitally strategic island" deterred Nasser? Has it, in fact, "secured the lifeline"? These questions will have to be answered, hurtful as the answers may be.

At the outset, economic reprisals were taken, a few warships were moved in the Mediterranean, and it seemed as if there were nothing more to be done by Britain. In Commons, Churchill sat silent, a brooding figure in the background, a member of Parliament for the age of greatness gone. Eden places his faith, however, in international action to guarantee freedom of the Suez waterway, in order not only to secure the lifeline of the Commonwealth but also to increase British prestige.

Nasser's coup underlined Britain's reliance on Middle East oil and consequently, in new circumstances, its almost total economic insecurity. And it struck another direct blow at the pound sterling, so much of the value of which depends on foreign confidence in British stability.

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Washington

IN THE heat of the 1954 congressional election campaign President Eisenhower declared that a split government in Washington would bring "a cold war of partisan politics" between a Republican executive and a Democratic legislature. He predicted "political fiddling while the world burns" and he told the voters that to have a Republican in the White House with Democrats running Congress would be like two drivers at the steering wheel. You can't have that, he argued, and "expect to end up any place but in the ditch."

The day after the elections, in which the Democrats won both Senate and House, the President told the press that he had no doubt his "cold war" phrase was too strong and that he regretted it. He did not take back the two-drivers-at-the-wheel simile, however, and indeed there has been just that as well as some "political fiddling" in the past two years.

But on the whole the 84th Congress was a reasonably productive Congress. It did, of course, deny the President a good many things he asked, and modified or altered some of his proposals. Without doubt some of those measures would have reached Eisenhower's desk in a form more to his liking if the Republicans had controlled Congress.

But other measures, the Bricker Amendment for one, did not pass Congress because the Democrats were in control. And the Democrats are right, for the most part, when they talk of saving Eisenhower bills, or key votes on amendments to them, from being nullified by Republicans, notably in the foreign aid field.

On the record

In toto, certainly, it didn't turn out as badly for the President as he appeared to think it might — or for the nation. Looking especially at the second session, which ended just before the nominating conventions, we can draw these general conclusions: —

1. The coalition of Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats in both Senate and House generally ruled and controlled the outcome of

roll calls as it has ever since the end of the lopsided Democratic majorities in the heyday of the New Deal twenty years ago.

2. The views of this coalition on domestic matters more often than not approximated Eisenhower's own "dynamic conservative" viewpoint. This was especially true of the four party leaders — Senators Johnson and Knowland, Speaker Rayburn and Representative Martin — despite Johnson's much-advertised "program with a heart" and Martin's basic ultraconservatism.

3. The extremes of the Republican-controlled 83rd Congress, when the Eisenhower victory put such men as McCarthy into powerful committee chairmanships, disappeared in the 84th. The kind words Eisenhower has had to say from time to time about the congressional Democrats reflect his relief from such excesses.

4. In some instances, often due to the Johnson-Rayburn party whip, there were reasonably clear partisan divisions on issues. But even here, enough Southern Democrats on occasion deserted the party line, as in the case of the Hell's Canyon Dam bill, to give the Republicans victory.

5. In the field of foreign policy, the President continued to be hobbled on trade issues by orthodox Republicanism, abetted by a growing conservatism among Southern Democrats as their increasingly industrialized area became more protection-minded. Toward the end of the Congress there was increasing Democratic criticism of Administration foreign policy in the face of new Russian tactics. Democratic votes upheld the President on aid to India and in part to Yugoslavia but, for the first time since foreign aid began, it took Republican votes to save part of the program from further cuts on some key roll calls.

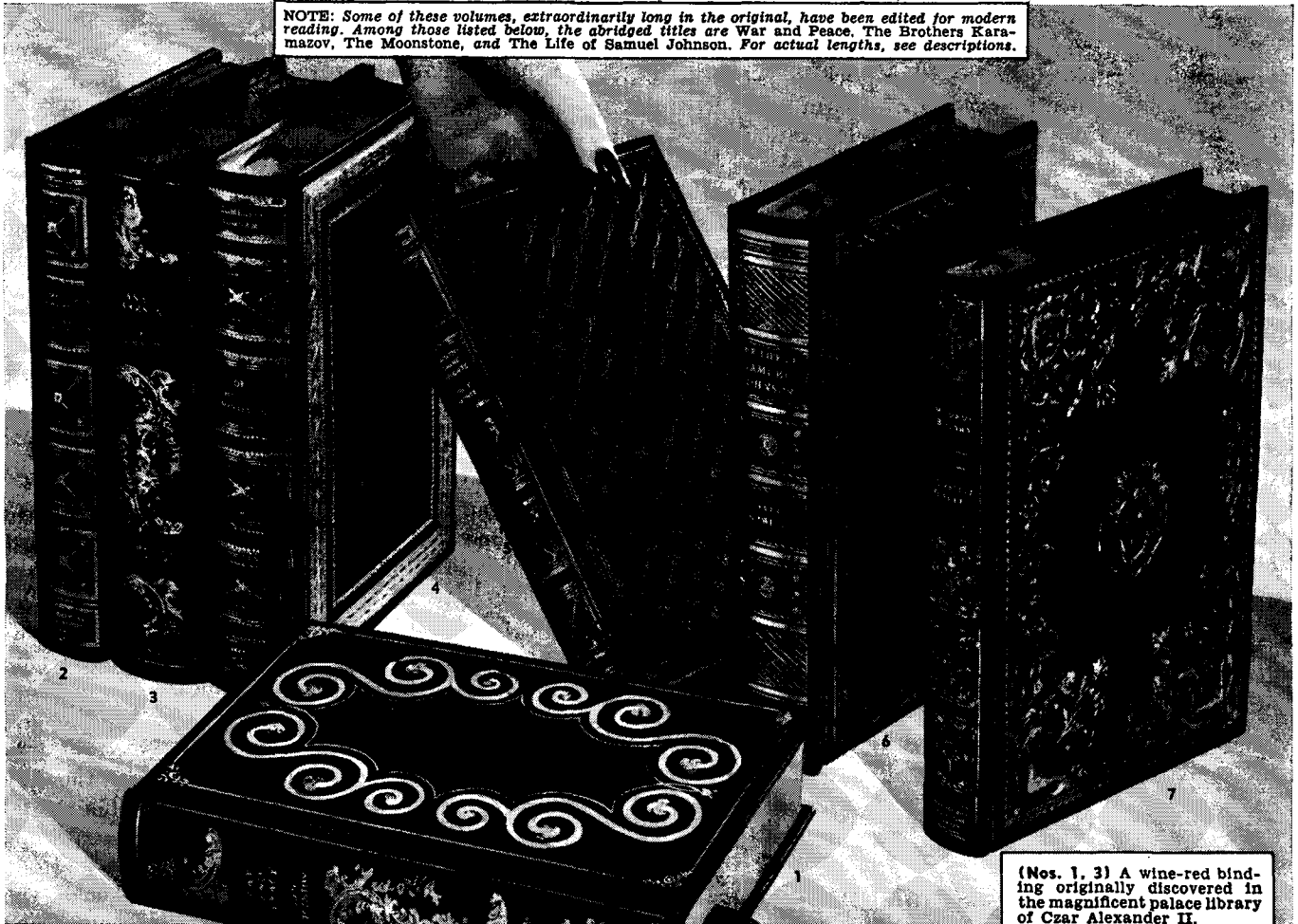
These are generalizations, of course, all subject to exceptions. While McCarthyism has been latent, 17 Republican senators out of 47, or more than one third, voted or went on record against confirming as a delegate to the United Nations Paul Hoffman, the GOP businessman who was Truman's first

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foreign aid administrator as well as cochairman of the 1952 Citizens for Eisenhower movement. A good many Washington observers think this was about as good a test as any of just how effective President Eisenhower's campaign to revamp and modernize his party in Congress has been thus far. From one point of view it is an argument for another four years of Republican stewardship, since senators are elected for six years and the President has personally been responsible for putting several more modern-style GOP senatorial candidates into this year's race.

In the foreign field there were no real tests of congressional sentiment beyond the sample votes on the foreign aid bill. The Congress was confused, a mood shared across the party aisles. Except for the die-hards of pre-war isolationist vintage, most were uneasy over the switch in Soviet tactics; they had a queasy feeling that the United States ought to do something about it, but were for the most part not sure just what. In a combination of politics and genuine fears that the President and the Pentagon were not keeping our military guard

up, the Democrats managed to force some \$900 million more in defense money on the Administration than it had asked.

In a sense the long row over a farm bill was a reflection of the same problem, for the agricultural surpluses which lay at the root of declining farm prices were the product of farm legislation for war and cold war.

Certainly the case of the added \$900 million showed once again that while the Constitution indicates that the legislative and the executive are coequal, it is next to impossible for the legislative to initiate policy. It can, however, always deny the means of carrying out executive policy.

Budget surplus

The Administration for the fiscal year ending this past June 30 came up with a budget surplus of almost \$1.8 billion, and applied part of it to the national debt, thus fulfilling a '52 campaign promise. A major contributing factor was the ever-increasing prosperity which brought record tax receipts of \$68.1 billion despite the tax cut voted by the 83rd Congress.

Another factor — about which the Democrats in the 84th complained a lot — was that the Administration drained defense and foreign aid pipelines which had been filled up under Truman. In this, however, the President had the assistance of the congressional coalition which long had struggled against the multibillion-dollar carry-overs demanded by the lead time needed to provide weapons for ourselves and our allies. This year the Eisenhower Administration for the first time asked Congress to fill up the foreign aid pipeline again, knowing perfectly well the bills would be paid later — after November.

The Administration, as Congress adjourned, was again moving to trim the military manpower of the nation both to meet the ever-changing pattern of potential warfare and to keep the Pentagon budget somewhere within bounds. One estimate was that it would cost \$7 billion more in the next fiscal year just to keep manpower level for another year because of increased cost of nuclear and electronic weapons and supplies.

Highways

Fiscal management was the key issue in the huge highway bill passed by Congress, the biggest peacetime public works bill in history and one sure to have a major impact on the economy for years to come. The Democrats last year flatly refused (and had the votes to back up their refusal) to accept Eisenhower's bond indebtedness plan, on the ground that it would only enrich the bankers and underwriters. This year the President retreated, and the Democrats got their way with what was essentially a pay-as-you-ride financing plan. Here was a case of agreed objective but a program altered because the Democrats controlled Congress.

Post office

Eisenhower got his postal rate increase bill, designed to balance the Post Office budget, through the House. But it died in the Senate for political reasons as much as any other. The Democrats will probably point out in the coming campaign that the Republicans wanted to charge four cents for a three-cent stamp.

Giveaways

In what might be called the field of public versus private interests the Southern Democrats combined with



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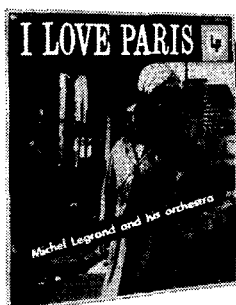
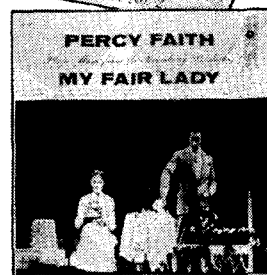
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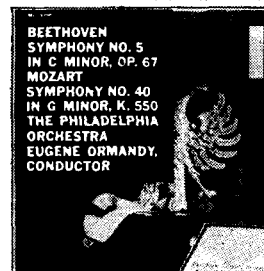
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the Republicans to kill hopes by Democratic leaders of creating some election issues. In this category were Hell's Canyon and a major extension of public housing. The "giveaway" issue, too, was covered with an oily smudge when Senate Leader Johnson forced through the natural gas bill only to have it vetoed by the President. Still, enough of a party line was drawn to create sectional issues in the power-hungry Northwest and the TVA-conscious South where Dixon-Yates is still a pair of names to remember.

Small business

The legislative record on big versus small business was slim. But the O'Mahoney hearings on automobile dealers' franchise problems brought a voluntary change by the big companies, thus perhaps heading off something mandatory. O'Mahoney got through the Senate a bill to let auto dealers sue manufacturers if their franchises were not carried out in good faith. The House drew the teeth of compensatory damages and attorneys' fees before the bill was sent to the White House.

Atomic energy

One measure which includes both public versus private and foreign policy aspects was the Democratic effort to force on the Administration a crash program for the development of peaceful atomic energy. This power program, passed by the Senate over GOP protests but killed by the House, was the culmination of an ever-growing feud between congressional Democrats headed by Senator Anderson, chairman of the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee, and AEC Chairman Strauss. It also had the support of those Democrats who felt the Administration was moving too cautiously to carry out the overseas atoms-for-peace program in the face of economic penetration by the Kremlin.

Civil rights

In what might be called the field of public rights, the President's moderate civil rights bill was passed by a largely cynical House after the Southern Democrats, abetted by some tongue-in-cheek Republicans, stalled it to the last minute to ensure that it would die in the Senate. Knowland was unwilling to risk a split in the coalition even at the potential campaign gain of a last-minute dramatiza-

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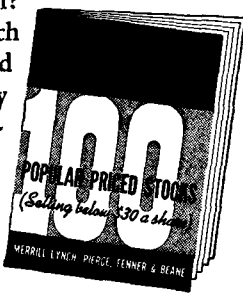
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tion of the Democratic Party's schizophrenia on the issue.

Social security

The Democrats loosened up the President's social security liberalization bill before they passed it, lowering the retirement age below 65 for the first time in some categories. They gave the Administration more than it asked, but not more than some of its officials wanted, for health research.

Bipartisan failures

The major black mark against both parties in this field came on the clean elections bill to regulate campaign spending. After the disclosure of the \$2500 campaign contribution offer to Senator Case of South Dakota, 85 of the 96 senators became "cosponsors" of the bill. But neither Johnson, on whom the main responsibility must lie, nor Knowland, who also bears some of the blame, made a major effort to put it over. They finally backed down after the public furor was forgotten when a right-wing Republican, Goldwater of Arizona, insisted that he would offer an amendment to restrict labor-union campaign spending.

It should also be noted that Senator McClellan of the special lobbying investigating committee which grew out of the Case issue managed to subdue the whole affair in a most adroit fashion, thus robbing the proposed clean-up bill of any further public interest and support.

Neither party made any real effort to give statehood to Hawaii or Alaska after early stalemates, nor did the District of Columbia win its long-sought right of local self-government.

Schools

Of all the legislative failures, that of aid to public schools was the most dismal. A combination of the most naked politics on the part of many Northern Republicans who are counting on Negro votes this fall, and Southern Democrats who fear the coming of integration, so saddled the bill with amendments that it finally went down to defeat, 194 to 224.

A check of the Republicans showed that there were 23 Republicans from so-called marginal districts who voted for the Powell amendment to deny school aid to states which do not fol-

low the Supreme Court's school mandate. These may expect to benefit in November—and the GOP clearly hopes to gain some or all of the seats of the eight Democrats from similarly close districts who voted against the amendment in the hope of passing a school aid bill.

Foreign relations

In the foreign field, the House never even voted on approving American membership in the Organization for Trade Cooperation, because a head count showed the Democratic majority was too slim and there were not enough GOP votes to assure passage of the President's oft-repeated request. A watered-down customs simplification bill did make its way to the President's desk, however.

The House, under urging by Republican Walter Judd, a onetime medical missionary in China, refused to give the President the power he wanted to barter farm surpluses with Communist nations.

The Congress junked the President's request to build an atomic-powered show ship and demothball an aircraft carrier as a floating information center. And it failed to give Eisenhower what he requested for United States Information Agency funds, though it did raise the figure from the McCarthy-inspired lows.

Mirror of the times

In sum, despite the fact that Dwight D. Eisenhower is as popular a President as this nation has ever had, he was able to obtain from the 84th Congress only a part of what he sought. Part of the reason lies in his refusal to battle the Congress for his program as earlier Presidents have done with varying degrees of success.

On the other hand, the 84th was in no respects a runaway Congress, despite its opposition party leadership. No Congress since the vindictive Reconstruction period when Thaddeus Stevens dominated Congress and the House impeached Andrew Johnson has been a runaway. Some, it is true, like that of the last half of the Hoover Administration, turned a cold shoulder to the Chief Executive. But those were days of dramatic public problems, the depression years. These have been years of increasing national complacency. And the Congress has been a mirror of the times.



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Science and Industry

THE efforts of the dairy industry to get cows to produce more milk a year have been only too successful from the marketing viewpoint. As a result, dairy scientists must cope with two more problems. One is to find new flavors and kinds of milk to increase consumption. The other is to find ways to cut production costs so that the farmer can survive low prices.

One simple approach is to make milk taste better. Research has found that most off-flavors result from such things as feeding the cow silage just before milking, or the use of late lactation milk, or milk from stripper cows. But as experts pointed out at a recent American Dairy Science Association meeting, too many farmers pay no attention to the research — with the result that as much as 70 per cent of Vermont milk, for example, is reported off flavor.

The answer proposed is more reminiscent of the gourmet than the scientist: taster teams have been set up at Vermont dairies to sample each farmer's milk as it comes in. Off-flavors are reported to the producer — and the dairyman either becomes interested in correcting them or starts looking for another market.

Meanwhile research at Cornell may eventually result in milk that doesn't even taste like milk. Dr. R. F. Holland is experimenting with a Dutch process said to make it possible to mix milk and fresh fruit juice without curdling the milk — thus enabling children to drink their morning milk and fruit juice simultaneously. The secret is adding pectin, to keep the fruit acid from acting on the milk. The Dutch say the fruit-milk can be pasteurized, homogenized, and kept just like the ordinary kind.

Non-fat milk

Flavor is only one way to boost milk consumption. More significant is low-fat-content milk, aimed at simultaneously reducing the staggering stocks of surplus butter and appealing to a weight-conscious public. For generations, animal geneticists have concentrated on breeding milk gleaming with butterfat; now some are trying to reverse

their goals. But it is no simple matter of going back to the old-fashioned cow. Her milk was watery because it was also low in the non-fat solids — mostly protein, but also essential vitamins and trace elements — that make milk an outstanding food. So dairy scientists are looking for cows high in SNF — solids, non-fat — but relatively low in fat.

Much of this work is being done at Oklahoma A. & M. and at the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station at Rutgers. There the experts have been trying for years to raise the butterfat content in the milk of their Holstein herd to a golden 4 per cent. Records show, however, that while in most cows fat content and SNF increase together, there are a few cows in whose milk SNF is high but fats are low. These are being studied as the possible founders of a new bovine race.

Vaccinated milk

One interesting research project now under way proposes to use milk not merely to build health but to fight infectious disease. For the past decade, Dr. William E. Petersen of the Institute of Agriculture of the University of Minnesota and Dr. Berry Campbell of Minnesota have been studying the possibility of using milk as a carrier of antibodies against infectious human diseases. They knew that newborn calves acquire disease immunity from antibodies in the cow's milk which go from the calf's digestive tract into his bloodstream. By injecting disease vaccines into the cow's udder, the Minnesota scientists have produced antibodies of many diseases that would not appear naturally in milk. These antibodies appear in the blood of persons who drink this "vaccinated" milk, giving them passive immunity to the diseases.

If desired, multiple vaccination can produce antibodies for several diseases simultaneously, giving multiple immunity. The immunity conferred survives only as long as the individual continues drinking the milk. The researchers have used vaccines of the streptococcal infections, measles, smallpox, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and other diseases of bacterial or viral origin. Appearance and flavor of the milk are not affected and it contains

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Cows and automation

Technology is also working on helping farmers to cut costs. On the most modern farms labor expense is kept at a minimum by having the cows fed and watered automatically, machine-milked and cleaned, and the barn itself cleaned by machine. No longer does the up-to-date farmer pile milk cans on the traditional roadside platform. Milk flows directly from the milking machine to bulk tanks where it is cooled and stored until a tank truck from the dairy drives into the barnyard, hooks up a hose, and pumps it out.

Cow fodder is being modernized too. The pulp left after squeezing orange juice is already widely sold as an animal feed. Now Rutgers dairy scientists have found that cows can eat the residue of instant coffee manufacture, currently a waste by-product. The coffee meal, which can be as much as 10 per cent of the cow's diet, has no stimulating effect on the cow and does not change the milk flavor.

Finally, not only the orange skins and the coffee grounds go into the cows, but the Sunday paper as well. Dr. Jonas Kamlet of New York City has received a United States patent for a fodder made of chopped-up newspapers. Newsprint, like hay, is chiefly cellulose, and the ink and sizing apparently have no effect on the cow. Even wrapping paper can be mixed with the newsprint if desired.

The cows seem particularly to enjoy the newspapers shredded and mixed with molasses. Dr. Kamlet has found that cows or sheep can digest about 70 per cent of the cellulose in newsprint, as compared with only about 50 per cent in alfalfa. Old newspapers cost \$8 to \$15 a ton, while the average price of hay is about \$20 a ton, so the cost per nutritive unit is

considerably less. The process is reported under study by a large corporation.

Use of wood products to feed cattle is not new. During World War II the Swedes — cut off from foreign sources — used paper-making pulp plants to produce cattle fodder from pulpwood, but pulp at \$120 a ton is far too expensive for regular feed.

The cow gets all this respectful attention because her stomach separates protein and other food substances from plant matter inedible by man. Unfortunately, however, a cow needs at least two acres in which to graze and is too inefficient a protein factory to be used in overcrowded countries. These are the very countries where lack of milk's protein, vitamins, and minerals produces such dietary diseases as *kwashiorkor* — prevalent among small children in Indonesia and Africa — marked by poor growth and apathy. To these peoples, current attempts to duplicate mechanically the cow's protein extraction process are of great importance.

Mechanical cows

At the great British agricultural experiment station at Rothamsted, Dr. N. W. Pirie has built a machine which extracts essential food elements from all kinds of leaves and grass. This "mechanical cow" beats the raw material into shreds, squeezes out the juice, coagulates the protein under heat, filters the coagulated juice, and finally produces a fine, tasteless, pale green powder that contains 60 to 80 per cent protein.

This represents roughly 50 per cent of the protein in the fresh leaf. (In contrast, milk contains only 15 per cent of the vegetable calories the cow eats; beef, only 4 per cent.) Each 1000 pounds of vegetable matter produces 10 pounds of usable protein. Since the average person's estimated daily requirement of animal protein is 30 grams, it would take about eight pounds of grass or leaves to supply this ration.

Mold-free paper

Mold and cheese have gone together since man learned to milk, but today these fungi are being baffled by a special kind of cheese wrapping. The paper is coated with Sorbic acid — a chemical produced

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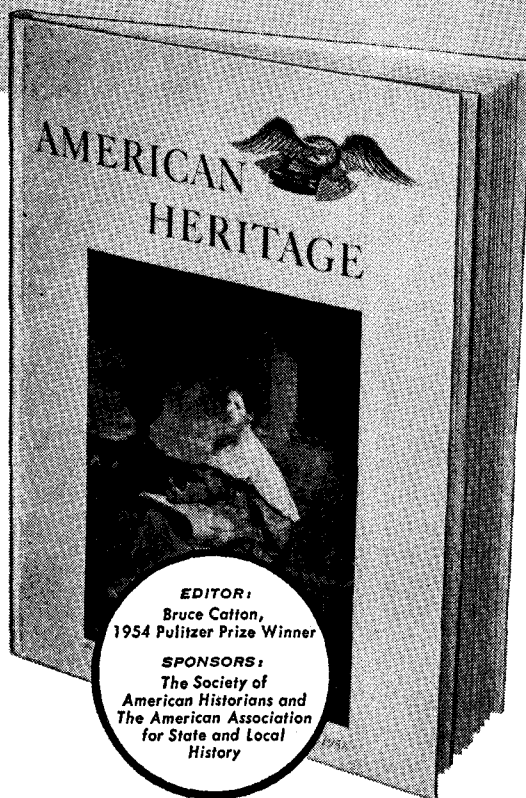
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Tires within tires

If a flat tire catches you on a throughway where there's no turnout area, you're in real trouble. The choice is between risking your life by changing on the spot or hobbling slowly and almost as hazardingly to the nearest turnout. The problem is so great that Los Angeles is considering using helicopters to lift disabled cars from the parkway to safety.

While puncture-proof tires or tubes minimize the risk of a flat and allow you to steer safely, they do not prevent a blowout of the sidewall and they do not provide enough cushion to permit the car to be driven any appreciable distance.

A new tire recently announced by Goodyear, however, can be driven after a blowout for 250 miles or more at 60 or 70 mph. In fact Goodyear claims its new tire is so good that the driver may not even be aware that he has a flat. Called the Captive-Air, the new tire is in effect a tire within a tire. A complete inner casing of two-ply nylon divides the air space into two compartments.

This is not in itself new; but the Captive-Air has no valve or direct connection between the two. As a result a blowout releases only the air in the outer chamber; the inner one provides sufficient cushion for smooth riding. One test driver is reported to have driven a car at 70 mph "no hands" after a front tire had been deliberately blown out.

When the tire is first put on, the two sections are inflated separately, the inner one through a conventional tire valve, the outer one through a valve and needle arrangement like a basketball. Thereafter only the inner compartment is inflated, but two pounds of air are put in for each pound the pressure is down. The

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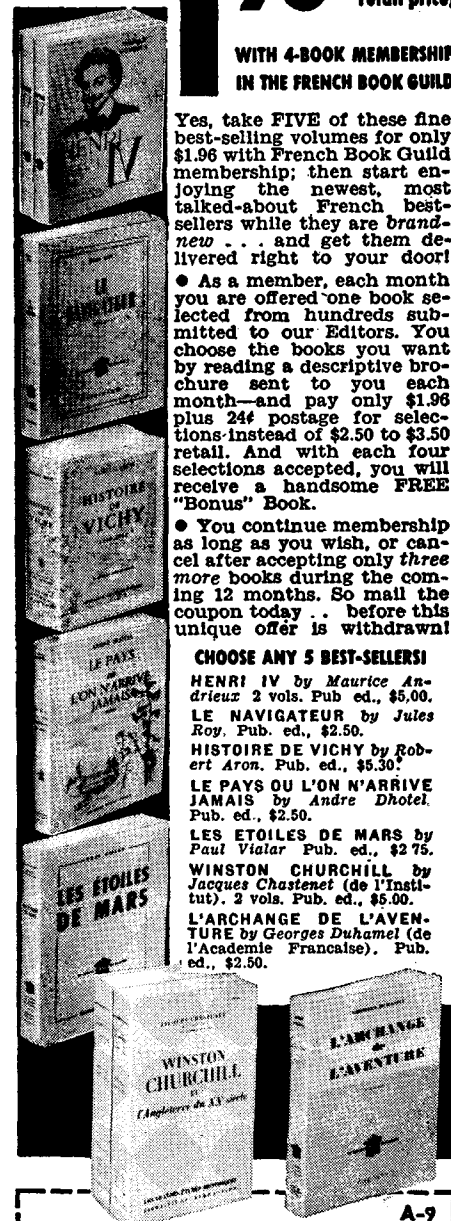
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excess filters through the inner wall until the outer section pressure equals that of the inner one. The new tire may eventually mean the end of the spare tire.

Office mock-up

The mock-up technique — often used for automobiles and aircraft — has been borrowed for an office building. The Connecticut General Life Insurance Company reproduced a section of its proposed \$10 million headquarters building full scale — the same proportions, window arrangement, and exterior walls. In this temporary structure, company officials tried out a wide variety of office layouts and building equipment, and weeded out many that only looked good on paper.

Proposed separate ceiling installations of acoustical baffles and electrical insulation, for example, were found to cost about ten cents a square foot more installed than a combined type; the saving is estimated at \$35,000. Study of full-size office shapes and sizes enabled the planners to cut the average office in the new building from 180 to 144 square feet without loss of working efficiency. Officials estimate that the mock-up may well have saved its cost — about one per cent of the finished structure — in enabling them to avoid unsuitable materials and arrangements.

Driverless tractor

In a Kansas warehouse, a driverless tractor is hauling little trains of loaded trailers. It threads its way from aisle to aisle, stopping occasionally — apparently of its own volition — to pick up or discharge a load from its train of trailers, then starting again.

Actually all directions come by radio pulse from a guide antenna set in the floor. (The antenna can be strung along the ceiling if desired.) The signals can be preset in sequence and carried out automatically over and over again, or transmitted directly from some control point overlooking the route. The tractor can also be controlled manually. A bumper device cuts off the battery-powered motor, stopping the tractor when it runs into an obstacle.

Although it usually travels at walking speed, the tractor — called the

The advertisement features a central illustration of a Ballantine's whisky bottle. The bottle is dark with a white label that reads: "Ballantine's", "IN USE FOR OVER 125 YEARS", "ESTABLISHED 1827", "BY APPOINTMENT TO", "THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA", "THE LATE KING EDWARD VII", "1/5 QUART", "86 PROOF", "LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY", "100% SCOTCH WHISKIES", "BLENDED & BOTTLED BY", "George Ballantine & Son Limited", "DISTILLERS", "Glasgow & Dumbarton, Scotland.", "PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND", "IMPORTED BY", "21 BRANDS, INC.", "NEW YORK, N.Y.". The bottle is surrounded by a decorative crest featuring two lions, a crown, and a shield with a cross. Above the bottle, the word "Ballantine's" is written in a large, elegant script. Below the bottle, the text "The Crest of Quality" is written in a large, bold font. At the bottom of the advertisement, the text "21 Brands, Inc." is written in a stylized font, followed by "NEW YORK CITY" and "THE LONDON HOUSE OF BALLANTINE".

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"What manner of man is this!" He lived the perfect life. Even His enemies could find nothing evil in Him. Yet, man's reaction to the perfect life was *murder on a cross!*

But Jesus' death was more than the murder of an innocent man. Jesus "was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities" ... *Isaiah 53:5.* He transformed the shame of the cross to the glory of man's salvation.

But Jesus Christ is not still hanging on a cross! "He is risen." He has ascended to the Father's right hand where He is reigning today. *Acts 2:33.* He is the only *head*, of His Kingdom, Body, Church! *Colossians 1:18.*

But What Has All of This To Do With You? Very much indeed. To achieve fullness of life and obtain salvation you must enthrone Christ in your

life. Christ is not valued *at all* unless He is valued *above all!* *Hebrews 5:9.* "What

will you do with Jesus? Will you believe in Him? *Mark 16:16.* Will you repent of your sins? *Luke 13:35.* Will you confess Jesus? Will you express your faith by obeying Christ's command to be buried with Him in *baptism* for the forgiveness of your sins?

"Therefore we are buried

with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." *Romans 6:4.* Jesus said: "Except one be born of the water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." *John 3:5.*

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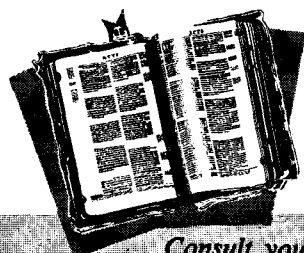
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Guide-O-Matic — can haul 6000 pounds of freight at 6 mph. Barrett-Cravens Company makes the tractor, as well as the control system, which can be used on a variety of vehicles.

De-icing chemicals

Sticky tape made of salt is being used to prevent ice formation on aircraft wings. Lithium chloride — close relative of the familiar rock salt that does the same job on the highway — is dispersed in water-soluble, flexible polyvinyl alcohol. Then the composition is cast into long tapes and stored in rolls. The tape sticks to the aluminum surface of the leading edge of a wing as easily as ordinary pressure tape.

Lithium chloride is one of two anti-icers developed for aircraft use by scientists at the Armour Research Foundation. The other is similar to a familiar ice-fighter — auto antifreeze. It is a polymerized ethylene glycol that differs from what you pour into your radiator only in being solid at room temperature. Melted and sprayed on the aircraft, it immediately solidifies again into a smooth tough film.

Both types work by lowering the freezing point and both are applied on the ground just prior to take-off when icing conditions are predicted. A big advantage is weight-saving: these anti-icers eliminate the need for building into the wing heat ducts or inflatable rubber edge strips to crack off the ice.

Miniature sewage plants

A gleaming bathroom may be a world-wide symbol of American civilization, but the 1950 census showed that one dwelling out of every four in the United States had either outside toilets or none at all. Seventeen million of the remainder — including a considerable number in New York — are not on a sewer line but must depend on septic tanks for waste disposal. Where house lots are too small or soil drainage poor, septic tanks don't work, with the result that wells and ground water become polluted. In extreme cases, whole unfortunate subdivisions float on sewage-saturated ground.

Now comes an ingenious new device — called Sanitoi — that in effect puts a city sewage-treatment station in the cellar of any home that needs one.

A city plant uses aerobic bacteria, those that work in the presence of oxygen, to transform waste matter into harmless liquid or gas. These bacteria are more efficient than the anaerobic type that work in the absence of oxygen, as in a septic tank.

The Sanitoid system applies the aerobic activated-sludge principle to a one-home waste-disposal plant. All waste matter is ground up by a mechanism set into each toilet, and pumped to a treatment tank. In the tank, which can be in the cellar or buried outside, air is forced through the sewage by an air compressor. Aerobic bacteria rapidly turn everything into harmless and odorless water or gases that escape through a vent. The water is recirculated to the toilets, being pumped over and over again through the system. No new water need be added once the system has been put in operation.

If bath water and kitchen drains feed into the tank, an overflow pipe with a small drainage area must be provided outside, but since the flow is much less, this area can be much smaller than the area required for a septic tank. Pumps, grinders, and air compressor all operate electrically. A typical household system sells for about \$600.

The Sanitoid system has been tested under laboratory conditions at Purdue University as well as in many different types of actual installation. Its advantages are many. It permits building in locations where septic tanks won't work. It saves a considerable amount on piping, since the grinders make large soil pipes unnecessary. And it saves water.

Right now this small-scale sewage treatment plant is of interest primarily to harried builders or to rural homeowners in water-shy areas. Ultimately its importance could be much wider. We spend millions of dollars to transport and purify water, then use a large proportion of it as a vehicle to carry away waste. If household sewage-disposal systems could be approved for urban use, we might reduce by as much as 50 per cent the 100-odd gallons of water an average city dweller uses each day. With city after city running short of water, this saving could remove a factor limiting the growth of many metropolitan areas.

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Since the beginning of time, men have searched incessantly for the secrets of God's vast unknown.

Through instinct and logic... through signs and omens and even crystal balls... they have sought to unveil the mysteries of the infinite, hoping for a positive "revelation" concerning their own ultimate destiny.

Even deeply religious people are often troubled by this instinctive urge to know "the unknowable," and in their quest they sometimes draw unwarranted conclusions even from sacred writings. This is notably true of the Book of Revelation, or the Apocalypse of St. John the Divine.

The purpose of Revelation is not, as some seem to think, to reveal a detailed panorama of the future. It is not a magic key to unlock a door that God has seen fit to leave closed. It is, indeed, a book of prophecy... and God's Own promise... but it relates to the past and the present as well as the future. Like the other Scriptures, it is a book which must be understood in its fullness, and with a knowledge of its precise purpose and the circumstances under which it was written.

The precise purpose of Revelation is to manifest the triumph of Christ. With reference to the past, it points to Our Lord's triumph over sin and death by His life, crucifixion and resurrection. As to the present, Revelation makes clear that this triumph is complete only to the extent that men accept Christ's salvation and live by it. For the future, Revelation, and other Scriptures too, leave no doubt that there will be a final

triumph, well described in the words of St. Paul: "Then comes the end, when he delivers the Kingdom to God the Father after destroying every rule and every authority and power."

St. John addressed his Apocalypse to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor,

which were, of course, the Catholic Church. Making frequent use of symbolisms, he warned the Church against enemies whom he likened to a beast, a dragon and an anti-Christ. The meaning of these symbols is often misunderstood.

Revelation is, indeed, a powerful message to all who look wonderingly and hopefully into the great unknown. But to gain the true spiritual comfort which this God-given book offers, its precise meaning should be clearly understood. If you would like to read a highly interesting and helpful pamphlet on the subject, write today and we will send it free and without obligation. It will be mailed in a plain wrapper and nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. B-51.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Reliving the Civil War"

SIR:

In regard to "Reliving the Civil War" by Richard E. Danielson in the June *Atlantic*, may I say that I found the article extremely interesting. However, Mr. Danielson seems to be at pains to belittle the actions of Daniel E. Sickles at Gettysburg.

The following quotation from an official publication of the Department of the Army, *The Medal of Honor*, should be of interest:—

"Sickles, Daniel E., Major General U.S. Volunteers. At Gettysburg, Pa., 2 July 1863, displayed most conspicuous gallantry on the field, vigorously contesting the advance of the enemy and continuing to encourage his troops after being himself severely wounded."

It has never been the policy of the government to award the Medal of Honor to anyone undeserving. It is true that in private life Sickles was an incorrigible rake and profligate, but this weakness had nothing to do with his personal courage. At San Juan Hill the great Theodore Roosevelt held up a slightly injured hand to prove to his men that he too had incurred an honorable wound in combat.

HOWARD M. BAKER
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

In "Reliving the Civil War" I find this statement on page 67:—

"Fletcher Pratt has written a valuable book, *Civil War on Western Waters* (Holt), concerning the naval activities on the Mississippi and other rivers. Where the Confederates put their trust in fortifications which

meant defensive warfare, the Northerners happily combined aggressive tactics by the Army and Navy. Their team play was excellent, and as a result they were in the long run completely successful. This is a concise and adequate account of this important phase of the Civil War."

Gentlemen, you know the above statement is not true. You and I both know the Confederates did not put their trust in fortifications. In Virginia and in other parts of the South great battles were fought in the open, and the Southern forces were more often successful than the Northern forces were. The Northerners won in the long run because they were able to put into the field two or three times as many men as the South could; they had greater inventive genius; they were able to feed and equip their men better. But they lacked the brilliant generals that the South had: they had no Robert E. Lees or Stonewall Jacksons. Their best general was Southern born and raised: General Thomas, who at the battle of Chickamauga gained the name of "The Rock of Chickamauga," being "all that saved a terrible defeat from becoming a hopeless rout."

PAUL M. POLK
Vicksburg, Miss.

The Legion and UNESCO

SIR:

Three cheers for Ben H. Bagdikian's analysis of the Legion and UNESCO in "How the Legionnaires Were Duped" (July *Atlantic*). One fact gives hope — that the old guard wants desperately to toss the ball to younger men without particular regard to their personal stand on issues

domestic or foreign. As one who was handed the ball, I know the pros to be men willing to bend away from McKinley and Adam Smith if given a gentleman's dose of patience and understanding.

Post-war civic leaders do shy away from the Legion in droves. Pennsylvania has enrolled only 17 per cent of its veterans and is topped percentage-wise by only twelve states. It is obvious that this is no way to lead the organization to the political science of Eisenhower and the economics of post-Keynesian realists.

ROBERT G. CRIST
Camp Hill, Pa.

I Personally—

SIR:

For a long time I have wanted to tell you how much I appreciate your choice of poetry for the *Atlantic*.

The past six months have brought some especially fine poems: "The Weeds and the Wilderness" by Leah Bodine Drake, "Second Coming" by John Moffitt — whose work I have not seen before — and "Nightcoach from Salzburg" by Harold Witt, among your newcomers.

That section you are giving to new poets will be worth watching.

JANE WELCH
New York City

SIR:

For the past dozen issues of the *Atlantic Monthly*, I have intended writing to tell you how very much I enjoy your excellent, carefully chosen poetry. The moment the *Atlantic* arrives, I thumb through to reach and read the poems, and always find them of an unusual caliber. I hope you will

always continue to give this special touch to your magazine.

MRS. EDITH M. J. HOUNSELL
Glendale, Calif.

SIR:

In "The Perfect Polyglot" (July *Atlantic*), Louis McIntosh's translation of "Das ist die Hauptsache, wenn es läuft" — used in reference to his old car in his travels through Germany — as "It may be an old crock, but anyway it moves" stretches idiomatic usage to the breaking point. Perhaps Mr. McIntosh's translation is the implied meaning. But are we to produce translations from foreign languages by implication? Of course, a happy medium has to be struck between literal, unimaginative translation and careless, implied translation. With that in mind, I am sure any German student would tell you that this sentence means: "If it runs, that is the main thing."

FRED S. MACFADYEN
Kearny, N. J.

SIR:

"Living in the Clouds" by Paul Brooks (June *Atlantic*) was a most enjoyable adventure. All readers of this sensitively written description of a trip into the Olympic Peninsula wilderness can feel as if they had been there too. More than mere reader enjoyment, the article carries a strong plea for the saving of those pieces of nature which have not been defiled by man's commercialism. I thought Mr. Brooks's tribute to the rangers of the National Park Service both well deserved and appropriate.

LEWIS A. CARTER
Milton, Mass.

SIR:

In regard to Edward Crankshaw's fine article, "China and Russia" (June *Atlantic*), I am convinced that Russia is aware of China's and India's potential power (witness the establishment of the buffer states Outer Mongolia, Tibet, etc., and the Lake Baikal industry complex at the pivot of its Far East defenses), but I am equally convinced that Mao's emulation of Stalin's industrial self-sufficiency and preparedness program is due to fear of Japan from 1931, even as Stalin was deadly afraid of Germany, remembering its vast superiority in 1917.

Mao is watching the rapid rebuilding of Japan's industry aided by the U.S., and is observing its rapid population increases with no place to raise



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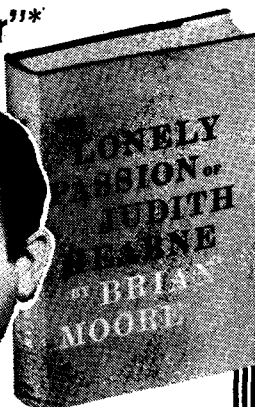
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food or expand to. In effect, a duplicate of Germany after World War I.

(M SGT) CARL HANSCAM
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR:

I have been a fairly steady reader of the *Atlantic* for over twenty years, and usually find the Reports section of special interest.

From your May number I received one shock, since the author of the Report on London casually missed one of the main features of housing finance in this country. Of our 13 million or so households, there may well be 3 million in rented houses which were built by local authorities, often with subsidized rents. But an equally important class is those who are buying houses, usually with the aid of a building society mortgage or similar loan. Such people numbered nearly 2 million at the end of 1955. With few exceptions, they borrowed money at 4 or 4.5 per cent interest, and since 1950 have been obliged to pay 5 or 5.5 per cent for the rest of the loan, either by raising their monthly installments or by prolonging the loan for another five years.

Discontent at this form of inflation is one of the major causes of anti-Government feeling among middle-class people at present.

ERNEST VAN SOMEREN
Broxbourne, Herts, England

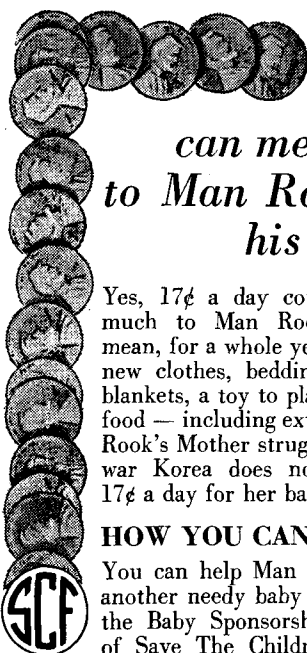
"The Nun and the Dramatist"

SIR:

I have it on the authority of Bridey Murphy that the spirits of the dead can make no impression on the living, but surely the spirit of G.B.S., who in life was as clever as poor Bridey was dull, should be able to wreak diabolical vengeance on those who are responsible for the editorial comment accompanying "The Nun and the Dramatist" in the July *Atlantic*, which says Shaw proclaimed "a doctrine of justice, brotherhood, and equality according to the gospel of Karl Marx."

Of course, the pure woman dedicated to God and the diabolical sinner drawing inspiration from Karl Marx make a striking contrast, but how far is it permissible to stretch facts to create literary effect?

Quite aside from the improbability of a confirmed Marxist being capable of penning these letters, it is very easy to find out what kind of socialism the Fabian Brother G.B.S. preached, and I think it should be required reading



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for the editor, or editors, of this article. I am glad to furnish a good introductory reference — see Fabian Tract #70, *Fabian Tracts*, The Fabian Society, London, n.d. (c. 1900). One could hardly find anything *less* Marxian.

It is always an intellectual treat to be given access to Shaw's wit in any form, but it seems to me that it is not asking too much that readers of the *Atlantic* be given their Shaw in an accurate setting.

MRS. B. W. MAXWELL
New York City

We do not believe that the Benedictine nuns of Stanbrook Abbey, who supplied the editorial comment here objected to, need fear any prospect of vengeful visitation. Shaw preached a number of exotic doctrines in the course of his long life, and a good case can certainly be made for his having been one of Marxism's most brilliant heretics.

— THE EDITORS

Letters of Dylan Thomas

SIR:

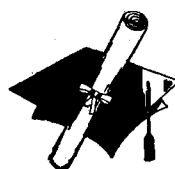
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We should be grateful if all letters could be sent and all correspondence about them addressed to Stuart Thomas, % D. O. Thomas and Co., 103 Walter Road, Swansea, Glamorganshire, Great Britain.

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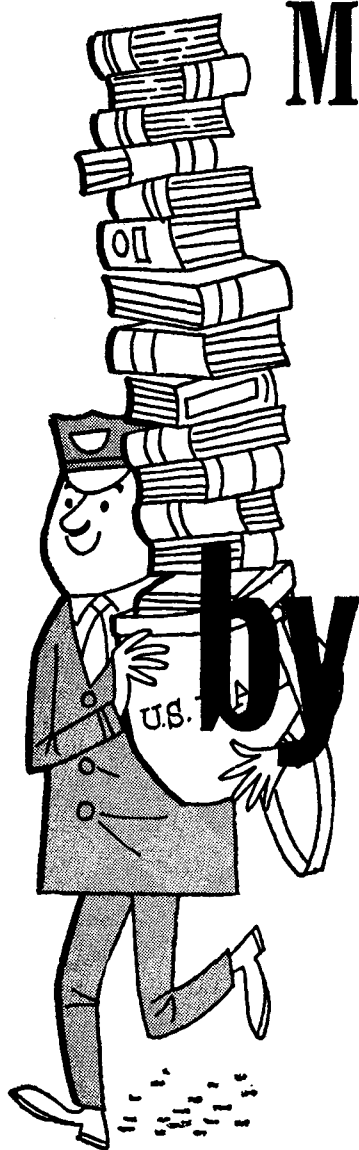
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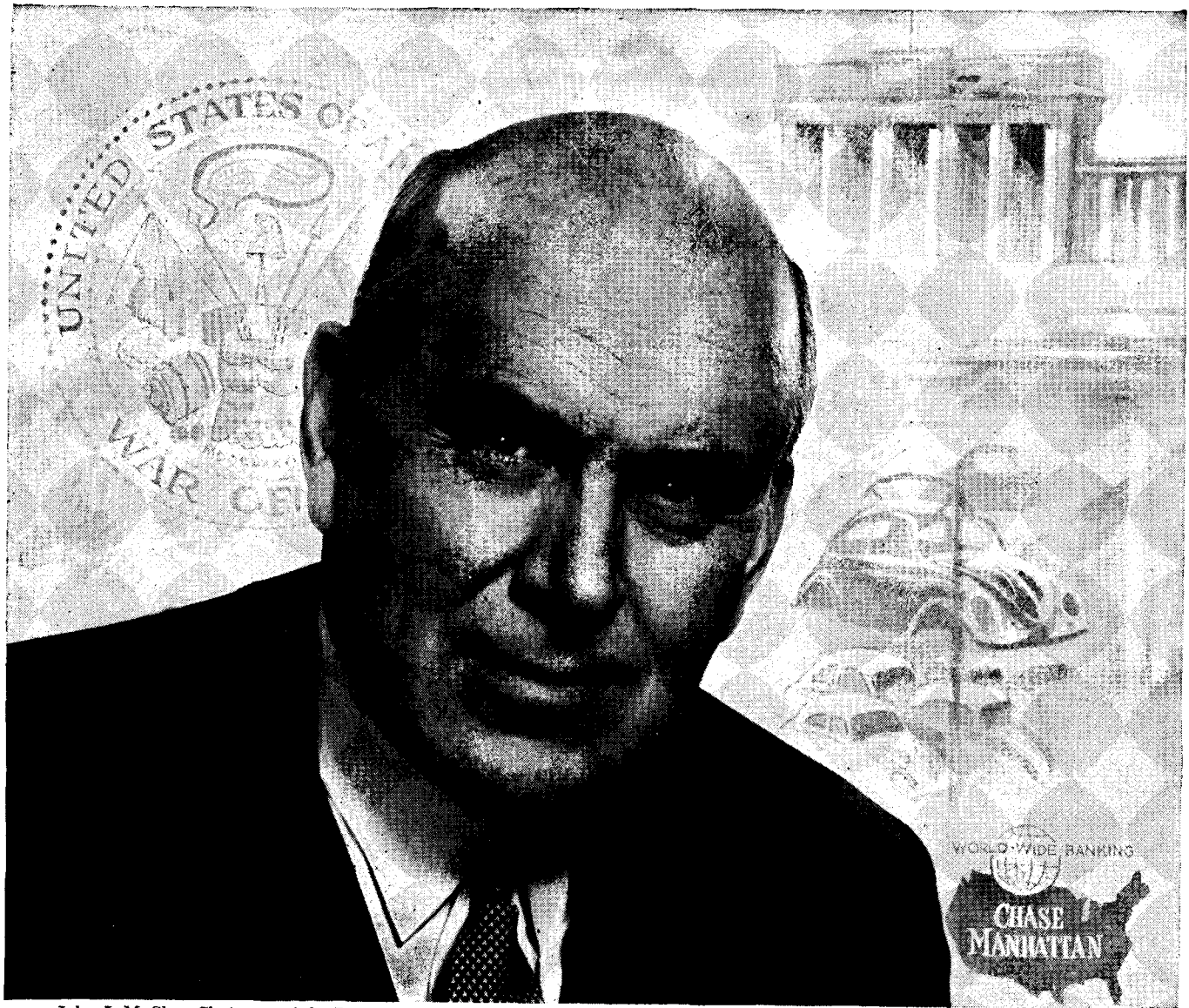
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New schools are being built, new classrooms — though not enough — will be ready for occupancy this fall; but to secure the teachers we need, we should have to enlist half of the total number of college graduates of last June. Obviously this is impossible, but it does illustrate the appalling shortage of trained teachers — a shortage which is not being lessened by the lethargy in Congress or the half measures of state legislatures. OSCAR HANDLIN, Professor of History at Harvard University and a Pulitzer Prize winner, discusses the emergency measures which are available. Can they be undertaken without lessening still further the quality of those who teach?

THE CRISIS IN TEACHING

by OSCAR HANDLIN

A CENTURY ago, in a nation primarily agricultural and rural, the teacher was a respectable and substantial figure in the American community. Together with the lawyer, the minister, and the physician, he supplied intellectual leadership to people who valued his opinions and his services. Education, it is true, was primarily the concern of gentlemen and professional folk; others needed only a command of the three R's to get on in life, and that they could acquire almost as readily outside the school as in it. There was nonetheless a universal respect for learning. The first struggles of frontier settlement were hardly won before the farmers began to make provisions for the schools that would keep alive their cultural heritage.

Today the teacher has lost much of the esteem formerly accorded him. Yet his role is more important than ever before. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are now only the beginnings of learning. The schools must also preserve and pass on to the next generation the multitude of skills and techniques through which an industrial civilization survives. At the age of six the child is taught to brush his teeth, and at sixteen to drive the family car. He studies torts or anatomy or soil mechanics or automobile engineering or bookkeeping or dress design to prepare for a career. These are not extraneous or peripheral subjects. In a fluid society

in which sons do not necessarily follow the trades of their fathers, the school alone is equipped to select the talents appropriate to the job, and to supply the training for it. Visible evidence of this role may be found in any college placement office in the spring, as the emissaries of the great corporations descend to recruit new personnel for production and administration.

Yet we are not content simply to make our schools technical training institutes. The Soviet Union and pre-war Japan showed it was possible to develop large numbers of adequate engineers and technicians uneducated in anything but their own tasks. Americans, however, are repelled by the conception of factories and offices staffed by skilled automata. In a free democracy it is essential also that each man have an understanding of himself and of his job in its context. He must know enough about his society to act as an intelligent citizen in it; and he should be familiar enough with its culture to be able to make intelligent individual choices in life. Our schools attempt to equip every child with the spirit of learning in the faith that the "citizenship of the world of knowledge" is equally important to the mechanic, the industrialist, and the lawyer.

In our culture, also, the school is a primary social matrix in which growing boys and girls learn to behave and coöperate, to make friends in high

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school and college and to find partners in marriage. It provides instruction to those whom increased leisure gives the desire for adult education. The universities store and transmit knowledge. Furthermore, through laboratories, museums, and libraries they constantly add to it, and the whole nation profits by their discoveries in medicine, in chemistry, physics, and the social sciences.

These complex and numerous functions are already part of the responsibility of the educators. Hence their trepidation as they confront the mass of new students sweeping in upon them.

The tidal wave of students

The crisis in teaching has come to a head through the pressure of cataclysmic population changes since the Second World War.

In the decade before 1941, a little more than 2 million children were born in the United States each year. Since that date the number has risen steadily. In 1955 it was just about double what it was twenty years earlier.

As a result, a tidal wave of students has inundated the schools. Advances in medicine and improvements in standards of living permit ever more children to survive babyhood and to enter upon their education. Relative prosperity enables a rising percentage of them to remain to complete their courses of study. In 1956, 80 per cent of the eligible age groups were enrolled in primary and secondary schools, 30 per cent in the colleges.

The elementary level was first to feel the effects. In 1945-46 there were less than 20 million students in the first eight grades, in 1955-56 almost 30 million; and the number will rise as the birth rate has. In the high schools, the major shock of expansion is still two or three years off. Just over 6 million boys and girls were receiving a secondary education ten years ago; just over 7 million do so now. But by the time today's six-year-old moves on to high school, eight years from now, he will be one of more than 10 million. And that number too will grow.

The colleges and institutions of higher education are least prepared and therefore will suffer most. Already they are crowded with 2.5 million students, a million more than before the war. But when the current crop of first-graders matriculates twelve years hence, they will be part of a collegiate population of well over 5 million, possibly as high as 8 million.

There is no escape from the logic of these figures. These babies are already born and more are on their way. Place will have to be found for them unless we wish to deprive them of their birthright as Americans.

Can we get the new teachers?

The prospects for the adequate education of the oncoming generation are not encouraging. The

physical requirements for space alone are enormous. It will take determination and money to build the 700,000 classrooms which will be required in the next four years. The appropriate libraries and laboratories will be even more difficult to assemble and construct. The White House Conference on Education, early in 1956, outlined the basic necessities toward which the federal and state governments must contribute their share. Yet the outrageous failure of Congress to act on this matter in its last session reflects the apathy of a public uninformed as to its own vital interests.

New buildings are a first step, but by no means the most important one. In one crucial matter, even money and determination will not be enough. The expansion of the school population has created a crying demand for teachers. And there is no easy way of finding them. Confronted with this emergency, the White House Conference produced only empty generalizations; and no one else has been wise enough yet to do better.

On the eve of the war, American elementary and high schools employed some 875,000 teachers. In 1955 there were just over a million. By 1959 they will require at least 1.6 million to do the same job they do now. Since well over 50,000 retire or resign each year, the schools will find it necessary to recruit almost three quarters of a million new teachers in the next three years. In addition, the 200,000 or so instructors now on the staffs of American universities will have to multiply themselves in the next twelve years to at least 450,000, through the recruitment of no fewer than 25,000 new faculty members each year.

It will be a tragic delusion to imagine that the problem can be "solved." The enlistment of 200,000 or more new teachers a year between now and 1959 would absorb about half the total recipients of bachelor degrees in that period. In view of the demands for college-trained personnel in industry, in government service, in science, and in the other professions, such a diversion of talent is not likely or desirable. For a long time makeshifts will have to do. We can only minimize the damage, maintain standards as best we can for the time being, and lay a foundation for future recovery.

If we fail, the consequences will be disastrous. The size of classes will no doubt grow, and many schools will fall back upon double sessions. The standards of certification may be undermined and the quality of instruction will decline. Already 100,000 "emergency" teachers are in service, and almost half the elementary school children receive instruction from unsupervised green hands. Less than 70 per cent of elementary school teachers are college graduates, and only 60 per cent of the college faculties have earned the Ph.D. (In the next few years, those percentages will certainly fall.) For some subjects, a total collapse is imminent; 46 per cent of American public high schools

offer no foreign language at all; 23 per cent no physics or chemistry; 24 per cent no geometry.

Nor can we blink the fact that the quality of those teaching has steadily been falling. College graduates of the highest caliber are ever less likely to select teaching as their career. The honors student in physics or mathematics or philosophy is still likely to go on to teach those subjects. But the man or woman who earns a magna or summa cum laude in history or the social sciences or literature, with increasing frequency chooses some other calling than teaching.

Under these circumstances, the level of preparation for, and instruction in, the colleges will decline. The educational system as a whole will lose its capacity to filter the best potential talents through to the jobs that need them. The future physicist and doctor, as well as the future teacher, will be lost to society for want of the high school courses through which their abilities could be recognized. The loss to us all will be immense. The crisis will not cure itself. It will grow more acute unless we confront it boldly.

Meager salaries

Salary in our society is an inescapable measure of the desirability of a job. There was a time when the schoolmaster stood fairly well in the community by that standard. Few occupations now rank as low in terms of earnings as teaching. The average annual wage in elementary schools ranges from \$3000 in small towns to \$4800 in large cities; in high schools, from \$4000 to \$5500. By contrast, workers in the auto industry average \$4900 and railroad conductors \$6600, to say nothing of the laborers in the building trades, who do even better. Electricians, plumbers, plasterers, and steamfitters take home larger checks than the teacher; and there are schools in which the best-paid employees are the maintenance men. The average salary of full professors in large state universities, presumably the best-trained and most skilled in their profession, is much less than that of railroad engineers. After eight years of teaching, a Ph.D. in science can just about rise to the level at which he could start in industry.

But then, few teachers have any expectation that their income will markedly improve. They stay on through dedication to their calling, but they know that their experience counts little. The typical college graduate who enters a large corporation will probably double his initial salary in five years. If he enters teaching he may do so in twenty, and then usually only if he has toiled away summers and evenings accumulating mechanical credits toward mechanical degrees. Salary increments come more often through persistence and seniority than through teaching merit.

Teachers are the only occupational group whose real earnings have actually fallen since 1940. (By

comparison, those of industrial workers have gone up almost 50 per cent, of physicians 80 per cent.) Even the notoriously underpaid ministers have improved their position.

Most important, there are no inspiring goals. The enterprising young man, in the choice of a career, is less likely to be concerned with averages than with the highest prizes. He may indeed spend his life compiling citations for the briefs from which others will argue; but as he enters the law school, he sees himself the partner of a firm that represents mammoth corporations, or a famous trial attorney, or a respected judge.

Of what can the future teacher dream? Leave out of account the businessmen to whom our society offers its richest rewards, and compare the pedagogue with other professionals. Fully 40 per cent of America's physicians earn more than \$10,000 a year, almost 30 per cent of the lawyers, and more than 10 per cent of the authors, editors, and reporters. Only 5 per cent of college staffs (including the presidents) do so, and less than 1 per cent of high and elementary school teachers.

In the past, it seemed enough to give the teacher other concessions. A long vacation, security, relatively short working hours, and a five-day week were compensations for his meager salary check. But these are no longer exceptional in a society which provides similar advantages to all its members. It was always a pernicious habit to consider the time out of the classroom a reward instead of a condition of effective teaching. Teachers were thereby encouraged to take odd jobs rather than to use their summers for the intellectual refueling without which they become dull time-servers. Fringe benefits of this sort may be inescapable in our times. But they draw into the teaching profession too many persons interested primarily in safety, security, and long vacations. Such are hardly the incentives to good teaching.

The status of the schoolmaster

Americans have fixed the schoolmaster in a lowly status because he has fallen markedly in their estimation in the last fifty years. The lawyer, the newspaperman, and the doctor are active and powerful. *Mr. District Attorney*, editor Steve Wilson of *Big Town*, and *Medic* get things done. But who can respect *Our Miss Brooks*, a female eager to be married, but unsuccessful and therefore condemned to remain in the classroom; or her male counterpart, the ineffectual, bumbling *Mr. Peepers*? Such people, incapable of the real work of the world, deserve no more than amused tolerance. "He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches," goes the old saw; and the nickname "the Professor" is used with comic disparagement. The caricature is certainly out of place in a society the welfare and security of which depend upon its laboratories and its libraries. It is the product of crass materialism but it is nonethe-

less widely held; and it determines American attitudes toward the profession.

In every community there are teachers who love their work and are conscious of its importance. But increasingly, and tragically, they find themselves surrounded by colleagues who accept the popular image of themselves. Deprived of status and prestige, they acquiesce in the lowly role society assigns them.

They live on the fringes of the middle class. But they cannot afford to indulge in the tastes of their peers. Neither can they revolt like the "bohemian," since the community demands of them an utter respectability. They can only withdraw timidly to a self-contained world of their own, with its own standards, often entirely out of touch with reality. They — and their wives and children — make admirable sacrifices. When the annual meeting of the teachers' association comes along, they cannot stretch the budget or the skimpy school allowance to travel by sleeper or to stay at a first-rate hotel as the hardware salesman does. And all too often self-respect insists that they convince themselves that the coach is more comfortable than the Pullman, that the lunch-box sandwich has as many vitamins as the restaurant dinner, and that the marked-down suit from the basement is all that man can desire. Thus they confirm society's impressions of a lowly group, not quite first-class and deserving of no better than the hand-me-downs of our culture.

Even dedicated young people are therefore reluctant to make teaching their career. For many men and women on the threshold of life, material considerations are not of first importance. Yet those motivated by idealism and by the desire to be of public service rarely find the classroom an appropriate means to it.

There was a time when they did. We can all recall with gratitude the wisdom and learning of inspiring teachers whose devotion to scholarship endowed them with understanding of the children committed to their charge. The young women, especially, who began to graduate from college in the last quarter of the nineteenth century found few opportunities for being useful as exciting as those in teaching.

In the last thirty years, however, a variety of alternative careers has opened up for women as well as for men — in government, in business, in journalism, in advertising, and in research. These occupations seem to offer more independence and a greater opportunity for service as well as for personal advancement than does teaching.

What hope for the future?

The comparative monotony and dullness of the life of the teacher as presently organized in the United States stifles the sense of achievement and of professional progress. Once, a single teacher,

casually hired, did all the work of the one-room village school until he escaped to something better. Anachronistic carry-overs from that past still influence the educational system to a surprising extent.

Consider the men and women who devote their lives to our children. After probationary terms, they receive permanent appointments. The rest of their careers they will repeat exactly the same tasks at the same level until the faces of the successive generations are lost in a vague continuing blur.

There is no prospect of advancement, except for those who move into administration and who are, in any case, lost to the classroom. The mass of teachers lack incentive for innovation or for departure from the usual. Meanwhile, they are loaded down with odd jobs; they watch the lunchroom, coach athletics, even drive the school bus. And in some communities, they are literally public servants, subject to the continuous oversight that makes their inferiority clear.

In the colleges the situation is somewhat better. There a young man can hope to improve himself by moving from one institution to another; and a hierarchy creates the possibility of promotion by rank from instructor to assistant to associate and full professor. The drawbacks at this level are the products of the dead weight of petty jealousy, timidity, and inflexible seniority rules.

Administrators hiring a new teacher are less likely to look for the inspiring or original teacher than for the innocuous conformist who will "fit in." No dean or department head ever was criticized by his administration for taking on the safe mediocrity.

Emergency measures

The emergency demands quick action. If Americans discover someday that their children's future is being molded by an inferior grade of talent, they will become aware too late that that is what they have been paying for. They ought immediately to begin devoting as much attention to the selection of teachers as they do to the choice of a physician or even of a maid.

Five palliatives can help tide us over. It will be interesting, for instance, to experiment with the use of television as a supplement to the classroom. It may also be possible to increase the effectiveness of a limited number of teachers by using student aides. In Bay City, Michigan, there is a significant effort to depart from the assumption that the whole instructional staff must do the same work. Instead the experienced teachers are assigned a greater number of students, but their routine jobs are handled by less skilled assistants. Such a division of labor may prove a more efficient way of disposing of the limited supply of available talent.

Such new departures may, incidentally, prove highly significant for the future. They offer an

opportunity for experiment outside the traditional patterns of instruction. The experience may open the way to a more flexible and more realistic conception of the organization of the schools and of the role of the teachers. Innovations that give the most competent increased responsibility as well as increased rewards might actually draw into the classroom some of the bright young college graduates who now pass it by. The crisis is thus a challenge as well as a threat.

We must economize on experience and skill. The superintendent who hires a young girl just out of college or training school now expects that she will last on the job three or four years. (Turnover in the schools is about 10 per cent annually.) Once married and a mother, she finds it difficult to continue at her calling. Every obstacle in the way of her doing so ought to be eliminated at once.

It may also be possible to draw supplementary assistance from outside the ranks of the profession. Many well-educated women in their forties whose children are mature and who have relative leisure could serve for ten or fifteen years were the formal barriers to their employment leveled and were they given the opportunity to draw abreast of their subjects through convenient refresher courses. Or again, some corporations would find it in their larger interest to release scientists on their payrolls for several hours a week to teach mathematics or physics where acute shortages exist.

Arbitrary and outmoded restrictions on the choice of teachers ought quickly to be discarded. General state requirements were once essential devices to take the power of appointment out of local politics and to raise standards of competence. Having served their purpose, they have too often become encrusted with tradition and vested interest and now act as a deterrent to qualified men and women who might otherwise enter the profession. The bright young graduate of the liberal arts

college balks at the formal demand that he invest another year or two on courses only vaguely related to his job but required by the rules. A well-designed period of summer preparation could get him into the classroom the September after his commencement.

Every level of instruction ought to be freed of similar encumbrances. Can we continue to insist upon the doctorate in philosophy as a license to teach in college, whatever its past utility, when we know that the graduate schools simply will not produce enough candidates to fill the expanding demand? A careful review of the requisites might point to other modes of preparation that would preserve the values of the old training, yet streamline formal requirements and diminish the time the prospective teacher must now invest in it.

Such measures will help in the emergency. But a larger revaluation of the role of the teacher is also essential. It might well start with the question of salaries. The gift by the Ford Foundation of \$210 million to the private colleges is a beginning, but only a beginning. It will take \$15 billion in the next decade to bring professorial incomes up to the level of comparable professions, and that will leave untouched the elementary and secondary schools. The problem is immense, but it cannot be wished away.

Most important of all, we need a new attitude toward the teacher, who is central to the work of the school in a democratic society. Only if we value his services will we receive the services we value. That calls for a fresh consciousness of the dignity of his calling and of the respect due it. And not least among those who must arrive at an awareness of what is due them are the teachers themselves.

One year ago, as the schools prepared to open, 141,300 desks in the public elementary and secondary schools had no qualified teacher behind them. Will we allow the number to grow?

Disillusion

The downgrading of Stalin has precipitated a noticeable drift in Italian politics away from the Communist line and a spreading disillusion among intellectuals about the chances of achieving social justice through Communism. This was so well expressed by a former Party member, PAOLO PAVOLINI, that a reader of the Atlantic, A. Frank Schwarz, an industrial engineer who was born in Milan and is now an American citizen, secured permission to translate Mr. Pavolini's article, which originally appeared in Il Mondo, the Italian periodical published in Milan.

ITALIAN COMMUNISM, 1956

by PAOLO PAVOLINI

I HAD not seen Giovanni for a long time, since he had gone to Rome to take an important job on the National Committee of the Italian Communist Party. We had been through high school and college together, fought side by side in the anti-Fascist underground. An entirely different political outlook had not prevented me from feeling a deep bond of friendship and admiration for him.

After the usual greetings, the exchange of family news, our conversation quickly shifted to politics: "Did you come to Florence on a Party assignment?" — "No, I'm here on business, traveling for a sporting goods manufacturer; had to straighten out some accounts."

I looked at him with astonishment: for years the Communist Party had been father and mother to him; Party work had absorbed all his energies, all his waking hours. He wrote for the Party paper *L'Unità*, contributed to political magazines, wrote pamphlets, translated foreign propaganda material. I could not see how he would ever find time for anything else.

Giovanni smiled and we started off for a long walk in the Florentine sunshine. For an hour he talked on and on, pouring out all the intimate story of these last years: —

Don't be surprised. Actually, *you* have won this battle. The Communist Party, the proletarian revolution, all the power to the working class — all this is finished, out, *kaputt*. The Party is living in the past; the future is no longer ours.

Remember 1947 and 1948? Writers and artists like Vittorini, Gatto, Ferrata, were leaving the Party at that time. They were the men with the complexes — soft, melancholy soul-searchers with their doubts and problems. They were leaving us, but we stood fast — we, the strong intellectual core of the Party.

But now, for the last few months, one by one we have been quietly leaving the ranks. Our literary

magazines no longer follow the Party line; a former ranking member of the Central Committee is again an art critic, another is dabbling in show business. I spend my afternoons selling tennis rackets and boxing gloves.

Every day some intellectual leaves his Party activity, quits his official job, makes a fresh start in life as a lawyer, a teacher, a writer, or a clerk. We have carried on for ten years; now we are beginning to give up.

Why? Because the revolution will never come to Italy and we are beginning to realize it. That's not because Uncle Joe is gone and the Cominform dissolved, but because the revolution has become impossible, absurd. The old romantic revolutionary feeling is gone, the proletarian myth is over. At Party Headquarters they know it well but do nothing about it. The Party cannot react to the ebbing away of its "intelligentsia." They know that not only the intellectuals are getting tired of being Communists, but the workers, the farmers, even the unemployed mob.

Remember Senator Secchia, the old revolutionary leader? His case is typical; his downfall last year was the beginning of the end. For years the Party had been built like a big house, with a front and an inside. The front had a solid appearance of legality and democratic trappings, to be used until something better would come along. But inside were the many separate rooms, the obscure corridors and secret corners where the revolutionary upheaval was being prepared for the right moment. The building was seemingly a good structure — good for a democracy or a revolutionary climate, like one of those convertible cars. Actually it was no good at all: the respectable boys around Togliatti out front trying to quiet down the wild revolutionists inside, while the revolutionists kept right on pushing toward action in the streets. Secchia was the head of this hidden "apparatus," as they call it, preparing the armed revolution in blind

secrecy and unquestioning devotion, ignoring Togliatti and the latest twists in the Party line. Finally Secchia's game was up. His secret caches of arms were getting rusty and useless (the police were finding more and more of them, destroying them systematically). His activity had to be discontinued, the Party bosses decided; they fired Secchia like an unfaithful bank clerk.

They thought they had liquidated one man; in their blindness they did not realize that they had actually started their general downfall. One of Secchia's chores had been the collection of Party dues on a national scale, to finance his coming revolution. Suddenly the small Party members who had hopefully and fearfully paid their dues for years failed to attend their cell meetings, rediscovered old family obligations, stopped paying.

As if this were not enough, we had the fall-out with the unions. You know how the Party had always pampered the CGIL, the mighty Italian Confederation of Labor; here was their best support, the strongest and purest expression of the working class. This spring, as so many times before, we had union elections in many plants in the industrial north. We sat back, confidently waiting for the usual returns. But we were roundly defeated instead. The democratic and Catholic unions won a majority representation in many plants. Our Central Committee was scheduled to analyze the causes of this defeat in the light of Marxist doctrine and explain it to the faithful, but the explanation meeting was postponed several times and finally never came off. Privately the Party bosses tried to justify this defeat with all kinds of excuses, covering up the fact that of their own free will a large majority of workers had voted for the democratic unions. The incredible had happened: the workers had deserted *their* party!

By Communist definition the worker was supposed to be humble and downtrodden, exploited and raped by heartless capitalistic bosses. He alone, the workingman, could redeem an entire corrupt society, carrying the torch of the coming revolution. But in these years since the end of the war the workers gradually improved their standard of living, purchased radios, small appliances, motor-scooters, enjoyed more leisure time, and approached a middle-class status. This was obvious to any intelligent observer, but not to the Communist labor leaders, rooted in their Marxist idea of the workers toiling under the capitalistic whip.

Thus the Communist unions were engaged on many fronts, except the only good one. They fought management, the government, the different political parties, the non-Communist unions, Western imperialism, American aid, and NATO. While fighting all these windmills at once, they did not attack their real enemy, for the simple reason that it could not be attacked. The enemy was the progressive improvement of the working class.

You know, over at Party Headquarters we had something like a standard dictionary, full of neat little definitions. The *capitalist*? "A ruthless, bloodthirsty Fascist, the lazy, ignorant exploiter of the proletariat." This type of boss might have belonged to the nineteenth century, but he had nothing to do with today's "human relations expert," the new plant manager bent on improving the working and living conditions of his employees, aiming at changing his workers into consumers of their own products. We used to laugh at these things in the past, calling them democratic hogwash. Yet they defeated us in the end.

We had no definition in our dictionary for the new type of Italian industrial leader, who is willing to plow back the profits of his industry to expand his facilities, and who is creating more jobs and better opportunities for all. This is a new type of manager, serious, dedicated, maybe somewhat dull in his efficiency, but somebody to reckon with, to be answered with brains, not with revolutionary force.

The same thing happened on the farm. The old term *landlord* had a solid, definite meaning in our vocabulary, but we had no definition for a land improvement association, a canners' exchange, a co-operative packing plant. Blindly the Communist members of Parliament sided with the extreme right, the monarchists and Fascists in voting against land reform, the Reclamation Act of 1951, the great Development Fund for Southern Italy. We voted against these far-reaching acts, out of spite and narrow Party bickering, because these were acts of a free democracy in which we did not want any part. And at the same time the peasants were pulling out of their century-old destitution; for the first time they were getting their own land and new houses and barns and cattle.

The landlords' empire was shrinking, their influence waning, but our unions kept right on screaming against them, never looking at the new economic bodies growing around us. Here again we were prisoners of our own Marxist schemes. The Communist leaders are on the defensive today; they have given up organizing the long-range political action of the working classes and are following a small-scale unionism at the factory and farm levels, thus competing with the democratic unions which have followed this down-to-earth course for years.

The political story is again the same. Our textbooks were clear: Liberals, Christian Democrats, Social Democrats — all were the enemies of the working class, disguised Fascists, whose few concessions to the workers were made only under pressure, while their true intention was the final crushing of the proletariat. Yet we find today, after these many years of hammering the same propaganda line, that when President Gronchi visits any small village, our Communist women proudly show him

their babies, and the local Party bosses seem anxious to shake the presidential hand.

Our Communist leaders are living in the past. Togliatti is working on an erudite study of the government activity of the late President De Gasperi. That old firebrand Longo spends his days at Party Headquarters, rearranging old files, reminiscing about the years of the resistance fights, talking to himself because no one listens to him. The parliamentary leader Terracini misses many sessions, preferring long walks in the lovely Roman countryside, or calling up the newspaper critics to ask for favorable reports on his wife's theatrical activities.

There was a time, not so long ago, when at every Party meeting, down to the smallest mountain village, Togliatti's word was read and explained to the membership. No longer; today Togliatti has abandoned his old line. He attacks the "cult of the personality," openly admitting the Party's faults and failures but implying that he, Togliatti, had been right all along, and blaming his subordinates for the general downfall. Nobody dares to protest in public, but after each meeting the halls are now full of accusations: "We have always done what he told us. Now that things are going bad, the fat old pig tries to blame it all on us!"

You know, no general can afford to accuse his troops of cowardice or incompetence after a defeat in battle. If he does, it is because deep inside he knows that the war has been lost.

We had reached the bridge and stopped to look at the river, the soft curve of the embankments lined with noble old brown *palazzi*, the bell towers and domes soaring from above the red-tiled roofs, the dark green hills in the background. Giovanni added with a soft voice, looking into the distance: "It was a great party. When you democrats were exhausted and discouraged after the many years of underground fighting against the Fascist tyranny, it was the Communists alone who carried on with the fight for another ten years. I wonder if you can ever feel the warmth of a real mass movement, being close to the humblest and poorest of our people, feeling their devoted and loving fellowship.

"We were then right in the center of their toil and suffering, guiding and comforting those simple people, attacking their enemies, living with them

and for them, every day of the year. It all seemed so simple and natural: the Marxist theories explained everything, seemed to have an answer to every problem of our social life.

"Today the Italian workers and peasants are different from those of ten and twenty years ago: under the dictator they were a mob, today they are a people. But don't forget, it was we who were their guides and relentless drivers. We made half-illiterate peasants into Party functionaries; they became capable, active, modern individuals, with a newly discovered political culture, fairly good manners, improved working capacity. Through us they became part of management, if only a political party management. This was our gift to the country.

"And yet, just as these small people improved their conditions, they lost that Communist feeling, they became more and more part of the middle class.

"We are still proud of our work. There was a time when people like us left the Party with shouting and door-slamming. We are leaving it today on tiptoes, avoiding those empty gestures but well aware that this is the end. Our youth was allowed to extend an additional ten years of fighting, polemizing, and parliamentary battles, while you, our former friends, settled down in political respectability.

"Now life takes over. We must think of our wives, of the children for whom we have been so far unable to build a solid tomorrow. They will never feel the heat of revolutionary fire. The wives of our old schoolmates have nice dresses and comfortable homes, their children are off with a tremendous head start over ours.

"Don't get me wrong: we don't complain or renege. We are just tired, that's all. The day is ended, the battle is over. A few more years and they will consider our Italian Communists as we consider today the anarchists of thirty years ago: a small band of softhearted, harmless bomb-throwers. Our old Party wheel-horses will stay on, spending their small lives at Party Headquarters, in the dusty deserted section offices. They will stay on, their old revolutionary fire all gone, and earnestly debate in the light of Marxist theory the need of teaching Latin in the public schools."

Illusion

"The drift of the world is such," wrote DAVID L. COHN in the Atlantic in June, 1946, "that unless it is arrested, nearly a billion people in the Orient and the Middle East may fall under effective Russian domination within foreseeable time." Mr. Cohn was in Rangoon again this spring and came away with the chilling conclusion that we are losing Southeast Asia to the Communists faster than he thought possible. And it does not have to be.

THE COMMUNIST APPROACH TO BURMA

by DAVID L. COHN

1.

THIS year Buddhists who believe that 1956 is the 2500th anniversary of Buddha's death are celebrating it, the group including those from India, Nepal, Burma, China, Japan, and two Himalayan protectorates of India — Bhutan and Sikkim. But the Buddhists of Thailand, Cambodia, and Laos will celebrate Buddha's death next year.

Buddhism is experiencing a renaissance politically significant to us. Thus, in the recent Ceylon elections Prime Minister Sir John Kotelawala, an outspoken friend of the West, was expected to win easily. He lost disastrously. Several factors contributed to his defeat, but important among them was the role played by 12,000 Buddhist priests who told the people that his election would be harmful to Buddhism. The political left has succeeded him, and the British have been told they must evacuate their Ceylonese military bases.

The Buddhist world is alive with activity. Pilgrims in greater than usual numbers are visiting sites sacred to Buddha in India, Ceylon, Nepal. Buddhists of many countries are meeting together, and efforts are being made to heal the break between the northern and southern schools of the faith. The World Fellowship of Buddhists, based in Ceylon, will hold meetings in Katmandu, the capital of Nepal, in October and November. And the Buddhist stronghold of Burma has been the scene of important Buddhist conclaves during the past two years, the Great Council meeting there being only the sixth in 2500 years. (The fourth convened in Ceylon in 29 B.C.) In Rangoon a re-editing of Buddhist texts was completed by priests from Burma, Thailand, Ceylon, Cambodia, and Laos, and they have been published in a definitive authorized version.

Since, then, there is a renaissance of Buddhism and there are more than 150 million Buddhists — some estimates put the number much higher — governments are now courting the good will of members of the faith. Throughout this year in India, for example — the India that regards itself as the "cradle" of Buddhism — there have been nationwide observances of the anniversary of Buddha's

death, accompanied by sustained fanfaronades of publicity; and even Red China has enabled Buddhists to move holy relics about the country. For it is clear that Buddhism is already, or may soon become, an important unifying force among Asian countries that have recently acquired their independence from the West.

What occurs, therefore, in Rangoon, the capital that is now emerging as the Buddhist Rome, concerns us. If we should "lose" Burma to the Communist countries, the loss would be more than that of a small Southeast Asian nation. Hence we must understand how the Soviet Union is moving to dominate Burma and others in like case.

The Russians are buying farm surpluses in many places — and, simultaneously, good will. Among their purchases are Egyptian cotton and Burmese rice. In 1954 they scored a diplomatic victory by taking the entire southern Italian almond crop when our import quota was cut in response to pressures by American almond growers.

Russian trade policy is designed, first, to draw countries into the Soviet trade bloc, and second, to stimulate neutralist sentiment and weaken the effects of anti-Communist pacts directed against the Soviets. This policy threatens the Western position in lands plagued by farm surpluses, and its workings are clear in Burma. There the Russians recently agreed to take 400,000 tons of rice annually for five years — a large percentage of Burma's surplus — and pay for it with machinery, goods, services, and factories of various kinds.

The agreement was signed in April, 1956, by the Burmese Trade and Development Minister, U Raschid (an able man who is the only Muslim in a Buddhist Cabinet), and the Soviet Ambassador, A. D. Shiborin. Yet as evidence that this was a significant occasion, the signing was witnessed by U Nu, the then Burmese Premier, and Anastas Mikoyan, a Soviet First Deputy Premier visiting Burma, who is a trade authority and one of Russia's keenest minds.

The Soviets iced the economic cake by promising

to build and equip a cultural and sports center, hospital, and theater as a gift to Burma. Such "gifts" are relatively inexpensive, and are invariably of a spectacular or enduring kind, so that all may easily observe evidence of Russia's "generosity" to struggling peoples.

By contrast, gigantic American gifts of food, equipment, and services often go unnoticed by those who receive them. It may reflect favorably upon our spiritual estate that we help others without gaudy display. Yet our position among uncommitted peoples is not improved when we permit Russian showmanship to blot out our good works.

Rice is life to the Orient. The world's most important food, it supplies the principal food requirement of more than half of mankind. Americans consume only about 5 pounds of rice per capita annually. The Asian consumption of 300 pounds per capita is sixty times greater than ours.

If rice is life to the Orient, its export is a matter of life or death to Burma, a country of 20 million easygoing people occupying an uncrowded area slightly smaller than Texas. Prior to 1939, Burma was the world's leading rice exporter and accounted for more than one third of the rice entering world trade.

An independent sovereignty for only eight years, Burma faces staggering problems. It must rebuild a war-shattered land, put down bandits and Communist guerrillas at crushing expense, increase productivity, diversify output, and remove the economic curse of one-cropping. This is quite a program for a newly independent, poor country, whose people are generally innocent of industrial techniques, and which lacks an adequate trained corps of civil servants. Meanwhile, having few factories, Burma imports most manufactures used by consumers or needed for internal development, and pays for them with rice.

Burma is rice. Rice accounts for 80 per cent of Burma's exports, supports 75 per cent of its people, and is its largest source of foreign exchange. Under the circumstances, as goes rice so goes Burma. The country's solvency and political stability depend upon the continuance of a favorable rice market. This cereal that only yesterday was urgently demanded at high prices has today become almost a glut on the international market.

For several post-war years, Burma prospered as it sold its rice in a seller's market. But after 1952 there came a succession of good crops throughout Asia. Improved methods increased production nearly everywhere. Japan and India ate more wheat, while India's production of food cereals grew astonishingly. Prices fell. But Burma's state rice monopoly moved too slowly to lower prices, and importers turned to other suppliers. Thus, Ceylon exchanged rubber for Chinese rice, and Red China exported rice to Japan. Burma's difficulties mounted.

Here the United States was of little help. Ever since 1953 Burma has refused to accept American aid, its policy being to pay for what it gets from us or go without. What it most wants from us is not dollars but technicians; and when Premier U Nu visited the United States in 1955, he indicated that if we would accept Burmese rice in payment for the services of American technicians, he would take as many as he could pay for. Such a deal would have given Burma what it urgently seeks: the opportunity to acquire American skills. And it would have given us the chance to show a friendly, self-respecting, independent, underdeveloped country how our skills could benefit it and help to keep it democratic.

But what happened? We have a rice surplus and are debarred from acquiring rice elsewhere. It does not matter that there are only a handful of American rice farmers and that the nation subsidizes them and thus creates artificial surpluses. When it comes to a choice between their welfare and the welfare of other nations, whose attitudes toward us may decide our fate, we support our own rice farmers. Nonetheless, after nine months of talk, we did buy 10,000 tons of Burmese rice for approximately a million dollars, the rice to be given by us to Pakistan. Yet it did not escape the Burmese — or the Russians — that while with painful slowness we were concluding this insignificant transaction, we were simultaneously dumping 415,000 tons of our surplus rice in Pakistan and Indonesia, almost on Burma's doorstep. Whereupon the touring Mr. Khrushchev, bending truth, told Burmese crowds that we were dumping rice to destroy their country.

The Soviets made ready for their economic coup in Burma as its fortunes sank. The Russians and their satellites have pledged themselves to move 600,000 to 1,000,000 tons of rice annually into the Communist countries. One million tons of rice would bring \$100 million. But Burma will get no money. It will get goods of various kinds, not necessarily the goods it wants at prices Burma wants to pay. Thus Rangoon harbor and its docks and environs are now cluttered with thousands of tons of cement for which Burma has little use, which it cannot store, and which must congeal into an unusable mass when the monsoon rains strike it.

2

BURMA did not want a barter deal — Communist goods or Communist technicians. It wanted to be able to sell its rice and buy what it pleases where it pleases — largely in British markets. Burma, moreover, is not a Communist-oriented state but is, rather, a welfare state organized along socialist lines to cope with problems of land reform, education, living standards, social services, and so forth. When Burma achieved independence from Britain, Communists immediately attacked its new govern-

ment and have since fought it with great loss of lives and treasure. It became the first duty of the new government under Premier U Nu to crush the Communist rebellion that beat even against the gates of Rangoon; and to this day considerable areas of Burma remain in anarchy, while Communist guerrillas terrorize villagers, destroy railroad lines, burn bridges, and seriously retard the country's progress.

His country's leader from its birth as an independent sovereignty until a few months ago, U Nu startled his countrymen and Asians generally — the more so since few Asian leaders speak well of us publicly — by announcing that the slogans of the American Revolution “have a tremendous importance to all men who struggle for liberty. In all those parts of the world where man lives under tyranny, or under foreign domination, or in feudal bondage, those who . . . fight for freedom do it in the name of the eternal principle for which the American Revolution was fought.”

Here, however repugnant to Communists, U Nu was evoking Jefferson's words: “The republican is the only form of government which is not eternally at open or secret war with the rights of mankind.” Scornful indeed of Burma's Communists, U Nu has compared them to worthless men who “long for distant aunts” when their own mothers are at hand.

Why, then, did the leaders of such a government make a deal with the Communist countries that is economically disadvantageous to them and, as they realize, imperils their political independence? It may be that the failure of the Burma state rice monopoly to lower prices fully and quickly had brought Burma's economy to a low estate. But the time came when the government had to get consumer and capital goods from somewhere, at whatever price, or face anarchic revolution. It therefore turned to the Communist countries, and while they take Burma's rice and we dump our surpluses in Japan, Indonesia, Pakistan, and India, neutralist Burma is being forced more and more into the Soviet orbit.

The Soviets, contrary to our dreamy illusions about their inefficiency, moved swiftly to capitalize on their Burma coup. During the first quarter of 1956, in the all-important category of electrical goods, none came to Burma from the free world. Imports of electrical goods, says *Burma Commerce*, were divided as follows: U.S.S.R. 50 per cent; Poland 20 per cent; Democratic Germany 20 per cent; Czechoslovakia 10 per cent.

In 1955 only 3 per cent of Burma's imports came from the Communist countries. But such imports have already risen to 25 per cent and are increasing monthly.

This year all motor vehicles coming to Burma

will be of Communist origin; so will most of the bicycles, sewing machines, typewriters, and industrial machinery. Then, since there is operative in a primitive agricultural economy such as Burma what one might call the principle of the compulsion of spare parts, it is clear that he who controls the spare parts potentially controls the economy.

Burma would prefer to have Western goods and Western technicians, but now Communist technicians are pouring into the country as goods of Communist origin pour into it. One may expect that they are coming not merely to teach and train but also to destroy and subvert. Their task will be made the easier by the local Communist group and by the fact that Burma has a 1200-mile frontier with Red China. (Incidentally, it is evidence of Burma's desire to stay out of the bear's mouth, that she has employed as many technicians from Israel as that tiny country can spare.)

It remains to be seen whether Burma, in the economic grip of the Communist countries, can remain neutralist. And here we may recall U Nu's bitter complaint as he resigned the premiership of his country to devote himself exclusively to political reorganization of the Anti-Fascist League, that it was becoming more and more difficult to govern Burma because of the interference in its affairs of the Red China and Soviet embassies in Rangoon.

We must remember, as we struggle for the favor of the world's uncommitted peoples, that Burma shares a long frontier not only with Red China but also with India and East Pakistan, and still another with Malaya. Hence its domination by the Communist countries would place them in a strategically valuable area to affect the behavior of adjoining nations. One of them, Malaya, itself strategically important and the source of most of the free world's rubber and tin, is now in political convulsion, while the others are constantly in political ferment. Nor is this all. Burma's cultural and religious ties extend to Southeast Asian peoples and to Buddhist countries and enclaves of the Far East. Hence its political future may affect the status of huge areas, and it follows that our stake in Burma cannot be measured in terms merely of its small size or modest wealth.

Today Soviet trade activity, an enormously important phase of the economic cold war, threatens the political future of friendly Burma. Tomorrow? Amid uncertainty, there is one certainty. Unless the United States creates the clear and reasoned planning required by the world economic situation and its own long-range interests, we may expect to see more and more of the uncommitted peoples of the world being drawn into the Communist orbit — one from which no satellite has ever yet effectively detached itself.



A Nova Scotian and the daughter of a clergyman, CONSTANCE TOMKINSON was in her early twenties and eager to see the world. After she studied ballet with Martha Graham in New York City, she went abroad determined to pay her way by dancing. The techniques which she learned from Miss Graham did not altogether prepare her for the requirements of the *Folies Bergère*, but she "trouped" all over the Continent, and from her experiences has come a book of recollection, *Les Girls*, which will be published this month by Atlantic-Little, Brown. The following article is adapted from a chapter which describes Miss Tomkinson's experiences in Italy.

BELLA! BELLA!

by CONSTANCE TOMKINSON

1

ON THE first day in Rome we inadvertently hit upon a most effective way of advertising the show by driving in two open *carrozzas* to the Mostra del Dopo Lavoro, an exhibition where we were to appear under the auspices of the Italian government. Roman legions returning from a victorious campaign in Gaul could hardly have had a more triumphal journey. As we moved down the Via del Tritone and along the Corso Umberto, men ran alongside the carriages shouting ecstatically, "*Bella! Biondina! Fantastica! Buona!*" By the time we passed the Colosseum we had collected a Bugatti, a score of Lancias and Fiats, and countless bicycles, and when we reached the entrance to the Mostra the guards and ticket collectors abandoned their posts and joined the procession. Having been in Italy one day, I had to rely on "*Scusi, scusi*," as we fought our way to the door of the Giardino d'Inverno.

We needed that warm reception. It was so cold inside that our breath appeared as puffs of vapor. The effect of a Winter Garden depended on a display of potted palms and radiators, but the radiators were not connected and the palms drooped. The exterior had been impressive, but the luxurious furnishings of the interior could not compensate for the functional starkness of the great arched roof. As we walked towards our dressing room it was apparent that something had gone wrong with the detailed treatment of this splendid conception. For grass they had purchased plushy green carpet, but a few feet short of the dressing rooms it apparently suffered from drought, leaving nothing but coconut matting.

Opening an inelegant door marked *Artisti*, half hidden by a wilting palm, we entered a lean-to against one of the rear walls which seemed to be a hut left behind by the builders, furnished with

material the demolition contractors had not bothered to remove. The dressing tables were chipped marble slabs on rickety trestles. An unstable bench and pockmarked mirrors completed the décor.

"Back in Italy, girls," Carol said cheerfully. "All the comforts of home!"

There was a hubbub of protest.

"We'll freeze our gizzards."

"Send for the manager and eight double brandies."

Kit went off and returned with a bald-headed man with three hairs arranged advantageously over his bare dome. The manager did not know why he had been summoned, and we lacked the words to tell him. We gazed at him appealingly, blowing on our hands and flapping our arms in an exaggerated gesture of keeping warm. An erratic oil burner was produced, and though it was a major fire hazard we accepted it gratefully.

Once we were installed, life became more agreeable. There were two shows a night, which we thought one too many, but we passed the time in the interval eating large plates of *spaghetti alla Bolognese*, sent in from the restaurant, and listening to the dance music outside. It was a little congested. We could only stand upright on one side of the room. The source of ventilation was the gaps in the boards and the door, which we had to keep closed. The atmosphere became so dense with smoke from our cigarettes and the oil stove that we could hardly see across the room, but it had some of the charms of an igloo. We still grumbled occasionally.

"Pity we haven't a *piccolo Fenster* we could *ouvrez*."

"We're lucky we've got a *kleine porte* we can *fermez*."

We had been through enough to be inured to minor irritations, but Prudence, the "new girl"

straight from the comforts of *Going Greek* at the Gaiety, suffered. She had never been out of England and was appalled by the un-Englishness of Italy. But every blow, every inconvenience was softened for her by her extreme good nature.

"Oh, no!" she would say, laughing outright when anything unpleasant occurred, such as her first sight of an Italian W.C. or her first cup of Italian tea. "It isn't true! It just isn't true!"

Pru became my roommate.

"I like sharing with you, Tommie," she said. "You don't use many coat hangers and there's plenty of room on the dressing table for all my lovely cosmetics." Pru had a collection of tubes, jars, and bottles that would have been the envy of an apothecary.

It was my turn to teach Pru the numbers, and I was relieved that she picked them up no more quickly than I had. But when she made a mistake, she was never upset.

"I am an idiot," she would giggle. "Leave it to old Pru to make a hash of it."

When Reggie came storming backstage after some mishap, she would say, before he could open his mouth, "I know you've come to tick me off, Reggie. I muffed it well and truly that time!" She laughed so infectiously that Reggie had to laugh with her.

The Basil Beauties knew Rome, and Rome knew them. Despite an intensive winnowing of the Roman crop on previous visits, there were still too many followers. Everywhere there were men, men, men. They were enthusiastic, amorous, and demanding. To keep them all happy we went around en masse with three or four escorts to a single girl — an arrangement not wholly satisfactory to the followers. It needed a fleet of cars to move us from one place to another, and on arrival we looked like a convention.

"I know there's safety in numbers, but don't you think we're overdoing it?" I asked.

"You can't be too careful with Italians, darling. There's no harm in the poor dears, but they can't always control their emotions." Babs was speaking from experience.

There were Marios, Ferdinandos, Riccardos, Renatos, Vittorios, and Giorgios, but I never knew which was which. All had dark curly hair and melting brown eyes. They were dapper in their dark suits with long jackets, silk initialed shirts, heavy gold rings, and watches with faces the size of Big Ben. The only way I could distinguish them was by the color of their ties. Some were playboys, others actually worked; some were reasonably well off, others were wealthy; but they were all motivated by the same urge.

In Italy being a dancer was often merely a cover for more lucrative pursuits, and this led to inevitable misunderstandings. On the first night out in Rome we gave our patronage to the Biblioteca — a fa-

mous collection, not of books but of bottles. My inquiry of a red tie as to whether there was any truth in the story that Caligula had made his horse a consul was abruptly terminated by a request of less historical interest.

"You come to my *appartamento stasera, sì?*"

"I beg your pardon," I said, wrenching myself with regret from the equine consul.

"You come. I give you five hundred lire."

"Five hundred lire!" I said.

He looked embarrassed, not at making the request, but that I should bandy about the amount in such loud tones. "It is not enough?" he asked. "I make it seven hundred and fifty. I am not poor man."

"I'm not bargaining. I'm sure your offer is quite reasonable," I said, not wishing to be churlish. "But I don't happen to be in the market."

Later I was approached by a yellow tie. "A thousand lire, it is enough?" he whispered.

"Enough for what?" I asked, my mind on other things.

"For one night."

"Now look here" — I was losing patience — "I've had quite enough of this. The answer is NO!" He drifted away to join the red tie on the fringe of the party. I could see them comparing notes. They were looking at me with a new respect, not based on moral principles, but on a firm conviction that the sum in question must be at least five thousand.

There appeared to be two schools of thought in Italy: love for lire and love for love. I was the most fortunate of women. Throughout my stay in Italy I met the world's greatest lover every other day. Mixing with the great, I became adept at handling their requests. I profited by one illuminating conversation. Treating an early offer with more consideration than it deserved, I went to the trouble of explaining why I was not a practicing enthusiast. My friend, baffled, asked, "But what you do with your time?" After that I confined my replies to a kindly but firm "*No, grazie.*"

2

ONE or two men stood out from the crowd. Bruno, a thick-set, sober young man, shared with the others a singleness of purpose, but he was a pilot and in love with flying. I was out of my depth with slotted flaps and wing ratios, but had I known who he was, I could have found more interesting topics to discuss. It was not until later that I learned he was Bruno Mussolini. Fortunately we had a private name for his father, and it was unlikely that Bruno would have been upset by any disparaging remarks about Archibald Allright.

An admirer of Gillian's, the Marchese Antonio Tetrizzini, pale and languid, was conspicuous because of a certain decadent distinction. He came from one of the oldest families in Rome. Through

the centuries the blood of the Tetrazzinis had become thin and the slightest exertion prostrated him. His well-manicured hands had never been soiled by work, but he was permanently fatigued by his efforts to amuse himself. What energy he had left over from the constant fight against ennui was spent in the ceaseless pursuit of Gillian. He did not care for the human race, and suddenly finding himself cheek by jowl with so many was distasteful. His uncongenial competitors forced action upon him. He invited Gillian to move into his house.

She inspected the premises on the Via Muratte, a small street not far from the Fontana di Trevi. She liked the location overlooking a small courtyard but found the accommodation small. She returned to say that there was definitely not room to sleep eight; only three could possibly be squeezed in. Pru and I were chosen. The Marchese was not eager for two chaperones, but Gillian remained stubborn, and we were graciously included in the invitation.

We were delighted at the prospect of living for nothing at the Marchese's, but Gillian was dubious.

"I'm having enough trouble with Toni as it is."

"Personally, I'd live in a lion's cage to avoid paying a hotel bill," Pru said.

"How am I going to fend him off twenty-four hours a day?" Gillian asked.

"Tommie and I will take turns guarding you."

Pru was most reassuring. "Everything'll be all right. Trust old Pru."

Gillian's description of the Casa Tetrazzini had been inadequate. On the ground floor was a magnificent dining room, lit by small chandeliers and silver candelabra and reflected in a great Florentine mirror with a carved gilt frame. The kitchen was less splendid, with few conveniences more modern than those used by the Etruscans. On the floor

above were the Marchese's grand bedroom suite, a small dressing room, and the drawing room resplendent with tasseled velvet curtains and ornate, uncomfortable antique furniture.

"Seems awfully crowded in here somehow," Gillian said.

"It's all those characters looking over your shoulder," Pru explained.

The walls were lined with pictures. Some were unmistakably the Marchese's ancestors with the same heavy-lidded eyes. They had obviously found the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as boring as the Marchese found the present.

"I don't want to look a gift horse in the teeth, but it's not frightfully cozy, is it?" Pru looked around the room.

"Just needs living in, that's all," Gillian said.

"We can soon put that right. Let's have a real unpack." The closets were filled with our clothes, some of which had not been aired for weeks.

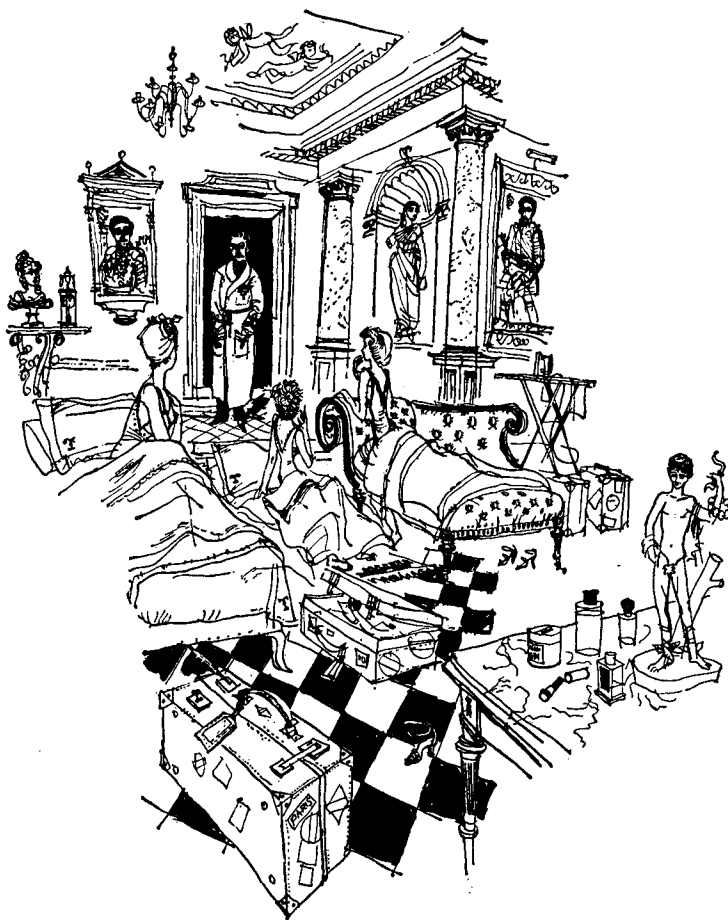
"We must wash everything," I said. The marble bathroom soon looked like a laundry.

"Rather like ironing in the National Gallery," Pru remarked. We kept the ironing board in the drawing room for convenience. Piles of damp clothes were stacked on the marble-topped French Empire table; the recently pressed garments were draped over vases of classical design or hung from ormolu wall brackets.

Gillian, as house guest, slept in a single divan. The watchdogs shared a chaise longue so narrow that we had to hold on to each other to keep from falling off. Once we were asleep, our grip loosened, and inevitably one of us slipped over the edge.

The first night I was awakened by Pru leaning over the side of the chaise longue and hissing in my ear, "Tommie! The place's haunted! Look!"

A figure in a flowing white garment was floating



about the room. We clung together, speechless with terror, until we discovered it was not an astral body but the Marchese in his dressing gown.

"I don't know why he can't sleep." Pru was bitter. "He's got plenty of room."

We soon became aware that insomnia was only a minor symptom of a deep-seated trouble which Gillian was not prepared to alleviate.

A few nights later we were disturbed by groans emerging from a large armchair. The ghost was seated with his head in his hands.

"What's the matter, Toni?" we asked.

"Life." He gave a long-drawn-out moan.

"You know what's depressing you. You don't get enough sleep." Gillian was terse. We had not had an unbroken night since we had arrived and this, combined with a feeling of being hunted, was beginning to make her irritable. "If you aren't careful, we're all going to be depressed. Now go back to bed, Toni. There's a dear."

Toni drifted off like a lost soul to the lonely comfort of his canopied four-poster.

Gillian was so anxious to get some sleep that she would have sacrificed either of us, and Pru and I would gladly have sacrificed each other, if the Marchese had been willing, but he was not. The ghost continued to walk.

The fourth member of the harem, Anna the maid, slept soundly through the nightly alarms and excursions. Anna, like the Marchese, was always tired, but not from housework. She came from a small village north of Rome, but the city had nothing to teach her. Her features were irregular and a small black mustache did not add to her appearance, but this was offset by ripe contours and willingness. The first time we saw her smuggle a man into the house we thought he was her boy friend. But as we never saw the same face twice, we were forced to another conclusion. Large quantities of the Marchese's best Chianti enabled her to keep going, but she never had strength to squander on scrubbing and polishing.

3

THE other girls thought that the Marchese would make a good match for Gillian. They did not know he was married. Nor did we until he casually mentioned one day that he was dining with his wife. We were alarmed, but he assured us that she would be delighted that we were taking care of him. She was apparently fond of him, but could not face living with him. We understood why. It was all the three of us could do to handle him. He was always under foot — following us about like a sad retriever. But relief was in sight.

One afternoon there was a ring at the door, and we heard Anna's shrill voice raised in argument.

"Trouble with one of the customers," Gillian said, looking up from her mending.

"Psst! Psst!" Anna rushed into the room talking in unintelligible stage whispers and pointing with terrified looks downstairs. We paid no attention. She was always agitated over something, but when she started to tug at Gillian's skirt, it was impossible to ignore her.

"Suppose we'll have to humor her." Gillian was allowing herself to be pulled towards the bedroom when a handsome middle-aged woman, flamboyantly dressed, swept in belligerently swinging a long rope of pearls.

"The Marchese is not here," Gillian said.

"*Non qui. Nicht hier. Pas ici,*" I added for good measure.

Pointing to us accusingly, she let forth a torrent of words which so frightened Anna that she crept hurriedly out of the room. Despite a voice of considerable volume, and expressive gestures, we could not understand a word.

"No *italiano*," we cried in unison, shaking our heads, shrugging our shoulders, and holding out six empty hands. This only increased her irritation.

"Have a cup of tea. You'll feel better," Pru suggested.

As she poured out a cup of tea and the visitor paused for breath, Gillian edged up to me and asked in a horrified whisper, "Tommie! You don't think she's the Marchioness?"

"Good Lord!" I looked again at our visitor. She appeared too vital to be an aristocrat, and the belligerent pearls were too big to be true, but I felt we should lose no time finding out.

"*Parlez-vous français?*" I ventured.

"*Mais oui.*"

"*Bon. Bon.*" Gillian implied that our problems of communication were solved.

"*Qui êtes-vous?*" I asked.

"Gina Ciardini." Gillian and I breathed more easily. "*Chanteuse à la Teatro Eliseo.*"

"Ah." We smiled encouragingly, nodding to each other. "She is a singer at the Eliseo."

"We *aussi* in *teatro*," Gillian explained. Gina nodded. She seemed well informed about us. We struggled upstream with our rudimentary French, making little headway until we caught a line explaining that she was a *chère amie* of the Marchese's and had been unable to see him during her present visit to Rome. Accurately translating *chère amie*, we saw the light. She had heard disquieting rumors of a *ménage à quatre* at the Casa Tetrizzini and had come to fight for her lover. She looked as if she might carry a pearl-handled revolver in her muff, and I decided that to avoid drama we had better be explicit. I led Gina Ciardini to the bedroom and pointed inside.

"Marchese *toutes fois là. Toujours.*"

"*Tout seul,*" Gillian added.

I pointed to the dressing room and said, "*Nous toutes fois ici. Toujours.*"

"*Toutes ensemble,*" Gillian added.

Gina looked surprised, but we managed to convince her that far from being prepared to fight for the Marchese, we would welcome anyone who would take him off our hands, if only for a few hours.

"We never get any sleep," Pru said plaintively.

"It's not possible *à dormir* a wink. *Pas* a wink," Gillian translated.

Gina was touched, and promised to share our burden. As often as we could we sent the Marchese off to the Eliseo, and Gina occupied him until the following day. Seeing less of the Marchese, we found we liked him more.

Each morning, having breakfasted on one of Anna's cups of coffee speckled with little white handkerchiefs of boiled milk, I left Gillian in Pru's care and made for the American Express. There was nearly always a letter from Karl or my family. My father and Karl were both devoted to the Holy City, but for different reasons. My father was anxious that I should not miss St. Peter's and the catacombs. Karl kept inquiring whether I had yet seen Michelangelo's *Pietà* and the Sistine Chapel. My mother thought it would be a wonderful time for me to read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.

Robert Graves's *I, Claudius* seemed more easily digestible between shows. Once I was embarked on that, the whole rabbit warren of ancient Rome came alive for me. The streets became peopled with ghosts in togas. I could hear them splashing about in the Roman baths, and under the pillars I could see orgies in session: men lounging on long couches, eating fruit from gold dishes and shouting in impeccable Latin, "Bring on the dancing girls!"

Their twentieth-century equivalents were gaily bankrupting themselves in the smart shops on the Via Veneto. The materials in the tantalizing shop windows were not the drab grays and muddy browns we had seen in Germany. Italian women always wore black, but with it they combined fuchsia, cyclamen, crimson, and chartreuse. They did not wear hats to keep their heads warm. Their headgear was gay and frivolous.

The girls regarded Rome as a civilized city. It had an English chemist who stocked familiar cosmetics, where the girls laid in a supply of Cutex, Yardley's, and Coty's for the lean cities ahead. But the true sign of a higher civilization was an English tearoom on the Piazza di Spagna where you could get a decent pot of tea and buttered crumpets. Every afternoon the girls gathered in this haven to rub shoulders with expatriates — tourists, artists, students, and elderly ladies wintering in Rome — safe for the moment from the wolves that prowled in the Italian undergrowth.

4

MILAN, smart and gay with a wide range of entertainments, was a favorite with the girls. As soon as

we arrived they were off in a whirl like that of Rome, but I stepped off the Milanese merry-go-round. Karl was coming to see me. I cleared the decks of all male impedimenta and made plans. I drew up a list of the things he should see, starting with Leonardo's *The Last Supper*. I was sure he would have no lire, and I had saved a couple of hundred to feed us during his stay. I found a small *trattoria* behind the Duomo where we could eat for practically nothing. He would be staying at the Cavour Hotel, so I had no worry about his bed and breakfast, and with careful handling I thought I could just manage to finance him for a week. We might even have an occasional treat — my budget allowed for two sandwiches and two glasses of Löwenbräu beer at Biffi's in the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele. But I was not worried. Karl would not care where or what we ate.

I waited for Karl in the Albergo Moderno through the afternoon until I had to go to the theater. I described him to everybody in the hotel and left minute instructions for him to be taken care of in my absence. When he walked in the door he was to be handed a letter by the desk porter and led to the bar, where I had left some lire with the barman to ensure that he could have a brandy after his long, cold drive. The manager, who spoke German, had been alerted to act as interpreter. In spite of the advance organization I was worried for fear he might not find me and go away.

When I rushed back from the theater Karl still had not come. I sat in the empty bar with an empty glass, keeping my vigil. The barman gave me sympathetic looks. I could see that he thought Karl was never coming. He was in the midst of profuse apologies for having to close the bar when he suddenly pointed to the door.

"*Eccolo!*" he cried.

Karl was proudly ushered in by the manager, the desk porter, and a waiter.

"Madam!" Karl held out both hands. "I am already late, but I am arriving slowly. The roads they are like a — a *Spiegel*."

"A looking glass." I smiled happily and the staff, carried away by the romance, embraced each other in sympathy. The manager could not be restrained from kissing Karl on both cheeks when he revealed that he came from the hotelier world — an international brotherhood like the theater.

The Cavour and the Kaiserhof might be top-line hotels, but the manager was going to show Karl that in the matter of personal service the humble Moderno was not to be despised. He must have something to drink. A *Strega* possibly? He must have something to eat. An *omelette deliziosa*? It would be a pleasure.

I made hurried calculations as to how much a *Strega* and an omelet might cost, and decided that if we were to keep within my budget, I had better explain the situation at once.

"You can only have one *Strega*, Karl," I said gently. "I've got it all planned."

"But *Strega* I like."

I did not want to intrude money into a blissful reunion, but I took the plunge.

"There's nothing to worry about. We'll be all right as long as we aren't extravagant. You see, I don't have much money."

"But I do." Karl brought out a wallet well padded with lire.

"I'll have a *Strega* too," I said with a sigh of relief.

The omelet arrived, and after a talk with the waiter, in fluent Italian, Karl outlined his plans for showing me the city, starting with *The Last Supper*.

"I didn't know you knew Milan."

"Oh, I am coming to Milano since I am small boy," he explained. "The owner of the Cavour he is godfather for me."

There were more surprises. I knew Karl the sculptor, but I had hardly met Karl the hotelier. One day he would have to take over the Kaiserhof. By an agreement with his father, certain months in the year were given over to sculpture and the balance to the family business. His father's methods of training were thorough. He insisted on Karl's learning every branch of the business at first hand. The official object of Karl's visit was to work as a *commis chef* in the kitchens of the Cavour. Our time was precious and not a moment was wasted. I waited outside the Cavour at lunchtime until the last *costoletta alla Milanese* had been cooked and Karl appeared without his white coat and chef's hat to spend the afternoon with me. In the evening he waited impatiently at the stage door of the Teatro Odeon while I dressed with one hand and removed my make-up with the other.

"We go to see my old teacher, Professor Zeiss," Karl said one Sunday after lunch. "The Herr Professor is anti-Nazi. He is warned by an old student he is to be arrested and he escapes with his wife to Italy. They are living quietly, you understand, in an old house near the Breher Gallery. We are bringing them a little somethings." Karl loaded a bag of provisions in the back of the car. "They are not having too much."

The professor, a burly man with thick spectacles and a shock of white hair, greeted Karl affectionately and led us into a room furnished chiefly with books. His wife, a thin little woman who looked much older than her husband, poured the coffee. Their embittering experience had not alienated them from their native land. It was pathetic to watch them grasping on to each bit of news from Germany.

When it was time to go, Karl said that he would see them again when he was next in Milan. The professor smiled sadly and explained that it would not be safe for them to stay in Italy much longer.

He had been offered a post in Prague and another in Minnesota. He thought he would accept Prague. He had been there and it looked not unlike a German city. Karl advised him to accept the American offer. Ashamed of my German and depressed by their circumstances, I had not said a word, but suddenly I burst out, "*Sie müssen zu Minnesota gehen.*" In stumbling German I told them that they must go to the States at once, while there was yet time.

"*Schnell! Schnell!*" I cried earnestly.

The professor, a little startled at my vehemence, explained that at their age it was hard to tear up their roots and go so far away.

"Tell them, Karl," I pleaded, "that they'll like it. The people are friendly, kind. Many come from German stock. They won't feel strange. Tell them I know. I've lived in the Middle West."

We did not leave until we had convinced them that they must accept the offer immediately.

As the Basil Beauties were on their way to San Remo, Karl was driving north over the Brenner Pass. I had tried to persuade him that a couple of weeks in a kitchen on the Italian Riviera would be beneficial, but he had to return to Munich.

I would have given up the theater for Karl, but I was not to be given the opportunity. On my return to England some months later, I received a rather strange note from him saying that there was no point in continuing to correspond. I wrote him saying that I did not see why there had to be a definite break. This brought no reply for several weeks until a letter arrived with a Zurich postmark. It had been smuggled out of Germany by a friend of Karl's. It removed the fear that he might have fallen in love with somebody else, but it gave me an even more serious one. Karl was in danger. The Nazi Party owned most of the buildings in the block where the Kaiserhof was situated and they wanted the hotel. The problem of how to get it was simplified for them by the fact that Karl's family were known to be unsympathetic to the Nazi cause. His father had been denounced by one of his employees and had been taken to Gestapo headquarters. Influential friends had obtained his release, but since then the family's movements were being carefully watched — the telephones tapped and their letters opened. Karl explained that by writing I would only further compromise him and his family. He ended the letter by saying, "I have the statue to remind me of you, but I not need this. You are with me, *Liebchen*, wherever I go. And you are not to worry about these things. I am sure we keep a step away from the Gestapo." In my worst moments I had visions of a black car drawing up to the rear entrance of the Kaiserhof, but I was sustained by a conviction that, whatever lay ahead, Karl would somehow pull through.



THE WORD OF WILLOW

by LEAH BODINE DRAKE

OLDER than Eden's planting, older than elves,
Willows remember a grand world of wet
Whose map was webbed with feathery, walking groves!

They dream of that rich mud, they whisper yet
Of hazy rindled valleys, the hush and drip,
Where willows strode about on yellow feet:

A race not human, although somewhat, with green harps,
Masters of poems and small magics, who could make
Water-spells and runes for roots and sap.

Then Adam woke and named things: the willow-folk
Became all tree because he called them so,
Became sleeping princesses in towers of bark,

And pollarded princes, their lore seeped out of mind.
Now their children shade sad lovers, burial-grounds
And haunted houses. Some of them are resigned,

Only weep into streams and wring gray gnarled hands
Over wild feet knotted and held tight
In man's tamed earth, all power gone from their wands.

Others grow crabbed from straining against fate,
Are racked into Rackham-crones, hags and grutchers
Huddled in tattered shawls, awry with spite,

Wicked old wicker wizards propped on crutches,
And hobnobs of witches clutching besoms in bogs,
Hatching plots against man under their twiggy thatches.

But all sing willow, willow: In shallow quag,
By dyke and ditch, from osier-holt to holt
A question sighs along their yellow rags:

*What is the master-rune of our leaf-alphabet,
The old Word of the Willow that could free us yet
To be trees as men walking?*

They forget, forget. . . .



An Atlantic Story



A Houston lawyer and a native Texan who served with distinction under Secretary of War Stimson, DILLON ANDERSON has returned to Washington to succeed Robert Cutler as Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs. On trains and on Sundays he amuses himself by writing a series of salty Texas narratives about two wanderers, Clint and Claudie, who fortunately do not take themselves or their victims too seriously. The stories have been collected in two volumes: I and Claudie (1951) and Claudie's Kinfolks (1954).

THE MEANEST MAN IN WASHINGTON COUNTY

by DILLON ANDERSON

JOB in the Bible had boils, Isaac had spots before his eyes, and Lazarus had running sores; but one thing they didn't have to put up with in those days was flat tires.

I was explaining a few things like this to Claudie that fall morning as we topped one of the easy green hills on the Brenham-Navasota road; also how with four old tires on the hoopie and four on the trailer house, the law of averages was against us in making Navasota without some kind of tire trouble.

"I believe a slow leak is worse'n a blowout, Clint," he said, "unless —" Then, before he'd finished, our left rear tire on the trailer blew out.

Claudie pulled off the hard surface and came to a stop on the shoulder alongside a Texas highway marker — sorta slow and steady so as not to strain the trailer coupling.

"Unless what?" I asked him.

"Unless we're outa blowout patches."

"Are we?"

"We shore are," Claudie answered, almost like saying I-told-you-so.

By this time I was already studying the farmhouse we were stopped in front of — an old two-storied red brick job, set back from the road some in a clump of live oak trees. Then, before I'd figured out what we had to trade for a blowout patch, these two kids came walking along the road, carrying their schoolbooks in straps and their lunch kits.

"Who lives there in the red brick house, sonny?"

I asked one of them — a little sandy-haired boy, nine or ten, wearing duckins and no shoes.

"Crusoe Dalrymple," he said, almost in a whimper, I thought.

"He's the meanest man in Washington County," the other kid said, a little girl with a peaked face nearly solid with ginger-colored freckles.

"And he's the ugliest man in the world," the little boy chimed in.

Well, these kids were really full of dope on Crusoe Dalrymple, it turned out. They went on to tell us how he beat his wife, his stock, and even the hired girl; how he'd poisoned the neighbors' dogs and kicked his own pack around something awful. "He cusses before ladies, Mama says, and he won't go to church or give his heart to Jesus or do anything nice. He's an awful man, Crusoe Dalrymple," the little boy said. The most he hated anybody, though, the boy added, was little children — except, of course, Yankees and strangers.

"Claudie," I told him after the kids had gone, "I was about to send you up there for help, but it looks more like this one is for me."

So, with Claudie walking a little ways behind me, I stepped up to the picket fence in front of the Dalrymple house and called out, "Hello." A pack of brindle hounds that came barking and snarling out from under the house sent the guineas, turkeys, and chickens cackling and complaining in all directions. The dogs — six or eight of them — gathered inside the fence there, barking, slobbering, and showing their yellow teeth at us.

The screen door slammed, and the biggest woman I vow I ever saw walked out onto the front gallery, wiping her hands on a red checked apron. I don't mean she was overly fat; she was just big all over, and as soon as I said "Ma'am —" I learned she had a sizable voice to go with all the rest of her.

"Shet up and git," she yelled. The air everywhere around, the crape myrtle bushes, the china-berry trees, and the big live oaks seemed all to stir with the sound of her voice. Claudie wheeled and lit out for the car, but when I saw that all the hounds had quit barking and slunk under the house, I called him back. "It was only the dogs she was talking to, Claudie."

Dead right as I often am, I've never been righter than I was about the lady that turned out to be Mrs. Dalrymple herself. It was only the dogs she'd scolded. I told her we'd had a little car trouble, and she said, "Come on in, men. Get out of the hot sun; them dogs won't bother you."

"Warm day for September," I spoke as we walked up to the porch where she stood, still rubbing her big damp hands with her apron. Closer up, that way, I could see she had a square, kindly face with wide-apart blue eyes and a scraggly little bay mustache.

"It's been a hot fall," she said. "Could I give you men a drink of water, or maybe some cold clabber? My husband's fencin' down in the pasture, and he'll be along in a few minutes. He's bound to've heard the dogs. He might can help you some with your car."

I and Claudie had not had any breakfast at all, so we agreed on the clabber as fast as it was polite to.

"Nora," Mrs. Dalrymple cried out, and being up closer this way I found myself admiring her fine voice more than ever. It was a clear, full soprano that cut through the air like a passenger train whistle late at night, and before the echo came back from across a little cedar draw there, the one that was Nora stuck her head out of an upstairs window. "Yessum," she answered.

"Go to the cistern and fetch a bucket of clabber out here. And bring some cups too, Nora."

Nora's head popped back inside fast, but not before I'd caught a good look at her. She was pretty, with black hair, light-blue eyes, and pink cheeks. I turned to see whether Claudie'd noticed Nora, and he had. There he stood, his mouth hanging open in a happy grin and his eyes still frozen on the window where Nora had been. He didn't limber up until Mrs. Dalrymple explained, "Nora's the hired girl — a orphan."

Before Nora came with the clabber and cups, matters took a fast turn for the worse. I mean trouble came around the corner of the house. The first I knew of it was when Mrs. Dalrymple blanched in the face, seemed to wilt all over her heavy frame, and said, "Crusoe, these men —"

"What do they want here?" he asked as he walked up to the porch. His voice put me in mind of a band saw that has struck a knot. But he seemed the wrong size to be as mean as the kids had said. He was a little, frying-size guy with no meat on his bones at all. His hands were made along the

line of hawk's claws, and the leaders in his wrists moved like baling wire. Also, he was ugly enough to make little children cry. His chin was set a little to the left of center when his mouth was closed, and his nose was off center the other way all the time. He had a sharp Adam's apple that looked ready to cut right through his leathery skin when he talked, and he had only the lower half of one ear.

The time, I saw, had come for a move to be made, so I said, "Hightower is the name — Clint Hightower — and this is my associate, Claudie Hughes. We've had a little car trouble and —"

Manual labor is strictly not in my line, nor even Claudie's, for that matter, if it has to be done on an empty stomach; but in no time at all I and Claudie found ourselves fencing with Crusoe Dalrymple down between the house and the barn. It all happened before Nora got back from the spring with the clabber. The way Crusoe Dalrymple put it was that there was plenty of work to be done there on the place; we'd delayed him already, since he'd lost the time it took to come up to the house; there were some calves due to drop any time; and before that happened the fence had to be finished to pen up Old Bully Boy. "He's a Brahma bull that kills young calves," Crusoe Dalrymple told us as he put Claudie on a wire stretcher and me on a posthole digger. "After we get this fence up I might see if I can't help you with your car, but first things come first."

Claudie, that barely understands a barbed-wire fence well enough to crawl through one, couldn't figure out how the wire stretcher worked. Right off he got badly tangled up in it and a new roll of barbed wire, and I had to undo him — without any help from Crusoe Dalrymple either. The ground there in the pasture was so dry and hard I couldn't even raise a little puff of dust with the posthole digger.

After a while I could see it was aggravating to Crusoe Dalrymple that we hadn't made any more headway. "I and Claudie should swap tools," I told him. "He's got more weight for the posthole digger, and I've got that wire stretcher all figured out."

"You might as well," Crusoe said. "Up to now I'd have been further along without you."

About this time I noticed Nora coming down from the house with a bucket of clabber and three cups. In her little pale-blue calico dress and a red sunbonnet she looked as pretty as two dozen fresh dewy roses. When Claudie saw her he froze like a bird dog there on the posthole digger, and his mouth flew open again. But just before she came up real close Crusoe sent her back to the house. "Git on back," he said; "these men are busy now. But set two extra places for them at dinner. They might earn some vittles by noon."

We knocked off when we heard a gin whistle blow, but dinner wasn't quite ready; and Crusoe

bawled his wife and Nora out over this, right there before me and Claudie. He even seemed to put extra heart in it for our benefit.

We drew water from the well and washed up while the women inside set the table and put more wood in the stove; then we sat on the front gallery to wait, while Crusoe told us how poor he was and how poor the whole community had been kept by the Yankees. "Goddamn 'em," he said, "they still keep our nose to the grindstone. They dreen our money off, fast as we can make it. Tea and spices, put up in Ohio; patent medicine for man and beast, made in St. Louis and all over the north; lightnin' rods, well buckets, bolts, washers, alarm clocks, doorknobs, fruit jars, furniture, stovepipe, stoves, lanterns, winder shades, wire stretchers, and all kinds of farm tools made by them damn monopolies up north — that's where our money goes. And if they's any left, the women spend it for patent-leather shoes, clothespins, sewin' machines, fancy petticoats, broaches, sweet-smellin' soap, toilet water, and enlarged pictures in fancy frames. I tell you, them Yankees is ruining us."

He put a close look on Claudie, then on me, while his eyes narrowed as much as there was room for, and he asked, "By the way, where are you men from?"

"The southern part of Alabama," I told him.

"That's mighty pore country," he went on, seeming a little less bitter, I thought; "worse'n this, and the Lord knows this is pore enough." Then he spoke about what sorry crops he'd been having.

The screen door opened and Mrs. Dalrymple came out, wiping her hands on her apron. "Crusoe," she said, her big voice tuned down low to soothe him, "we've had a fine crop this year. Big harvest of grain, and the cotton made nearly a bale to the acre."

"I know that, dammit," he said. "Put a awful strain on the land too. Took a mighty lot of stren'th out of the soil."

"Dinner's ready," she told us.

"About time," Crusoe said.

2

ALONG about the middle of the afternoon we were nearly through with the fence when I got my first chance to speak with Claudie alone. Crusoe was stapling the barbed wire about two posts away, while I held it stretched against a corner post, and Claudie was finishing the last posthole.

"Claudie," I said, "I'm afraid Crusoe will not like the overly friendly way you've been looking at Nora — even if she's only the hired girl. Also it scares her. While we ate today you had her shying in and out of the dining room like a shadow when the lamplight flickers."

"She shore is purty," he said, looking up toward the house as he twisted the posthole digger into the dry ground. I looked too and saw we weren't far at all from where Nora'd come to hang out the wash. The clothesline was high, and she was reaching as far up as she could to pin the clothes on it. Nora's dimpled knees showed a little more than they should have, that's true; also, the same wind that flapped the clothes on the line was blowing Nora's dress hard against her own personal self there on a bright sunny day and all, but it needn't have paralyzed Claudie like it did.

I'll admit that my mind wandered some, and I didn't see the bull in time to do Claudie any good, but Claudie never did come to and see him until the whole thing was over.

It was an old dirty-gray Brahma with long horns and a wobbly hump above his shoulders. He was about ten feet away, and he was headed for Claudie with his head lowered when I first saw him. I was on the other side of the new fence, it turned out, but Claudie and the bull were both on the same side. You can see how with so much going on I hadn't noticed where Crusoe Dalrymple was, but just before the bull hit Claudie, Crusoe stepped up close with an old hame in one hand. He clobbered the big bull with a lick in the nose that stopped him cold, while Claudie just stood there, still in love and still leaning on the corner post.

As the old Brahma ran off, bawling, it began to dawn on Claudie what had taken place. His eyes looked like a night owl's that had been flushed out of his dark roost into broad open daylight.

"Mr. Dalrymple," I yelled as I rushed over to him, "you have saved Claudie's life. You are almost like a hero. In fact, you are a hero." I shook his hand, and he looked sort of sheepish — almost ashamed — without saying a word. Claudie was grinning at him by now, so I said, "Claudie, can't you say something nice? Mr. Dalrymple has just saved your life from a bad bull. Shake his hand, dammit. This is something pretty big."

"Oh hell, men; it wasn't nothin'," Crusoe said, looking down at the ground. "Old Bully Boy can't hit very hard. Trouble is, he jest don't like strangers."

"What do you mean, it wasn't nothing?" I asked. "I saw it all happen. I was a witness. You have too saved Claudie's life. Hasn't he, Claudie?"

"He has, and I'm shore glad" was the most Claudie could think up to say, but he did shake hands with Crusoe. At this I'd have sworn Crusoe nearly smiled a little, but he was plainly using a strange set of face muscles, and it seemed almost to hurt him.

I rushed up to the house so I could tell Mrs. Dalrymple and Nora about Crusoe and how he'd been a big hero right there before my eyes and everything. Also, I borrowed the family Kodak.

When the women came running, they both shook

Crusoe's hand and told him how proud they were. All he said was "Aw shucks; it wasn't nothing — much."

"It was too," I told him again. "Crusoe's a hero. Ain't he, Claudie?"

Claudie didn't seem to hear me, but Mrs. Dalrymple nodded her head and so did Nora; then when Nora saw the way Claudie was looking at her, she sort of slunk in behind a little huisache bush there close by.

"The Carnegie people give medals for things like this," I told Crusoe, seeing I had nothing but a downhill pull from there on — I mean I was coasting. "Now stand up there by Claudie and hold that hame you hit the bull with in one hand. Come on, Claudie; shake his other hand while I take the picture."

Bully Boy was grazing not far away, so we went over and took some pictures of him standing behind Claudie, but he didn't look very fractious around Crusoe, who was still holding on to the hame of course. Then I got another roll of film and took some pictures of Mrs. Dalrymple and even one of Nora behind the huisache bush.

"Reckon he'll be wrote up for saving my life, Clint?" Claudie wanted to know, and I said, loud enough for Crusoe to hear it good, "Certainly he will. Big, too, in the newspapers and all, for being such a hero. And maybe a band concert too, with a public speaking about Crusoe afterwards."

I was in a big lather to give the Navasota newspaper a report on everything, so I told Crusoe that he and Claudie could finish the fence while I made the telephone call.

"Aw, you oughtn't to do that," Crusoe argued, but it was said about the same way women sometimes say the same thing, and Crusoe didn't try to stop me either. He only said, "The phone's in the hall, there by the stair." Then he grabbed the hammer, stapled the last three wires on the corner post singlehanded, and led the way to the house.

Mrs. Dalrymple dug a batch of nice crisp cookies out of a crock jar, and Nora got a big pitcher of lemonade out of the icebox for us to drink — but she ran upstairs to hide as soon as Claudie went inside. Crusoe drank three glasses, smacked his lips, and said it was about the best lemonade he'd ever tasted. "Now, men," he said, "let me help you fix up your car. You done me a mighty fine job on that fence."

"Oh, no, not now," I said. "First things first. Remember, I'm gonna call the newspaper and give them the big news."

Crusoe didn't say a word; he only looked at Mrs. Dalrymple and grinned.

The party line was busy, of course, but it was nice and cool there in the hall, so I sat and listened to some women talk themselves out on the phone about a rummage sale, the missionary society, the new school principal, and watermelon rind pre-

serves. Finally I got the editor of the Navasota paper on the line, and, believe me, I let him have it about Crusoe and Claudie and the wild Brahma bull. I just gave him the plain facts; all about how Claudie would be laying out there in the pasture, flat on his back and dead as a doornail, if Crusoe hadn't risked his own life, personally, just to save him — and Claudie practically a complete stranger, too. I gave it to him so hot and heavy that he got it into his head somehow that Crusoe had been hurt some in being this hero, and, of course, I wasn't in any frame of mind — besides, I didn't have time — to argue this out with any newspaper fellow myself.

"We'd like some pictures to run with the story," the editor said, and I told him that was every bit taken care of right on the spot. All he'd have to do was send for the roll of film with Crusoe, Claudie, and the bull on it. Also, would he send along ten dollars, since I'd taken some chance myself in getting the pictures while things were so scary and all. He agreed. Then I got the Brenham paper on the phone, and since I was really in the groove by now, I sold them the film with Nora and Mrs. Dalrymple on it for five more dollars.

When I went back outside I saw our car and trailer had been pulled from the road into the shady yard. Crusoe and Claudie were fixing the trailer house tire and the left front one on the car that had gone flat during the day. Mrs. Dalrymple was standing alongside holding the pitcher filled again with lemonade, and Nora was watching from the same upstairs window.

"The newspapers want the pictures, all right," I told them. "It's going to be a big story." Crusoe didn't say a word; he just pressed down harder on the cold patch he was fixing our inner tube with, but Mrs. Dalrymple seemed to show an acre or so of happy smile all across her big damp face.

3

IT WAS about an hour by sun; both our tires were fixed and Crusoe had pumped them back up; then we saw a car turn in at the gate.

"Must be the newspaperman for the pictures," I said. "Let me deal with him."

"No, it's the Clardys," Mrs. Dalrymple said. "I declare; they haven't crossed our cattle guard in twenty years. Wonder if somebody's bad sick at their house."

They drove up and piled out of the car and went straight over to Crusoe — Mr. and Mrs. Clardy, three girls, and a lean, limber-looking son-in-law. "We heard it on the party line," they were saying to Crusoe. Mrs. Clardy cried some, she was so damn proud to know a real-life hero. Crusoe hung his head and said it wasn't much he'd done, but he let them all shake his hand and told them to shake ours too. Then, before the Clardys left, the Crutch-

ers came — neighbors Crusoe hadn't spoken to, we learned, since one of their cows broke through a fence and ate his garden nearly eight years before.

So many things, happening so one-right-on-top-of-the-other like this, brought tears to Mrs. Dalrymple's eyes too. Another car was coming in the gate by this time, and it kept up like this until everybody on the party line had come by before the sun went down. They all wanted to shake Crusoe's hand. Then they'd all study Claudie — nobody but the one that nearly got killed — and it soon got to where he was putting on a few airs himself.

After the newspapermen left — and left me fifteen bucks for taking the pictures — Crusoe Dalrymple asked about the carburetor on our car; also, the gaskets, the brakes, and the spark plugs. "I'd be glad, men," he said, "to help you fix it up to-night before you leave." Mrs. Dalrymple kept standing close by, smiling at us real motherly, and from the way the upstairs window curtain fluttered, I knew Nora was with us in her own way.

"But we don't mean to leave, Crusoe," I told him. "We are so thankful to you for saving Claudie's life we want to stay on for a while and see if you can't maybe use some more help. You can't tell what might come up."

"I do have a right smart rounding up to do around here," Crusoe allowed, "but you men don't owe me nothing."

"It's not like owing," I said, "it's that we're so thankful, ain't it, Claudie?"

"Uh-huh."

"We mean we just wouldn't ever feel right if we went off and left the very day you saved Claudie's life."

We talked on like this a while, and finally Crusoe said, "I can see how you feel, men. Won't you have supper with us?"

"Sure we will," I said, and Claudie agreed easy, looking all the time at Nora's upstairs window.

4

THE Navasota newspaper was a weekly, and the one in Brenham was, too; so, naturally, I and Claudie stayed with the Dalrymples to wait until they both came out with Crusoe's write-up. We found there were a few other piddling little things that needed to be done around the place, but Crusoe wouldn't let us help much with any of them. He said he hated to impose on friends like that. Also, everything he'd let us do he'd thank us for. Fact is, he worked more on our car than we did on the farm; and before the week was up, that old hoopie of ours was in the finest state of repair it'd ever been — by a damn sight, too, I mean.

Then, when the newspapers came out with the pictures and everything, people really did start visiting the Dalrymples in a big way. People from all over Washington County came just to

visit and be neighborly with Crusoe. And kins-folks, too, started coming in droves from all over Texas and Oklahoma as soon as they got the news — even some on Mrs. Dalrymple's side of the house that we learned Crusoe had run away years before and warned never to darken his door again.

It soon got to where Crusoe would dress up in his Sunday clothes every morning after breakfast was over and the chores were done; he'd sit on the front porch just to be ready for visitors that wanted to come and shake his hand.

Later on that fall — it was the week after Crusoe got converted and joined the church, to be exact — I and Claudie moved from the trailer house. There'd been this spare bedroom upstairs all the time — an awful temptation for visiting kin I'd pointed out to Crusoe — and this was the very one he asked us if we'd move into. He spoke, when he did, about loving the Lord so all-fired much he wanted to do something nice; he said he'd been counting his many blessings, like it says in the song, and he didn't want to be hoggish about all the Lord had blessed him with. So, before Mrs. Dalrymple came home from the missionary society that night, we moved right in.

We hadn't been living in the house but a few days until I began to miss Claudie in the mornings when I'd wake up. At first I figured he'd just decided to eat breakfast with the Dalrymples — a thing I'd never done since they always got up and ate a lot too early for me. Then I learned that it was only so he could go along and help Nora with the morning milking. And at first, so Mrs. Dalrymple said, they'd been back with foaming pails full before daylight. Well, this was all right, since Claudie always was a fast milker, but the morning I learned about it all they didn't come back with the milk until the sun was an hour or so high, and I was halfway through my own breakfast. Claudie wouldn't even look at me when he came in from the back porch where Nora stayed to strain the milk, and I noticed she kept her back to me all the time.

"Claudie," I said — oh, I had him dead to rights — "it took you a mighty long time to finish up with that milking."

"Nora le'me milk 'em all this time," he said, still looking down at the linoleum on the floor.

Next, he took to helping Nora milk the cows every night too, and as the days got shorter, they sometimes didn't get back from the cow lot until after dark.

Crusoe was so busy every morning getting dressed for the company and so busy seeing the visitors these days that he didn't seem to notice as much about Claudie's help with the milking as I did. But one person that didn't miss it was Mrs. Dalrymple. The way I could tell that for sure was from what she said to me and Claudie one night when Nora was doing the dishes and Crusoe was away in Navasota joining another lodge. We were

rocking in the parlor before the fireplace, and I was studying the Dalyrumple marriage certificate framed there above the mantel, when she spoke up and said in her fine full voice: "Crusoe's company is slackin' up some, I guess you've noticed."

"Some," I said, "but a lot of the same people keep coming back."

"And most of 'em have done seen Claudie, that's life was saved by Crusoe."

"You're right there," I had to admit.

"I expect Crusoe's about caught up with all the jobs he might could use much help on around the place."

"It's true," I told her, wanting to be fair; "he hasn't been asking us to do much lately."

"And with winter coming on now, bad weather will soon be settin' in. From now on, there won't be too much outside work."

I found I didn't have the heart to make much of an argument about it. With Claudie mooning around the way he'd been, so lovesick he was milking six cows twice a day and liking it; with Nora letting him, too, milk all the cows, even when it took him until way after dark to finish; and with Nora blushing bright red when Claudie was around and dropping things in the kitchen and sometimes in the dining room, I began to figure just about anything could happen. What was in the making could cost them Nora, or me Claudie, and whichever way it went, I was the odd man out.

So I was nodding my head, making it easy for Mrs. Dalyrumple to go right ahead and spell it out plain, even to Claudie, when he spoke up, almost hurt like, it seemed, and said, "You don't mean we should leave, do you, Miz Dalyrumple?"

"Oh, no; not exactly. Leastways, not tonight."

"It don't hardly seem right to leave," he half argued, "after Mr. Dalyrumple went and saved my life and all that." But somehow this was beginning to sound pretty empty and hollow to me by now.

That was on a Saturday night, I remember, because before bedtime Mrs. Dalyrumple went ahead to tell us how the next day Brother Bradshaw was coming to eat with them after the Sunday services; also how nice that would be, since he'd been the parson that had converted Crusoe to the gospel. That was the night, I'll never forget, when it struck me like forked lightning strikes, what a preacher around the house would put in Claudie's mind. I rolled and tossed all night long.

5

BROTHER BRADSHAW, when he came next day after church, turned out to be a big sad-eyed fellow with bushy hair and such an accusing way of speaking that he made me want to go off somewhere and repent without even knowing what it was I'd done wrong. Also his frail sallow-complected wife might

as well have been saying, "Thou shalt not," whatever the words were she spoke.

There was a sort of a clash that came up, it seemed, between Claudie and Brother Bradshaw there at the dinner table. First there was the blessing. Brother Bradshaw didn't start to return thanks until Claudie'd buttered his first biscuit and was halfway through with it. All he could do was stop and wait while the preacher prayed, mostly for Crusoe, and recommended him to the Lord for saving a stranger's life — never even mentioning Claudie's name, mind you. Next it was about the fried chicken. There was either something wrong with the way those pullets were made inside or with Claudie's reach, that Sunday, for no white meat was ever on the plate when it got to Claudie — only necks and feet, I noticed, but I wasn't sure he did with the way his eyes hung on to Nora when she was serving the food, and when she wasn't, on the kitchen door she'd be about to come back out of.

Pretty early in the meal Brother Bradshaw started to speak in very solemn tones about how he might have to take his good wife and move away from Washington County. If he did, they'd both go back up north to Ohio where they'd been born and raised, he allowed. I looked at Crusoe, and when he didn't even bat an eye over feeding this Yankee preacher and his Yankee wife, I knew the sinful element in Washington County had really lost them a man. Crusoe even spoke up and said, "Brother Bradshaw, we'd shore hate to see you go. They ain't nothing wrong with the congregation here, I hope?"

It wasn't that he did not feel devoted to his fine flock there or anything like that, Brother Bradshaw went ahead to say in the big middle of a fat chicken breast. He particularly liked to be pastor to people like Crusoe, that had so many friends all over the country; and like Sister Dalyrumple, too, that had been a worker in the vineyard all her life. Also, he pointed out, he'd married some of the finest couples in Washington County, a part of the service he enjoyed most. At this Nora's face lit up like a church on Sunday night and she dropped a plate full of hot biscuits. "But," the preacher said, "I fear the housework at the parsonage is too great a burden to Sister Bradshaw. She hasn't been feeling at all well lately."

Everybody looked at the preacher's wife, lifting the last tender slabs of white meat off of a wishbone. Then Mrs. Dalyrumple spoke up, and her heavy handsome tone of voice loaded up the air around the table. "Crusoe," she said, "we've got a spare bedroom. We did, I mean, until —"

But she got no further. Crusoe gave her that barbed-wire look of his I hadn't seen since our first day there.

My mouth flew open to say something, but before it came out Crusoe turned this same look on me,

and I had that old feeling I'd often had before that things were really about to get out of hand.

Everything I could think to say from then until the end of the meal seemed wicked or sinful, and if you want to know the truth my conscience was about to cut me to pieces inside for still being there at the Dalyrumples'. So I never spoke any more, and hardly anybody else did either. When we'd finished, Crusoe stood up, stretched, and said he believed he'd walk down to the lot and see how the stock were. Brother Bradshaw said he'd like to go along too; he'd always loved livestock up north where he'd come from. So they walked off, down by Old Bully Boy's pen and on toward the barn. Claudie started helping Nora clear the dishes while Sister Bradshaw went off to the Dalyrumple bedroom to freshen herself up some. In the parlor there I looked at Mrs. Dalyrumple, with her big pink kindly face, and she looked at me. Win, lose, or draw, we both knew that we were on the same side.

After Sister Bradshaw got herself freshened up, she came out on the front gallery, picked herself an easy rocker, and settled down. Mrs. Dalyrumple took the porch swing, and I sat on the front steps close by to smoke and watch a swarm of gnats there by the cedar tree. It got awful quiet and stayed that way until we heard the commotion out back that stirred up the dogs, the chickens, and the guineas until they sounded the way they had that first day. Except this time the preacher's voice was all mixed up in the racket.

Then we saw Brother Bradshaw come running around the corner of the house, his eyes showing a lot of white and his hair bushing off in all directions. He seemed to be leading Crusoe by one hand, but

in Crusoe's other hand was that same old hame I'd seen before.

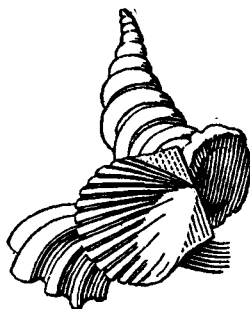
"The Lord be praised," Brother Bradshaw called out, almost in his regular praying voice, but stepped up some. "I have been delivered."

Crusoe was looking down, sort of abashed, but happy as a goose, while Brother Bradshaw panted on: "That big bull—that same big ferocious Brahma bull—charged me. And Brother Dalyrumple—may the Lord shower him with blessings—Brother Dalyrumple has saved my life."

Even Claudie, that came a running, could see we were done for at the Dalyrumples'; I and Claudie had plainly been succeeded, and Nora, after she'd taken it all in, went off crying to her room above the kitchen.

That night, before sundown, Brother Bradshaw and his wife had moved into our room, and I and Claudie were on our way again. We were out on the Brenham-Navasota road, and there wasn't anything left of the day but a rosy glow in the sky behind us before Claudie said a word. The one thing, he allowed, he couldn't figure out was how Old Bully Boy ever got out of his pen to make a run at Brother Bradshaw. I had to let him wonder, of course. The last thing I could do, and be fair about it, was to tell him what had gone on while Sister Bradshaw was freshening herself up—I mean how Mrs. Dalyrumple had fetched the wire-cutters and I'd cut a gap in Bully Boy's pen.

My conscience was clear by this time about everything but poor Claudie. So you can see how much it helped my feeling when he went ahead and said, "Nora was pretty but she shore hated work. She had me doing near about all her chores. Lord deliver me from a lazy woman."





"The brain," writes GEORGE R. HARRISON, Dean of the School of Science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "contains a hundred times as many nerve lines as the world's entire telephone system. It is provided with automatic dialing throughout, and within limits it is self-repairing." This article on the development of man's intelligence is drawn from Dean Harrison's new book, What Man May Be, soon to be published by Morrow.

HOW THE BRAIN WORKS

by GEORGE R. HARRISON

1

THE human brain is a highly specialized device for processing information, produced by nature after nearly a billion years of experimenting with electrochemical signaling systems. In evolution information is very important, for it aids in the promotion of order. On the level of the atom, in fact, order and information are almost identical. In a disorderly or chaotic universe, one that operated by chance alone, the term information would be meaningless.

All the phenomena of our universe are expressions of a remarkable process of transferring order through the building up of patterns. An atom is an orderly pattern of protons, neutrons, and electrons. A molecule is an orderly pattern of atoms. A sponge, a cherry, or a man is an orderly pattern of cells, which in turn are orderly arrangements of molecules. A nest of termites or a nation brings increased order to the behavior of individuals.

Such orderly patterns are produced and maintained in nature by the transfer of information. In the community which is an atom, the latest news is passed around through the pushes and pulls of electric, magnetic, and gravitational forces. In the body of a higher animal, hormone messengers sent via the blood stream tell the adrenal cortex and other glands the desires of the pituitary. Empires such as that of Rome were held together by roads along which runners carried the messages of government; the United Nations or some successor pattern will attain its ends more quickly and completely as a result of the improved communications provided by such devices as television, radio, teleprinting, and automatic translating machines.

The order pattern which is the brain of man has already resulted in two basic new inventions by nature, two jumps forward which have greatly accelerated the production of new patterns of order. In an era in which improvements in the

educative process are of great concern to us all, the genesis of the brain is worth retracing.

Far back in evolution, when certain kinds of cells found advantage in living together in the chemically social groups we call animal bodies, communications systems among the cells had to be developed if a colony was to behave as a unit. As a result of much changing and selecting, certain types of cells, the neurons, came to behave as tiny batteries which could pass pulses of electricity from one to another like a molecular bucket-brigade. When these pulses of current reached a muscle cell, they caused it to contract, and thus produced motion of the whole cell colony. Gradually such nerve paths were developed throughout each animal body to serve as communication lines from sensory pickup cells to the muscle cells. Eventually the signaling systems became so complex that central switching stations had to be developed, and one of these became our brain.

Biologists can now determine fairly well the stage of evolution at which each of the several dozen senses possessed by man began to be differentiated from more elementary signaling devices. Sea anemones have elementary nervous systems with which they can feel contact and respond to it. Jellyfish have the beginnings of eyes, special spots more sensitive to light than their surrounding cells.

One cannot fail to be impressed, in tracing the evolution of the various senses, by the evidence that each new window of awareness to the world was not opened suddenly for any creature as an outright gift, but rather had to be developed slowly. Each new molecular pattern to which mutations gave rise was tested by use over countless generations, and selected for survival by its fitness. Sight did not dawn in any dark and misty world when God first said "Let there be light," for light was for aeons merely energy that kept the creatures of the world alive. Not until much later did it

become a carrier of information from the outside world into each creature that could see.

We take our senses overly for granted. We are accustomed to feeling almost anywhere in our bodies such sensations as pressure and pain and heat and cold; but we are amazed at the thought of smelling or tasting with such parts of the skin as a shoulder or a forehead. Yet many fishes and frogs do exactly the equivalent of this. Sharks can be attracted from miles away by a piece of meat dragged behind a boat, and are found to have sensory pickups scattered all over their bodies, with which they do something intermediate between tasting and smelling. We taste with our mouths alone, and smell only with our noses, merely because the sensitive cells for taste and smell, like the pickups for hearing and sight, have in all higher animals become concentrated in small areas. Not so those for temperature and pressure, for some 200,000 living thermometer cells are scattered over our bodies, together with about half a million pressure-sensing cells. Scattered throughout most regions of our flesh are three or four million sets of receptor cells that give the signals which our brains interpret as pain, and which, as the result of the experience of the race and of the individual, we have come to consider disagreeable.

Although the various sensations which we experience seem unlike one another, all of them — seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, and feeling — are produced by similar nerve impulses. When we smell a buttercup or look at it the same kinds of pulses of electric current are transmitted by nerve fibers to our brain. Which sensation will result depends only on which switchboards in the brain receive the signals. Scrambling of signals is prevented by the fact that each sensory pickup or group of pickups in the eye or nose is connected to a nerve fiber that leads to a specific set of switching centers in the brain. Passed along the fiber from cell to cell, the pulses of current finally reach a group of cells in the brain to which the fiber is attached, and there ring the bell of awareness.

As animals have developed improved sensing mechanisms over the ages, their awareness has gradually grown greater, and they have been able to come increasingly alive. The reliance of more complex creatures in a series on any one sense has not always increased, to be sure. Sensitivity to odors is greatest in certain insects, such as moths, whose smelling cells, located on their antennae, enable them to locate a mate who may be several miles away. Dogs have a much more complex sniffing apparatus than humans, and a large portion of their brain switchboards is devoted to odor. Men now rely on smell much less than in the past, though it still remains closely tied in with their emotions. By far the greatest part of the information we receive from the outside world comes through the sense of sight, yet sight in humans is only about one-eighth

as acute as it is in such birds as the hawk. It is the sum total of the signals from the environment, and their integration, that increases as one proceeds toward the complex nerve development of man. In his brain the switchboards became so complex that an entirely new phenomenon, that of reason, was able to appear.

The sense of smell, in some of the higher animals sending messages that required ever more complex switchboards for their full utilization, ultimately resulted in the development of new control rooms, the cerebral hemispheres. In fact, the switching patterns of some of the nerve circuits eventually became so involved as to render them capable of internal stimulation, so that signals could be set going among them even in the absence of sensations from the external world. Man developed the ability to produce, within his brain circuits, reactions almost as effective as those caused by a sound or a smell or a view or any other signal from the outside world. Thus he was enabled to supplement sensation with thought, and could profit from a wide new variety of experiences, most of which he need not actually undergo. He then found himself able to perform all sorts of interesting mental experiments. He was able not only to learn, from experiences that might have occurred but did not, what courses of action to avoid, but he could visualize the experiences of others and benefit by them. He could repeat experiences over and over for assimilation into wisdom. Man thus greatly increased his chance of individual survival, for he could avoid many mistakes that previously would have been fatal. Now he was able to short-circuit much of nature's old method of trial and error, and attack his problems through the use of reason and judgment.

2

THE brain thus became an assemblage of switchboards that correlates sensory signals and determines what integrated action the organism should take as a result. In a human being, it contains a hundred times as many nerve lines as the world's entire telephone system. It is provided with automatic dialing throughout, and within limits it is self-repairing.

A typical nerve cell from the brain of a man looks, under the microscope, rather like a piece of the root end of a kelp plant. At one end it is covered with what appear to be numerous branching rootlets, while the other end has a long flexible axon or stem. This acts as a connecting wire with tips that can make electrochemical connections with rootlets on any of a number of neighboring cells. Such connections, the synapses, are thus living electrical switches. In some cases a cell can contact any of a thousand neighboring neurons like itself, and thousands can contact it. Thus the axon behaves like the plug-in jack of a tele-

phone switchboard, while the rootlets are the connectors to which the jack can be fitted. In the parts of the brain concerned with instinct the synaptic switches are so constructed as always to follow definite, though involved, patterns of closing and opening; in regions concerned with ideas the connection patterns are more flexible, and can be modified by learning.

The neurons and their connections in the brain of a man are like those in the brain of any other animal, but there are many more of them. The brain of an ant contains only about 250 cells, that of a bee nearly 900. In contrast, the human brain contains some 13 billion cells, about five times as many pink or gray neurons as there are people in the world. As one might expect from their comparative intelligence, a sheep's brain weighs only one-tenth as much as a man's, but weight is not the final criterion. The brain of a whale weighs twice as much as that of a man, and that of an elephant three or four times as much, but neither contains the necessary complexity of cells and circuits to give its owner a man's intelligence.

Such creatures as ants and bees cannot profit much by education, for the few possible connection patterns of their brain cells are well established when they are born, and they behave automatically in response to stimuli from the outside. A worker bee during its month of life is pretty much an automaton, operated by a complex system of servomechanisms built into the structures of its cells when they are first arranged from molecules. The experience of its ancestral line is recorded in its gene structures, molecular memories that over countless generations have changed slowly through mutations and natural selection. Man also has such automatic and instinctive behavior patterns, but he has still others that can be modified by his experience. These potential circuits are given him as a sort of blank check when he is born, with which he can draw on amounts of intelligence that depend on his own efforts.

The more flexible electrochemical processes we call thought take place in the new brain, a vast set of switchboards located in the cortex of the cerebrum. Any creature whose cerebral cortex has been removed can no longer profit by experience, for no longer does it have neurons capable of being connected in new flexible patterns. Birds so treated can still fly, cats can spit and growl, but neither can remember or learn, and without a cerebral cortex there appears to be no true awareness.

3

ALTHOUGH nature has been developing the brain for 500 million years, the cerebral cortex began to be elaborated some 100 million years ago. And only within the most recent hundredth of this, a mere million years, has the cerebrum developed suf-

ficiently complex circuits for its possessors to be called men. When this stage of development was reached the individual began to emerge as important. When an ant is killed he can be replaced by another exactly similar ant, but this is never true of a human being. Worker ants of a given variety are alike even to their brain patterns; because the patterns in a man are flexible, each man is different, and what he becomes depends greatly on what is done with his cerebral cortex, through experience and education, during the formation stages of its action patterns.

Though a person cannot make his brain grow in size or potentiality, over the million years of man's existence the average size of the human skull has increased in at least two jumps. The oldest skulls yet found that can be called human have room for only about 20 ounces of brain; at a later period this increased to a little over two pounds. Today most men have about three pounds of mental switchboards. More important than size in its effect on human intelligence is the wrinkling of the cerebral cortex, which gives increased area for the connection patterns of flexible thought. Between early man and intermediate man this area doubled, and it has doubled again in modern man. We are well fixed now as to mental circuits, for the brain of each of us contains many more cells than we use effectively, and our intelligence depends less on how many switchboards we have than on how many we choose to relegate to the attic unused.

Anyone who has watched one of the great modern electronic digital computers in operation, with its thousands of tiny pink lights flickering on and off, can readily visualize "brain waves" sweeping across the billions of cells of our mental switchboards as the synapses open and close, switching pulses of current here and there. New patterns are seen here emerging in nature, for a thought is an electrical pattern, just as is an atom. A nerve may be likened to a proton of thought; the circuit patterns in which the cells are connected are analogous to atoms; and the multiple switchboards of the brain are then like molecular aggregates. All the glorious welter of color, sound, and emotional involvement of our world results from countless tiny pulses of electricity, and all instinct and awareness appear to be the result of their combinations.

Such a picture leads some to feel that the scientist is overmechanizing his concept of thought. From the human standpoint, a beautiful sunset or lovely music is much more real than the electrical impulses, the flows of electrons from atom to atom and cell to cell, that bring them to consciousness. However, all of our ideas are to some extent illusions, and we approach reality only by integrating views of phenomena, made from different angles of approach, in ways that do not lead to contradiction. A scientist has no more right to say that his analysis of a sensation on a particular sublevel

of matter is the really correct one than has a poet or mystic who focuses on one emotion or revelation the right to say that he has found the only Truth. Yet each with his own brush can add to the clarity of the picture.

It would be as confusing to describe a "mind" in terms of the millions of switchboards for nerve currents the brain contains as to describe a piano in terms of the particles of wood, felt, and steel of which it is composed. Therefore, it is convenient, though somewhat artificial, to think of our minds as having three parts, related very roughly to different assemblies of switchboards in the brain. In a greatly oversimplified picture these three sections can be thought of respectively as the primary seats of reason, of desire, and of conscience—Freud's ego, id, and superego, respectively.

The ego or conscious mind, which each of us thinks of incorrectly as his real self, is where thought, reason, and visualization take place. It forms the front assembly room of the imagination. Urged by the id in all sorts of directions that seem immediately desirable, and restrained by the cautioning guidance of the superego, it guides the personality during the hours we are awake.

The surest thing that each of us knows, when he is conscious, is that he is aware of being so. Descartes's most famous dictum was: "I think, therefore I am." All animals that possess cerebral hemispheres apparently feel this "I-ness," or consciousness of self, though it probably increases in sharpness of focus as the higher brain is elaborated.

Many psychologists think of the "stream of consciousness" as being similar to pictures seen on a moving-picture screen, producing sensations which so overlap that they give the impression of being continuous. For this reason some say that it is illusory to talk about the "mind." But in an exactly analogous sense matter is an illusion also, for it consists mostly of empty space, and the apparent hardness and solidity of a block of steel or granite arise merely because we feel and observe them with fingers and eyes composed of the same "illusory" matter. In this sense everything is illusory. What the psychologists want is for us to avoid making unjustified assumptions by the careless use of terms such as "mind," lest we fall into difficulties like those the physicists had with their Aether, which they ultimately were forced to abandon.

Most important for us is the fact that consciousness hooks up the past to the present and lets us peer a bit into the future. We feel that we are conscious when awake, and unconscious when asleep, but actually there are many intermediate degrees of consciousness or awareness. The ant, the bee, the crab, and the octopus all have awareness in increasing degrees, but are probably not conscious in the "I" sense at all. A cat is much

less conscious than a man, though it may be even more aware of many kinds of things that go on about it.

The sets of switchboards in the human brain that are more highly developed than those of any other animal are those concerned with the production of pictures in the mind, with remembering, with the use of the symbols needed for calculating, understanding, and communicating, and with finding the answers to problems. Such a conscious mind finds itself able to reason, so that it can proceed directly from causes to effects, and correlate human experience over space and time. Intelligence dawns as reason begins to be joined by common sense, prudence, and expediency, and eventually by imagination, the ability to bring separate images together into new associations. With the dawn of creative imagination in man, nature took another great stride forward in her ability to solve problems, a step fully as important as that which she had taken when reason first dawned.

4

NO PICTURE of creation is more inspiring than that of a beneficent Creator giving his creatures, not a completed Universe in which to dwell statically, but a universe of ordered and progressive opportunity. Call the gropings of each living creature toward greater awareness blind or directed as you will, the result is the same: continually greater new things under the sun.

We can see from the record of evolution that coming alive was a slow process and had to be learned in steps. In fact, it was so slow that the changing of the eye of a newt into a better eye through mutations can be likened to trying experimentally to improve the point of a fountain pen by dropping a million of them at random on the floor. Most such impacts will ruin the pens that suffer them, but once in a while the point of one will be improved. Any way of selectively preserving those pens that improve will give a slow but progressive advance.

When a brain was developed which could reason, and thus complete a realistic cycle of awareness within itself, a new and much more rapid method of experimentation became possible. By reason man is able to rule out, without bothering to perform them, many experiments inevitably doomed to failure. Though natural selection will still operate, he need not depend on the random trial of new patterns for the development of the increased awareness that brings him improved ability to control his life.

An ant cannot purposefully try anything new, and any ant that accidentally did so would be murdered by his colleagues. It is the ant colony as a whole that slowly learns over the ages. In contrast, even an earthworm has enough flexibility

of brain to enable it to be taught to turn toward the left or right for food. Though rats are not able to reason to any considerable degree, they can solve such problems as separating round objects from triangular ones when these have to do with health or appetite. Cats, with better brains, can be taught somewhat more, and young dogs a great deal. The higher apes can even learn by insight as well as by trial and error.

As is well known, learning ability diminishes rapidly in dogs more than two years old. Chimpanzees can be educated up to the age of about twelve years, beyond which their brain switching patterns become less flexible. Most human beings can be educated during their first forty years, and many learn well up to eighty. Nowadays many people spend more than a third of their normal lives in being formally educated, and this fraction can be expected to increase to a half or more as science brings more leisure and as we learn how not to deaden the natural curiosity with which everyone is born.

Education can be used to develop improved responses very rapidly in any normal human being. Natives on the Pacific island of Manus were visited by the anthropologist Margaret Mead in 1928, and again twenty-five years later. During her first visit they were ignorant savages living in the equivalent of the Stone Age. In the intervening generation, as a result of their contact with American soldiers during World War II, they learned many new social customs, became more law-abiding, and developed less greedy and quarrelsome habits. Almost any savage tribe can be civilized rapidly in this way.

It turns out that the level of average intelligence varies little from one race of mankind to another. One of the highest intelligence quotients ever measured was that of a little colored girl who had no white blood whatever. The lack in the suppressed races is not of brain capacity, but of opportunity to cultivate effective use of the brain. In the United States, even climate appears to have a much greater effect on measured intelligence than does race.

Probably there has been little change up or down in man's average intelligence as measured by reasoning ability during the past five thousand years. A few millennia give too short a time for mutation and selection to produce much improvement in the basic intelligence level. But social forms of development are now relatively much more important to the brain than mutations. The associations of its circuits improve as the id comes under better control, the superego becomes more powerful, and desire, reason, and conscience become better integrated through experience.

Our brains can be much more effectively used as we come to comprehend better the limitations of our ways of thought. Our ideas tend to gather into

stable closed rings; when one of these snaps shut we feel that we have the truth at last, and are well-satisfied, self-righteous, and willing to defend our views against all comers. We have a closed mind insofar as such self-stabilized ideas are concerned. One of the objectives of education should be to jostle these mental patterns so that rings of small radius can be broken open and combined into larger rings that cover a wider range of associations. As the closed rings of mental complacency open and recombine into wider patterns we become more intelligent, aware, and alive, and are able to react more properly to our environment. Such mental patterns can be kept flexible by lubricating them with those emotions which result in interest, and only when interest is present can they be enlarged to the fullest extent. But interest or motivation, the watchword of progressive education, is not enough.

5

THE circuits of the mind improve vastly with use and exercise. Thinking in a given way brings an increased blood supply and more nourishment to the cells and synapses involved. The process we call learning consists of setting up mental switching patterns over and over again, to train certain circuits and groups of switchboards to function together. The mind needs to be exercised and disciplined as well as to have its gates thrown open through interest.

Disciplinary studies of the past, such as Latin and Greek, gave all sorts of little mental hooks on which associations could be hung. Science gives equally good associative locations. But so superficial is much of our modern education becoming that the necessary condensation nuclei for thought are not being provided for our citizens of tomorrow.

Much of the educative process in the schools today consists merely of instruction and training, the conveying of facts and the development of skills. Teachers tend less and less to insist that the student learn to focus his attention on trains of thought which etch sharp patterns in the brain, instead of producing a chaotic opening and closing of mental switches at random, governed by the emotions of the moment.

Man's basic curiosity is unbounded. Natural learning is a pleasant process, eagerly sought by every normal youngster. Much of modern education has the effect of suppressing this by setting, in the name of democracy, the same standards of achievement for every child regardless of his capabilities. Educators should look further into the differences between motivated and non-motivated education. Both are needed.

The development of the brain that brought a mind to man resulted not only in one improved method of making evolutionary progress, but in

two. The method of natural selection among the products of random mutation often requires millions of experiments to reach one successful result. The methods of reason may require only a hundred. When man developed the ability to jump forward mentally to a correct conclusion by the new associative process we call creative imagination, it could often be reached on the first or second attempt, as when Newton arrived by inference at the Law of Universal Gravitation. Most human progress now results from just such creative imagination, based on a properly balanced mixture of intelligence and emotion.

The factor in which a true genius excels is often not judgment or memory or even intelligence, but creative imagination, the highest achievement of man's new brain. The remarkable human capacity to see, in what we call the mind's eye, images of things that our eyes have never seen makes it possible, in addition to bringing together new mental patterns of things unseen, to bring from the unconscious mind striking new combinations of thought patterns. This we call inspiration. In the unconscious mind, cell-connection patterns boil ceaselessly around in all sorts of random arrangements. Most of these are meaningless or useless, and the images they would produce are faulty, but a strikingly meaningful set of images occa-

sionally becomes associated in the brain of a person having a fertile imagination, and can rise rapidly into the conscious mind.

Poets frequently emphasize that they do not know what a poem they are writing is about until they have finished it. This has been taken by some to indicate that inspiration comes from unknown worlds behind the mind, but it appears rather to come from inner parts of the mind, and hence to be a product of the brain itself. Much of a newly created concept is put together in the unconscious, and it then is dredged out, either in pieces or as a whole, into the conscious, where it can be polished.

As time goes on, the use of creative imagination is likely to become more a normal human experience than that of the unusual genius. The brain may, once in five or fifty thousand years, mutate in new directions of complexity. It will certainly long before that be supplemented by additional external informational devices of the type man has been fashioning ever since he learned to chisel his first memoirs in stone. In any case, as new demands are made on the brain by the increasing complexities of living, it is likely to respond by developing new associative processes lying as far beyond reason and imagination as these are beyond the mental processes of the beasts that inhabit the fields.



A PAIR OF HANDS

by MAY SARTON

INDEED I loved these hands and knew them well —
Nervous, expressive, holding a Chinese pink,
A child, a book, always withdrawn and still
As if they had it in their power to think,
Hands that the Flemish masters have explored,
Who gave delicate strength and mystic grace
To contemplative men, to women most adored
As if to give the inmost heart a face —
Indeed I learned to love these secret hands
Before I found them here, open to mine,
And clasped the mystery no one understands,
Read reverence in their fivefold design,
Where animals and children may be healed
And in the slightest gesture Love, revealed.



An Atlantic Story



Novelist and short-story writer, NICCOLO TUCCI is a native of Florence who has been living in the United States since 1938 and who is now an American citizen. He has written articles about Italy for the Atlantic on his return visits to the old country, and he is presently working on two novels, one in English about an Italian family and one in Italian about some New Yorkers.

THE DOLLMAKER

by NICCOLO TUCCI

HAD HE known the detail that suddenly became obvious to him in a cold-blooded manner the very moment his eyes fell upon his work, he would never have done it. He would have seen that such a thing was an illusion. He would have known, as he knew now, that motion, such as we have it in our bodies, is an exception in the world at large and not only in a room or even in an apartment. An exception; while stand-still, such as you have in dolls (in this one here), is the rule. The dollmakers are certainly wise people. Yes, wise people. He should have seen one before doing his work. And the dollmaker would have told him that the way to make dolls is not the easy one, and when a doll is made, then the dollmaker has but one idea — to make it move, or look as if it could — and that is why he makes his dolls of such material as will last, avoiding all such material as might disintegrate too soon. The material he had used was bad and his method was bad. He should have seen a dollmaker before. Now it was too late.

The world is not made up of living people. It may seem so because we always talk to living people and to them only. Some people who have no one around will talk to cats, and you can hear their voices in the next room, and they sound silly, because the cat won't answer, but that suffices to maintain the illusion that the world is made up of living people, while it is not. If people were more in the habit of discussing at least some of their problems with chairs, or trees, or anything that is no human being, then perhaps they would appreciate the fact that there are people too and that they live. Because the world is not made up of living people, and neither is the universe, as the book on

the shelf two inches from the finger of the doll so clearly explains it. Life as we know it, says that book, is an exception or a freak (yes, that is the word in the book, life is a freak), in other words, a strange coincidence, not certainly the rule. But the same can be said about the world without trying to peep into the universe. The world is not made up of living people, and that is why one should never make a doll, never make dolls, unless one makes them *as a dollmaker* and *only* as a dollmaker, with the idea of putting in the movement at the end. Yes, at the end, after the doll is made.

There are too many objects in a world. Also in a room. Too many objects and one person or two, or even three, but then more and more objects for each new person that comes in to stay. Too many objects. And most objects resemble living things or are made to resemble living things. That is why the dollmakers were right, and he, who had finished his work and was watching it now, was wrong, completely wrong. Take a cat for example, a cat playing with the most shapeless unintentional object in the room: a sheet of paper rolled into a pellet, not even rolled, just crunched and thrown away. An inanimate thing. A doll. It is not true that the cat plays with it. The cat touches that thing and sees it move, and does not know his own movement has gone into that thing and made it move instead of staying buried in it, as it would in a stone or in a doll such as this one right here. (The cat touched the doll's foot, and his movement stayed buried in that foot.) So the cat does not know that the paper is light or that the ball is round. He sees movement, he runs, he acts, he plays the cat, a serious thing, not just a game. But if the paper ball

refused to move, if it were strong enough to take in the cat's movements and keep them buried in itself, the cat would stop lending his life to what can only take it from him without giving him anything. Because the world is not made up of living things, the world is like a mortuary, and the sky too is a huge mortuary. Dead stars, dead planets, and plain stones, for example the moon, probably a world that someone killed. And now *it* also fills the universe, *it* also remains there, like a lump in our orbit, the *evidence* of crime.

The sky a mortuary, the moon a corpse. What a strange thought to have. And yet, quite a compelling thought. A useful thought, if thought at the right moment. Had someone told him, "Hey, you, don't forget that the moon is a corpse; it does not smell because that happened long ago, it's dry by now, buried in darkness and kept cold forever; it could not smell, it never did. Besides, who could arrest the man who killed a world?" Well, if anyone had reminded him of that, astronomy would have taught him a lesson in morals. That is how useful science can be if applied at the right moment, not in school, when no one makes mistakes and turns out dolls he never intended to make. But no one was there to remind him. He would never have made that easy doll, that white beautiful doll, life-size, lying now finished on the floor of his room;

he would never have used the materials he used — the long black hair, the sleeping face of the beautiful woman he loved, the eyes half closed, as the eyes of a doll should always be, and the great naked body that had known every part of him — he would never have used it, he would never have cut it that way, never have seen so many unknown parts of the inner machine falling out of those wounds on one side. He would never have done it, no, he would not, even if she had done those things that made him suffer so, even if she had spent her nights in bed with other men, even then he would not, because he thought that stopping life was a good thing, and now there was a doll instead of life, and he wanted to give it life and add movement to it, because life is no crime, even if life takes love from us and gives it to another, even then it's no crime. Because there are too many objects in a room, because the world is not made up of living people, because we are alone, so wake up now, wake up I want to kill you again, but I will never do it, I will say it, just once, then let you go, completely, to destroy everything *in life* where it will be destroyed in an effort to keep it: the beauty gone, the hair discolored, while now I've made a doll, I've made a doll, I can play with it, I can speak to it, for another two hours, perhaps five, then will come the police and teach me a lesson.



THE MUSICIAN

by R. P. LISTER

How loudly and how surely the musician plays!
He was born piping in the beginning of his days;
Now he is elderly, with a small white beard,
He pipes as loudly as his parents feared —

But pipes more surely than his parents heard.
This the piping of a blithe and white-beard bird,
Perched on a pole with summer in his heart,
But drilled in all the discipline of art.

This is the music for the celebration of the sun;
Joy with a shade of sorrow, but of rancor none.
Strange that a small musician with a beard of snow
Should put all youth into his piping so.

And in deep memory his bent fingers play
Long after the sunset of his piping day.



"Much has been said about the Horatio Alger type of young man," says FREDERICK W. COPELAND, "who starts his own business and progresses to fame and wealth, but no one has commented on the thousands of young men who without special talents or capabilities have frittered away the years of early manhood starting their own businesses." Mr. Copeland, after a successful career as a corporation president, moved to Southern California, where his activities as a management consultant have exposed him to literally hundreds of small enterprises from which he has drawn the conclusions expressed in this article.

THE ILLUSION OF OWNING A BUSINESS

by FREDERICK W. COPELAND

1

AS AN elder business executive, I am approached from time to time by young men who are emerging from educational or military training and want advice on the selection of a career.

Today's young man is no worshiper of Horatio Alger. He has watched his father carrying an increasing load of worry as he rose in prominence — always fussing about taxes, inflation, labor, and rising costs. The son's goal is simple and specific; he likes to think of himself with a wife and a couple of kids, a small house, a secondhand station wagon, a trailer, a boat, and a pair of skis. He already has definite plans for his weekends and his annual vacations. An income of \$8000 a year will suit him perfectly, and he is much more interested in reaching that point as rapidly as possible than in shooting for \$100,000 a year eventually.

He does not care particularly how he earns his \$8000, and he expects to work hard. But he has one very specific reservation: "I am not going to spend my life taking orders from someone else or licking boots to get a salary raise. I am going to own my own business and work for myself."

Admittedly there is no more satisfied businessman than he who owns and operates his own established and profitable business. He has the fun of making all the decisions and of keeping all the rewards of success. He does not have to defer to the orders or moods of others, and he can exercise his own whims and moods as he sees fit. He can sleep late in the morning if he is tired and go fishing when the fish are biting. He can take out all the profits currently or leave them in the business for future growth. Within reason he can have tax-free luxuries by charging the business with club dues, home entertaining, and trips to New York, Florida, and even Europe. And, of course, the business is charged with the purchase and upkeep of his Cadillac.

When you meet this lucky man, however, and he brags about the joys of independence, you will find it interesting to draw him out on the subject of his early history. Unless he inherited the business he will be proud of the hardships and narrow escapes he suffered before he got his head above water. He will tell you how he, and usually his wife, worked twelve hours a day, seven days a week, because they could not afford to hire a stenographer, bookkeeper, or janitor; how he did not take a vacation until he was fifty; how, on various occasions, he was down to his last dollar and had to bluff his creditors or get a prepayment from a customer. And as you listen to his life story, you will recognize that his success is the result of a combination of special skill, shrewdness, willingness to gamble, hard work, personal sacrifice, and usually some luck.

Ordinarily this businessman has all his eggs in one basket: all his personal capital is invested in his business. On paper he is a wealthy man, but little of his wealth is in liquid form. What will happen to his estate if he dies? The inheritance tax people will put a high value on his company holdings, but there will not be enough cash to pay the tax. Should he sell the business while the going is good? How about straddling the issue by selling a portion of the business for cash? No, that would mean sharing ownership with a stranger and losing most of the fun. How about gradually transferring ownership to his son, so that there will be no inheritance tax? Is his son capable of carrying on the management? Suppose he conveyed ownership to his son; would his son get greedy and crowd the old man out?

If he is a manufacturer, he is always afraid that a competitor will outdesign him, steal his best man, or start a price war, and he has the constant dread of arriving at the shop some morning and finding

a union picket at the gate. The personally owned company is usually too small to be diversified in products and personnel; one hard bump in the form of a lawsuit, a bad account, or the loss of a key man can do irreparable damage.

This successful man represents not more than one per cent of the men who started their own businesses when he did. It is my best guess that out of one hundred starters forty fall by the wayside and fifty-nine become hopelessly locked into a marginal situation, with all resources tied up in the struggle to survive, with a net profit lower than the wages they could earn outside, and with absolutely no escape because they cannot sell out. Statistics show that, in 1955, 65 per cent of the total business failures were for amounts of \$25,000 or less; 56 per cent of the total failures were companies five years old or less. Dun & Bradstreet reports that 90 per cent of all failures are attributable to inexperience and poor management.

Disregard for odds and complete confidence in one's self have produced many of our greatest successes. But every young man who wants to go into business for himself should appraise himself as a candidate for the one per cent to survive. What has he to offer that is new or better? Has he special talents, special know-how, a new invention or service, or more capital than the average competitor? Has he the most important qualification of all, a willingness to work harder than anyone else? A man who is working for himself without limitation of hours or personal sacrifice can run circles around any operation that relies on paid help, particularly if it is unionized. But he must forget the eight-hour day, the forty-hour week, and the annual vacation. When he stops work, his income stops unless he hires a substitute. Most small operations have their busiest day on Saturday, and the owner uses Sunday to catch up on his correspondence, bookkeeping, inventorying, and maintenance chores. The successful self-employed man invariably works harder and worries more than the man on a salary. His wife and children make corresponding sacrifices of family unity and continuity; they never know whether their man will be home or in a mood to enjoy family activities.

2

IF YOU are burning with an inspiration to invent a new product or service, it would be a great pity not to give it a good try. But do not overlook the time and loss element. You must first develop the product or service to your own satisfaction; next, demonstrate it to the satisfaction of the trade; next, make the public aware of its virtues; and finally, arrange that the willing buyer can get prompt delivery and service. In the meantime you must eat.

This brings us to the critical subject of capital.

After the war several young men came to me saying, "I have saved up \$10,000 and want to go into business for myself. What do you suggest as an activity?" They assumed that this amount of money had a tremendous impact. They expected to make a living wage at once, get a good return on their capital, and run a steadily growing business. Their faces fell when I suggested, in all seriousness, a filling station, a hamburger stand, a laundromat, a radio-repair service unit, or a vending machine route. They wanted something where they could hire someone else to do the leg work.

I explained that every man has two assets, his services and his capital. His services, whether he is working for himself or for an employer, have an open-market value (probably \$350 per month for an inexperienced man with a college degree). The return to be expected from capital depends on the risk; 6 per cent would be good if he wanted safety. Why should he expect more income unless he developed a special skill or took greater chances?

I told each man not to expect that his college degree or recent knowledge of the humanities will give any immediate edge over the high-school graduate who has already been on the job for four years; that comes later when he has caught up in applied knowledge. I explained that with few exceptions it takes money to make money in business. Someone has to put up the money for equipment, inventory, and operating expenses before there is a dollar of income. Even a free-lance commission salesman must finance his living and travel expense until he builds up an income.

The young men showed me advertisements from the Business Opportunity columns of the newspaper: "Good Business for Sale — \$10,000"; also, "Want Partner in Profitable Business — \$10,000 Investment." I asked, "What kind of going business do you think you can get for \$10,000? Remember that your money must cover both purchase price and working capital. If it is a store or a manufacturing operation, you would be lucky to turn your capital three times a year (unless working on credit). With capital of \$10,000 you might expect annual sales of \$30,000 to \$50,000, and a net profit of \$5000, before a salary for yourself and taxes. Now take the case of the man who is advertising for a partner with \$10,000. If he had a good thing, he would not have to appeal to strangers. Selecting a partner is almost as delicate an operation as choosing a wife."

Probably the easiest and quickest way to become an independent businessman is to be a commission salesman or manufacturer's agent. You are given a sample kit, a price book, some order blanks, and a pat on the back. You are completely on your own and you sink or swim on your own. You do not have to tie up any capital in inventory or accounts receivable; neither do you get any salary or expense account. It stands to reason, however,

that no one is going to give a very hot item or an established territory to an inexperienced salesman.

Some young men seem to think that if they have a new idea and good character they can borrow their starting money from a bank or from the Small Business Administration without collateral. They do not understand that any new venture is a gamble and that the lending institutions cannot see any merit in a transaction in which they stand to lose 100 per cent or at best get their money back plus a small interest. Private moneylenders are not interested in advancing money to set up a business; the anti-usury laws will not allow a rate of interest commensurate with the risk. Beware of any individual who offers to lend you capital at the legal rate of interest plus outside considerations such as a commission on sales or management fee.

I personally would rather see a young man work for someone else for ten years until he has learned the business and matured in his judgment. Then he can evaluate his own talents and the cost of getting started on his own. I hate to watch some fine young man start his career with a blind stab at a hopeless venture, and then, after sweating it out for five years, have to give up and look for a job. The personnel manager of the employing company asks him, "In what category do you classify yourself: design, production, sales, accounting, administrative?" The young man has to reply, "I have been the president of a company with three employees. I have a smattering of all functions but cannot say I am expert at any of them." How can the personnel manager place him? The general experience is valuable, but he cannot put the young man in a job above more experienced men and he cannot start him at the bottom because he is too old or cannot live on a learner's pay.

Everything I have said, so far, has been negative and discouraging to a young man contemplating starting a business of his own. I admit that in most cases my advice is: "Drop the idea of self-employment. Get yourself a job with a good-sized company and invest your money in A.T.&T. stock. If you have a yen to be an inventor, get a job as a designer; if you have already invented some gadget, turn it over to a large manufacturer on a royalty basis. If you want to be a merchandiser, get a job with Sears, Roebuck. If you think you like manufacturing, try to get a job with some company in the \$5 million to \$10 million class, large enough to be solid, small enough to be personal. If you aim to be on your own eventually in insurance or real estate, spend some years under a first-class operator. Let someone else pay for your training and your living expenses."

If you are completely vague about a career, go to some company that is expanding in an expanding industry and say, "I want a job in this company. I will do anything, go anywhere, and accept any pay you care to give me." In an expanding com-

pany there is likely to be more rotation and upgrading. I caution against starting with a small and young company, regardless of the charm of companionship, the early assumption of responsibility, and the dream of being in on the ground floor of what may someday grow rapidly in size. When, without special ability or experience, you start a new job, you are gambling on your ability to make good. If there is a chance that your employer will fail and go out of business, regardless of your ability, you are pyramiding the odds against you. In a small company there are few openings at the top and these are closely held by the owners.

Generalizations are always dangerous because they can be refuted by exceptions. You may be the exception. If you have guts and determination and no silly scruples against long hours, dirty hands, and waiting on customers over the counter, you may be able to get into some service operation without much capital and without having to wait to get a living wage. Don't sneer at the small service operation. If you can learn that business and make good at it, you can expand indefinitely and eventually break into the big league. If you have enough capital to live on for two or three years, you should be able to set yourself up in some commission-selling operation that will snowball into a profitable business if you work hard on it. If you have substantial capital, say \$50,000, you might buy a hardware store, where the assets are all in solid inventory and the momentum should carry the business until you learn how to run it.

There are always a few cases of brilliant young men who have had rapid and phenomenal success. Such men have an uncanny sense of timing and opportunity. They gamble cheerfully with their own and other people's money and start a second gamble before they know the results of the first one. After the war one young veteran, in complete disregard of my sincere advice, used his \$10,000 as a down payment and with government financing built a \$100,000 apartment house. With his profit and government financing he undertook to build ten G.I. homes, which he sold before completion. Now he is a big operator.

Another young man secured a government development contract for a scientific product, on a cost-plus basis. He did not make much profit on the transaction, but the contract financed him in building a staff and equipping a plant with which he now makes products of his own. Another man brashly contracted to buy a \$100,000 business with \$10,000 down (every cent he had in the world), agreeing to pay the balance out of future earnings. Another paid \$5000 for an option to buy a piece of property at \$200,000; he turned around and sold it to a third party for \$250,000. In all of these cases the individual gambled to the limit and would have been cleaned out if there had been any setback. We do not hear of those who gambled and lost.



A WORD FOR FAREWELL

by RICHARD CHURCH

NONE shall intrude here. This autumnal garden
Is yours and mine. Dear and generous,
And silver-crowned, I call you; but I call
Vainly, having no means to consummate
A life of waiting for you, as you come
Reluctant, but subtly wise enough to trust
The urging of some cool, reflective pleasure
Even deeper than conscience. We have known
This living paradox, breaking the law
To take the final attributes of love
As man and woman know it in this world.

The glorious reluctance has been ours;
And further, the translation of our need
Into the language of pure sacrifice,
Final acknowledgment, the loss of self,
Each rendering to each the last reserve
Of scrupulous pride, through adverse circumstance.

No argument can prove that we have sinned;
No law forbid our mutual happiness.
But even so, we've had to break the spell,
And in the parting feel the ancient anguish
Of Orpheus and Eurydice, denied
Their joy because of earlier promises.
There's no escaping from the past, the vows
Sealed before we had a right to swear
Foreign allegiances, before we met.
There's no excuse for loving. We have loved.

I see the vein throbbing in your wrist,
The tiny glint of terror in your eye,
The wisp of hair where I have set my lips
About your temple. Parting is like death,
Although we brave it out, and summon virtue
To cleanse and strengthen us. We have to live,
It seems, decided upon resolution;
And we have said good-by, nor paused to turn
For a last glance backward into bliss,
The life of life, knowing that we must pass
Into the moral twilight, death in life.



Your taxes helped build this federal government power plant. And that was just the beginning. Because this government-

owned TVA steam plant doesn't pay a fair share of taxes, *your* taxes have to be higher to make up the difference.

Is federal government electricity really "cheap"?

Federal government electricity isn't "cheap" at all —it's *subsidized*.

Consider the subject of taxes alone. The more than 400 independent electric companies pay their fair share of taxes. Federal power systems pay no federal taxes at all, and little or no state taxes. This means that their electric rates can be lower, because you and other taxpayers have to pay the share of taxes they *don't* pay.

These days, when all tax practices are under review, shouldn't the inequality and basic unfairness of this kind of subsidy and tax exemption be given full publicity and critical study?

This question affects you and everyone else who pays part of the subsidy. That's why these facts are brought to you by *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

*Names on request from this magazine



Books and Men



Few readers will ever appreciate how much courage and self-confidence is

required for a writer to change his course in midstream. When JOHN P. MARQUAND in his early forties turned away from the Mr. Moto stories which had established his popularity in the Saturday Evening Post, and began to devote himself to a series of social satires about Boston and New Englanders, he did so despite the earnest advice of his literary agents. But the more he experimented with this new medium, the more he enjoyed it, and here is what happened to him as he wrote.

APLEY, WICKFORD POINT, AND PULHAM

My Early Struggles

by JOHN P. MARQUAND

I BEGAN to write *The Late George Apley* in the autumn of 1934, after twelve years of earning my living as a contributor to popular magazines. As it happened, this was the first time in a hectic period of child-rearing and bills that I could afford to write something that might not be readily salable. It had never occurred to me that the concept of this novel would cause upset or malaise to many of my literary advisers. The truth is, as I see it now, that in America all writers are classified as producers of only one sort of writing, and anyone deviating from this anticipated line is conventionally considered to be committing a heresy. At this time I was known as a writer of popular periodical fiction, a stigma which is still remembered by ill-disposed critics who mention my slick magazine style. When I began *The Late George Apley*, I was told frankly that this sort of thing would ruin my market and that I would face serious financial loss. I can even recall that an officer of Little, Brown & Company, who were then and still are my publishers, suggested that the novel should appear under a pseudonym because it was so markedly different from any of my previous work. I have never been able to be patient with this sort of literary calcification, which in its higher forms is brightly illustrated by the Calvinistic snobbery of many English Ph.D. aspirants on any American college campus. I have never understood why a sinner is not allowed at least to attempt reformation in the American world of letters.

I imagine, casting back over this space of time for some sort of perspective, that the writing of this novel represented for me a species of personal revolution. I was obviously weary of the many inhibitions which were placed on all writers of salable fiction twenty years ago. I was also weary of many of the restrictions of my environment — a phase of

living with which most of us have coped at some time or other. Besides, I like to think that in an exacting literary apprenticeship I had gained a degree of technical skill and maturity that made me wish to move to a new writing area. I began *The Late George Apley* in 1934, left it half finished until the end of 1935, and completed it toward the end of 1936; it was published in 1937.

I cannot recall, as is now stated, that *The Late George Apley* was "greeted with acclaim" by the critics. Though well received, it did not set the world on fire even after receiving the Pulitzer Prize in 1938; and I doubt whether the original edition's sale ever exceeded 50,000 copies. In view of this restrained reception, it surprises me that it is frequently referred to as my best-known work. In fact, last year a very prominent elderly Bostonian said to me in a stern voice, "You have been writing for a long time, Marquand, but nothing you have ever done has quite come up to your first novel, *Sorrell and Son*." This reaction may afford a valid argument against longevity, but it also throws a disturbing light on an American literary convention. If you have ever written one book which is "acclaimed by the critics," you are seldom again allowed to deviate from its direction. Ever since *The Late George Apley* my novels, no matter what their characters or locale, are known in advance to be about wealthy and snobbish citizens who live in the vicinity of Boston.

Incidentally, although this may be wishful thinking, I do not believe that *The Late George Apley* is the best book I have ever written. In fact, I think that I am an abler writer now than when I wrote it, and that I can deal successfully with more difficult literary problems than any confronted in this novel. Actually, one of the reasons for the success of *The Late George Apley* is the simplicity and

originality of the literary framework on which it was constructed.

Technically, it is written in the epistolary form, which is about as venerable a device as the novel itself, but here there is possibly a new addition in that the device is also a parody. I conceived the idea for its structure after having read several volumes of collected letters of V.I.P.'s in Boston (and elsewhere) throughout which were scattered numerous biographical interpolations prepared by an often unduly sympathetic editor. I could not recall ever having seen this type of book either parodied or translated into fiction. *The Late George Apley* attempted to do both — an attempt which had the advantage of an added depth and scope over the Richardsonian collection of imaginary letters. The main character could be illuminated not only by his own letters and those of his family and friends; he could be further explained by the fictitious biographer who collected and arranged this material. The biographer of the late George Apley, Mr. Horatio Willing, is, as I believe any reader will perceive, a pedantic, vain, and unskillful Boston man of letters. Nevertheless, his long-winded pomposity is not a bad device for setting the tone of this novel, since Mr. Apley himself was a carefully nurtured product of a pompous and self-conscious provincial environment, whatever may have been its virtues.

The worst aspect of the whole Apley scheme is that one cannot very well use it a second time without confronting the implication of repetition. I am sorry for this, because the form is an excellent vehicle for satire. Indeed, its main difficulty is that it offers a constant temptation to indulge in slapstick farce, and seriousness should always be the watchword of successful satirical fiction. Looking back over my struggles with *The Late George Apley*, I am sure that I succumbed occasionally to this temptation. Mr. Willing and Mr. Apley often more than verge on the preposterous. Also, in my efforts to show that Mr. Willing's pretensions were fallible, I permitted him to use hideously long sentences filled with grammatical lapses. Though deliberate, this did not always achieve the effect I intended. Wholehearted exaggeration seldom does. Instead of Mr. Willing's being thought illiterate, I have discovered I am the one who takes the blame. It has been stated correctly that there are sentences in *The Late George Apley* that would cause any well-trained Boston schoolboy to blush for shame. They are my fault now, not Mr. Willing's, and I hope that the experience has taught me to be more careful.

Looking back on the writing of this novel, I think I originally conceived it as a savage attack on the old water side of Beacon Street. Then, as I continued, I discovered that Mr. Apley was a sitting duck and that savage satire directed at him was incapable of long sustention. It finally dawned on

me that Mr. Apley, like anyone in any *rentier* class, had many admirable sides to his character. If the book has any value today, I believe it is because Mr. Apley still has his own sort of universality. Wherever a few generations of leisure combine with inherited security, there will develop a pattern of manners, attitudes, and politenesses. There are Apleys in Paris and London today, and they are no doubt developing in Moscow and Peking. They will never become, I hope, entirely extinct.

2

AFTER writing *The Late George Apley* I reviewed the bidding of my literary career and made several discoveries which I have regarded ever since as of basic importance. I observed that I had been writing for a number of years about clipper ships and about boy and girl romances at country clubs, and had even traveled in the Orient to saturate myself in matters of background. I had frequently endeavored to reconcile the demands of magazine fiction with those of what is often referred to as "serious" in our more enlightened literary supplements. Then, when I completed *The Late George Apley*, to my surprise I found that the task of writing it, though occasionally difficult and discouraging, was far easier than the effort I had previously expended on obviously mediocre serial stories. Yet the result was apparently better than anything I had achieved previously.

The reason for this was so obvious that I should have recognized it years before. For almost the first time in my life I had written about something that I thoroughly understood. I had translated something of myself and my own experience into *The Late George Apley*, and I had achieved through my experience an unforeseen depth and reality. In fact, I had been able to make an indirect comment on life as I had known it, which indeed may be the only valid reason for writing any novel.

It occurred to me then that every writer is limited by the area of his experience. By his drawing on imagination, his experience may become as distilled and blended as pre-war Napoleon brandy, but experience must be there if he is to write significantly. Otherwise, no matter how great may be his skill and brilliance, he is a huckster who is trafficking in the inflated currency of artificiality. Last summer, if I may be forgiven a personal digression, I traveled through the Orient with my son, who like myself has literary aspirations. Observing him as he faced the impact of these hitherto unexperienced countries, with their endless scenes of unfamiliar fascination, I found myself living over again my old enthusiasms and many of my errors. I watched him try, as I had once, to absorb the sights and sounds and customs of alien worlds so that he might use them as material for fiction. But the truth is, according to my own observa-

tion, that no one can write well and deeply of scenes and people that one has observed as an outsider. It is necessary, in order to write well of them, to have participated in some measure in a region's life, thought, and emotion.

For instance, I believe if necessary that I could write a reasonably good story with a Chinese background because I am a professional writer who has traveled in China. There would be reality in the details that evoke a picture in the casual reader's mind, and yet in the last analysis my story could only be a piece of contrived entertainment. I could never write with the feeling and conviction of Kipling or Conrad or even the author of *Peking Picnic* because I have never truly lived in distant parts. Admittedly, other writers have achieved marvelous results from similar experience. There are, for example, the exotic tales of Mr. Maugham, who can deal with blood, thunder, spices, and pandanus leaves as well as anybody in the business. In fact, from the point of view of craftsmanship, Mr. Maugham at his best is often superior to either Conrad or Kipling; but still his tales of the East lack the authentic ring of his *Human Bondage* or the effervescent malice of his *Cakes and Ale*. Mr. Maugham observed his spice islands, his rubber plantations, and his Cantonese street scenes as a tourist or else as a Very Important Person. The stories he heard were related over gimlets by planters, merchants, and their ladies at the club of a Saturday night while the Southern Cross blazed above the palm trees and the servants padded noiselessly about their business. Sometimes, I admit, these tales of Mr. Maugham's are so good that occasionally I still have the feeling that I am sitting at the feet of a maestro, until I hear Satan speaking as he spoke in Kipling's poem, saying, "It's pretty, but is it art?"

When Tolstoy indicated that a writer who has seen a street fight should be able to create a battle, it seems to me that his implication goes further than many authorities recognize. What he actually was saying is that, though fiction must have its inception with its author's experience with reality, at the same time reality must be distilled by imagination into an illusion of reality before it can fit suitably on a printed page. When someone utters the trite remark that truth is stranger than fiction, he might as well be saying that truth always is very awkward in the fictitious world. A fictional character, for example, is always a combination of observed traits drawn from an indeterminate number of people. I doubt whether any individual of one's acquaintance, no matter how vivid his behavior, could effectively stand alone in print.

In writing *Wickford Point* I started with a few memories of my childhood and adolescence that centered around a country place once owned by my great-grandfather. I added to these some patterns of relationship observable in almost any

family. I was greatly surprised, and I still am, that some of my near relatives should have identified themselves with people in this book and should have thought that *Wickford Point*, which is at least eighty per cent a figment of imagination, bore any close resemblance to real estate in Newburyport, Massachusetts. If my characters in this novel are successful, they are a long way from being photographically "true to life." They must be vastly more bizarre than living people in order to exist upon a printed page. Also, I think the same is true with all novelistic settings. For example, not even the most poetic author of a brochure advertising a new Florida development can transcribe his eulogy into fiction without many technical changes.

My difficulties with *Wickford Point* are experienced in some degree by every novelist who deals with the contemporary scene. If his characters are believable, any reader will detect resemblances among his own acquaintances. There is only one way to escape this dilemma: put the girls in hoop skirts and put the boys in pumps and short trousers and give them rapiers and snuffboxes, or, if you want them to be cruder, flintlocks and coonskin caps. Somehow no one ever thinks a man in a coonskin cap resembles his Uncle Gus.

3

I DISTINCTLY recollect how I got the idea for *H. M. Pulham, Esquire* — and it is unusual for a writer to remember exactly what started him on a novel. The *H. M. Pulham* concept came to me after examining at the house of a friend the bound volume of a report commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his graduation from Harvard University. I was drawn to this tome because my own twenty-fifth was only about two years around the corner. I had never realized until that moment what an amazing document any twenty-five-year class report of any college class anywhere must be. In that period since graduation the lines of success and failure have been drawn, and the future pattern of the life of anyone is apparent. It occurred to me that such a record could be turned into an excellent vehicle for fiction, and today I have only a single regret that I obeyed this impulse.

Unfortunately, *H. M. Pulham* was my third successive novel that dealt with Boston and New England. Ever since its publication I have been identified by critics as a regionalist, incapable of writing a real novel like Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. It seems since *Pulham* that no matter what my efforts may be I am always writing about Boston. Self-consciously and often with hopeful determination I have moved my characters to Hollywood, Washington, New York, and Paris, and also to New York suburbs and Palm Beach, but I am still a regionalist.

I don't know why this fact should cause comment.

It seems to be perfectly all right for deceased novelists to have used the same background for a number of their works. Sherlock Holmes operated consistently from Baker Street. Thomas Hardy stuck to rural England. Balzac confined his efforts to Paris. Trollope is remembered today for his novels set within the confines of a single imaginary rural county. John Galsworthy's fiction deals with London and stately country houses. It is not my intention to edge myself by any sort of implication into even the rear end of this illustrious parade. I only mention the works of these maestros to prove that excellent fiction can be written using an unchanged locale, and even wealthy individuals, instead of jumping all over the map.

Frankly, I submit that human nature is about the same whatever the environment. People in New England seem to me to have the same drives, strengths, and weaknesses as the inhabitants of New York, Miami, or Tolstoy's Moscow. Also, although the thought may not be as universally accepted as it was once, people all possess their own qualities of interest no matter what their walk of life may be; and whether they live in a New York cold-water walk-up or on the right side of Commonwealth Avenue, they all can point a moral and adorn a tale.

It is my hope that H. M. Pulham, who did his best within his limits to be a good schoolboy, a good son, a good soldier, a good lover, husband, and father, and a loyal Harvard man, may help to confirm this thesis. It amazes me, as I think of this forthright hero, to recall that the Boston City Council, whose membership at the time included one of the Corporation of Harvard University, once voted unanimously to request Boston's chief of police to ban the book on the ground that it was unfair to Boston womanhood. For a mad moment I hoped that the police chief might follow this strong hint and place me in the category of Boston's literary martyrs, a roster which includes the names of H. L. Mencken and Ernest Hemingway. *Pulham*, however, did not make the grade, because, I imagine, the man who headed up the police force on this rather distant occasion must have believed as I do that women are not universally virtuous in any community.

The late Bliss Perry once remarked that the infidelity of Mrs. Pulham with her husband's close friend, Mr. King, which aroused the chivalrous instincts of the Boston City Council, left a bad taste in the mouth. Mr. Perry's observation is correct. Marital infidelity is painful, unwise, gauche, and generally unattractive. Nevertheless,

it appears to be practiced with increasing frequency and gusto by characters in the modern American, and even in the politer English, novel. It has entered also, if memory does not betray me, into the plots of many famous fictional works of other epochs. It even appears, according to the newspapers, to be a fairly constant social problem in daily life. This, however, is no reason why it should be employed in fiction unless it accomplishes an artistic purpose. I have sometimes wondered, if I were to write *H. M. Pulham* again, whether I might not leave out this unhappy sequence as one neither relevant nor necessary to the main lines of the plot. On the whole I think I should not.

If *H. M. Pulham, Esquire* has any artistic value, it lies in the tragic implications which, I hope, contrive to cast their shadows even over the passages of slapstick comedy. I have often been criticized for dealing with superficialities, but *H. M. Pulham, Esquire* does not seem to me to possess this fault, and the treachery practiced by Mrs. Pulham and Mr. King adds substantially to its depth. In this regard, there is one point of which I was not sure when I was writing the book and on which today I can still render no definite decision. Harry Pulham, in spite of an obviousness and a perennial desire for conformity which must have been exasperating to his wife, was also endowed with considerable perceptive sentiment. Did he suspect this liaison, and did he stifle his suspicions out of loyalty or out of a wise reluctance to face the repercussions which might ensue? I am not sure, but I rather hope it was the latter.

There is one other point in *H. M. Pulham* that has always elicited my retrospective interest. I completed the first draft of this novel some time in the late summer of 1939, before the late Wendell Willkie had been called "the barefoot boy from Wall Street" and many months before June, 1940, which marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of my graduation from college. I had indulged in none of the festivities or social preliminaries that surround a twenty-fifth reunion before I wrote the book. I wrote the scenes in *H. M. Pulham* by using the same apprehensive imagination that occurs in the morning before an afternoon's appointment with my dentist. And yet after several mature and crowded days with my classmates, I found that there were almost no mistakes in my preview and that my imaginative pictures had been so correct that I have been accused of being a reporter rather than a writer. This still gives me satisfaction. For once at least, having seen a street fight, I was able to create a battle.



Books and Men



With the passing of Max Beerbohm
the world of English letters has lost an

impeccable essayist, a cartoonist who was in a class by himself, a critic, a charming conversationalist, and a dandy whose manners made an unforgettable impression on the younger generation. So says EVELYN WAUGH in this affectionate reminiscence.

MAX BEERBOHM

A Lesson in Manners

by EVELYN WAUGH

BECAUSE of his early precocity and his open old-fashioned scorn of the new royal circle, of the new, popular writers of the Edwardian era, of Arnold Bennett and of H. G. Wells, because of his antiquated elegance in dress, Max Beerbohm came to be regarded as a man of the 1890s. In fact his full flowering was in the 1920s. He wrote little then, but it is the decade of his best collections of essays, of his most brilliant drawings, exhibited at the Leicester Galleries, of the publication of *A Survey* (1921), *Rossetti and his Circle* (1922), *Things New and Old* (1923), *Observations* (1926).

He lived abroad, and from being a ubiquitous man about town he had become a secluded and exclusive celebrity. On his rare visits to London everyone strove to meet him. I was not one of the young men to whom invitation cards came in great profusion — I was the author of one light novel and a heavy biography — but on one of these later visits I managed to find myself in his company.

To say that I was invited to dine with him by my solicitor gives a wrong impression. I had no solicitor in those happy days. There were no japanned deed cases painted with my name in E. S. P. Haynes's office. He had acted for me, it is true, in a single disagreeable piece of legal business, but he gave me far more in oysters and hock during its transaction than he charged me in fees. He was the most remarkable of solicitors, a man who actually enjoyed the company of literary men of all ages and reputations. A second Watts-Dunton? the reader will ask. Not a second Watts-Dunton. Haynes did not seek to restrain the pleasures of his clients; however extravagant, he applauded and promoted them.

I kept no diary then. I think it must have been in the spring of 1929 that I received the invitation to dine *en famille* in St. John's Wood to meet Max Beerbohm. I came with joy, for Max Beerbohm was an idol of my adolescence to whom every year had deepened my devotion. It was my first visit to Mrs. Haynes. Hitherto my meetings with

Haynes had been in a subterranean bar in Chancery Lane. Now I saw him at home, in a home that might have come straight from the pages of du Maurier's *Punch*; Mr. Vandyke Brown A. R. A. at home.

As soon as I entered the drawing room I realized why I had been asked; I was by far the youngest man present and I was there to provide a lively partner for the youngest Miss Haynes. Everyone else was illustrious, each an idol of mine. It was my first sight of Hilaire Belloc and of Maurice Baring. Either of these on any other night would have been a prodigious treat, but my eyes and ears were for Max. He was very polite and quiet. I stood far off with the youngest Miss Haynes, who had been dandled on the knees of these resplendent beings and regarded them as jolly old buffers. Preposterous to record, she seemed genuinely more interested in me and my friends than in them.

In the dining room the separation persisted. Max sat far away, and between us hung the barrier of elderly intimacy and allusion. How well everyone talked and how loudly! All save Max. How they laughed and chaffed! What robust vocabularies, what rare knowledge, what exuberant fancies vollied and thundered between me and the object of my devotion! How splendidly lacking they were in any sort of side! What capital good fellows they were! And how Max enjoyed them, and they him! Every now and then with perfect timing, but quite inaudibly to us at the end of the table, the gentle exquisite inserted his contribution. How joyously Belloc and Baring acclaimed him! Admirable wine circulated. I spoke freely to Miss Haynes about Robert Byron and Harold Acton. Then the ladies left us, and chairs were about to be drawn up when there irrupted two or three youngish men who (with their women folk, now in the drawing room) had been "asked in later." Chairs drew apart again. More glasses were brought. The decanter went from hand to hand.

It was a memorable evening, but through it all thrilled the faint Panpipe of disappointment. When at length I left I had nothing to remember of Max Beerbohm; a "Good evening" and a "Good night." I returned to the club where I lived, slightly drunk but slightly crestfallen.

It was there that I was vouchsafed a second chance. I found that club a convenient place to sleep, but already my then fast, smart preferences were alienating me from it. It was the genial resort of respectable men of letters, where the spirit of Edmund Gosse still reigned in the morning room and the younger members seemed mostly to be employed by the B.B.C. The truth must be told, I felt rather superior to the place. And there in the hall next day at one o'clock, watch in hand, a host evidently expecting a guest, stood Max Beerbohm. He did not wear the tall hat and tubular coat of the Nicholson portrait; he was military rather than aesthetic in his dandyism. But he was smart as paint.

I sidled forward wondering whether to accost him or not. He observed my movement, smiled and held out his hand. I remarked that the previous evening had been very pleasant. He agreed and added that he greatly looked forward to seeing the portrait on which he understood I was at work. He had heard Tonks speak of it with unusual warmth. In that awful moment his friend arrived. I slipped away broken. No luncheon for me that day; rather the Hamam Baths, which in that happy epoch existed for just this purpose — to soothe the wounded heart.

Under that exotic cupola I sprawled and sweated; I plunged into the raftered hall where the bust of

"Sligger's" father gazed down on mobled mankind. I dozed through the afternoon and at sundown had hot buttered toast and whisky and soda. Then, a better man, I returned to the scene of my disaster to dress for the evening.

I was greeted by the porter with a letter addressed — could it be? — in the fine little handwriting which fills the spaces of the famous drawings. How I wish I had kept it! Part of the anarchy which I then professed, was a disdain for personal records. I remember the gist but not the inimitable diction. It was an apology. Max Beerbohm was growing old, he said, and his memory played tricks with him. Once in his own youth he had been mistaken by an elder for someone else and the smart troubled him still. He reminded me that he knew my father well and had seconded him in days before I was born for this very club. He said he had read my novel with pleasure. He was on his way back to Italy. Only that prevented him from seeking a further meeting with me.

It was an enchanting document. More exciting still was the thought that, seeing my distress, he had taken the trouble to identify me and make amends.

Good manners were not much respected in the late twenties; not at any rate in the particular rowdy little set which I mainly frequented. They were regarded as the low tricks of the ingratiating underdog, of the climber. The test of a young man's worth was the insolence which he could carry off without mishap. Social outrages were the substance of our anecdotes. And here from a remote and much better world came the voice of courtesy. The lesson of the master.





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THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

IN THE summer of 1910 I became the acting head of the family and took my responsibility seriously when I remembered it. Mother for family reasons had elected to spend the summer in Elizabeth, and the four children, of which I was the eldest, and Mrs. Arfken, Mother's stand-by, were packed off to the Ocean View House in Bay Head. Mrs. Arfken would keep things in order, but it was up to me, as Dad explained, to set an example.

The Ocean View House did not, as its name suggests, front the sea; actually it sat back on Main Street, two blocks away from the sand. It was a fat wooden rectangle, its three floors girdled with porches, each family having a section of the porch which could be partitioned off with bamboo screens. From your Gloucester hammock on the third floor you could see the glint of the ocean if your rooms faced east, or the more placid waters of the bay if your rooms faced west.

The dining room of the Ocean View House seemed as long as a football field. You entered through swinging screen doors, and as you made your way to your table you were aware of the slowly revolving fans overhead. The tables were long enough to seat several families, and their adornments were uniform. On the center of the white tablecloth was a vase of gladioli, and supporting it were two platters of limp saltines, tomato catsup and the cruets of oil and vinegar, and innumerable salts and peppers. The salt was encrusted by the sea air and wouldn't work.

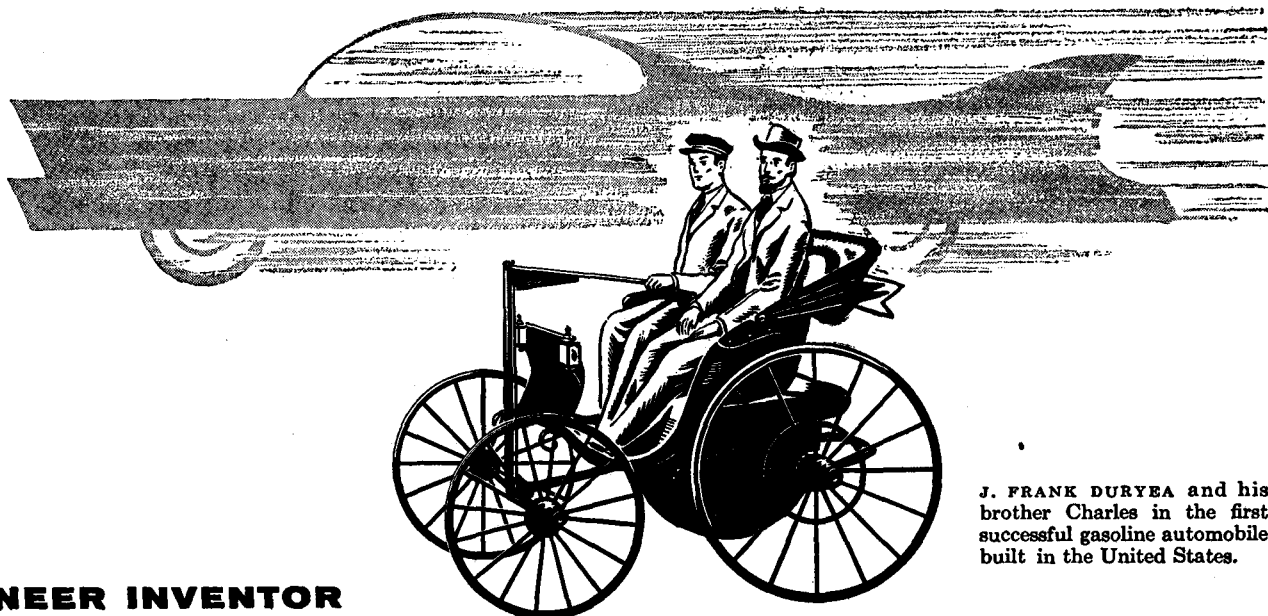
The meals came in a bevy of dishes, the vegetables in their separate little bird bathtubs, and there were good days and bad days. The roasts were usually gray and tough, but the turkey came tender, the fresh lobster and crabmeat were as good as you would expect, and the chicken à la Maryland and corn fritters that went with it were really something. The elders raved about the fresh fish, the

blues and the pompano, but, heck, fish was nothing in my life. It meant more to me that we never had French fried potatoes. The fun on the good days was in scanning that long purple handwritten menu and letting your mouth water as you made up your mind how many desserts to save for.

Now that I was acting head I felt it my duty to introduce all the Weekses and Mrs. Arfken to whatever stranger might be seated with us over weekends. I stood up to do this, and one Sunday dinner I stood up too soon. I saw the headwaitress piloting an elderly couple our way, so I took a quick swig of milk and then stood up meaning to say, "I am Teddy Weeks, and these are . . ." But the words never came out; what came out was the milk. I had poured it down my Sunday throat, and now back it came out of my nose, mouth, and ears. I was wracked and speechless, and a fresh tablecloth had to be set. Embarrassment has a way of catching you unawares when you are twelve.

With our parents at home, we came naturally under the wing of the Brewsters, our cousins. Aunt Margaret kept a watchful eye on us and so did Katy, her loyal factotum. I was in and out of their cottage a dozen times a day, and on racing days I served as crew for Sid, my opposite number, in their cup-winning One-Design No. 3. Sixteen of those boats, identical with jib, mainsail, and spinnaker, had been built in Gloucester. The subscribers drew numbers from a hat when the new craft were unfreighted, and No. 3 went to the Brewsters; for the next five years it won all the silverware, ship's clocks, and pennants to be had. This was regarded as a miracle, but the answer was a simple one, and I knew it. For years Uncle Jamie Brewster had been sailing the only sloop in these parts, a fat comfortable tub known as the *Nan*, and for years he had been the butt of all the smart boys in their catboats or sneakboxes. "That's Jamie Brewster," they would say as they went tearing by him. "Can't imagine what fun he has with the old bucket." Maybe so, but Uncle Jamie had trained his boys how to get the most out of a sloop rig, and what we did to the rest of the fleet with No. 3 was murder.

Uncle Jamie was the most considerate of men. From his office in New York he would telephone Mother to tell her how we were doing, and one Monday morning, being pressed by Mrs. Arfken, he even agreed to carry our family wash back home. It was sent down to us regularly in large cardboard containers, but on this particular Monday Uncle Jamie had forgotten that his commuters' special



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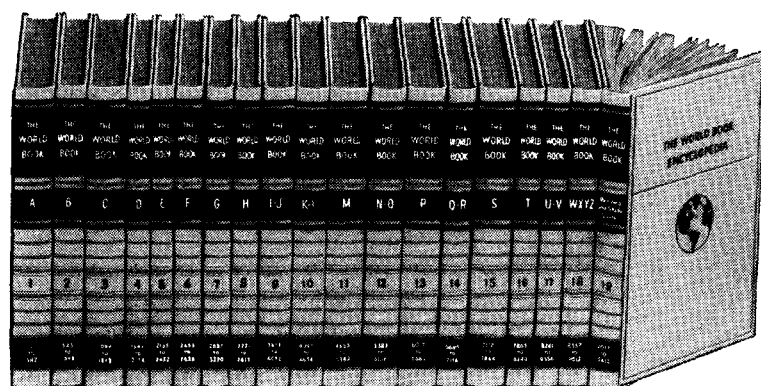
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did not stop at Elizabeth, and the truth only dawned on him as the train showed no sign of slowing down. On the impulse he rushed to the vestibule, waved to our stationmaster, Mr. Ryan, shouted, "The Weekses' wash! The Weekses' wash!" and pitched the two cases out. As it happened, they fell directly in the path of an incoming freight. Like an angry elephant, the locomotive tossed the two cases aloft. They burst. And Weeks underwear was not only scattered for yards along the PRR tracks, but a few choice bits, including Frederika's papties, sailed over the high stone trestle and floated down upon the trolley and telephone wires above Broad Street, where they hung on until winter. It was humiliating.

Dad spent a weekend with us in August, and later that month something unexpected occurred. I got the news by megaphone. I had been racing in No. 3 with Sid at the tiller and Mouse and myself handling the sheet and the sandbags. But the wind, which had been brisk, died down and finally we were becalmed right opposite Dale's Point. We were in the lead, but everyone was simply creeping along. Suddenly from the direction of the yacht club, which we could see in the distance, I heard a voice calling, "Teddy Weeks, Teddy Weeks," then some words I couldn't understand. Whoever it was was using the big megaphone, the one Commodore Cattus used for the big races. Here it came again, "Teddy Weeks . . ." and then something unintelligible. Well, they kept it up, and gradually we came within range. "Teddy Weeks, you have a new *Baby Bruh-uh-uh-ther!*" Sid said I began to blush the moment we understood. Gosh, but why tell the world about it?

Boyhood in Battersea

For years England has produced a class of artisans and servants submissive, obedient, fiercely conservative, and fiercely loyal to the master or the institution they serve. Nothing quite like them is to be found on the Continent and certainly not in the United States, and since these people for the most part are inarticulate, they have seldom been presented save as minor characters in English fiction or theater. To characterize them as the lowest level of the English middle class is to give them a label without life. It takes a poet to mark them as individuals, to reveal their strength and limitations, and to evoke the warm and not always simple intimacies which band them together. The poet is **Richard Church**, who in his autobiography, *Over the Bridge* (Dutton, \$3.75), has written of himself, his older brother Jack, and of their mother and father with an understanding as clear and as poignant as Chekhov's. They lived in Battersea, in a row of houses as outwardly identical as the lives within them were different. This is the true story of the difference — the story of how a boy frail and easily upset, a boy more apprehensive of the

beauty and zest of life than the other members of his family, finally emerged educated, attuned, and on his way to being the artist he is.

The boy's entrance into maturity, the stages by which he came to understand and gradually to care for his parents, the attachment and estrangement which he shared with his older brother, create an engrossing picture of the end of the Victorian era in England. The father, who was of illegitimate birth, had survived a brutal bringing-up; he emerged as buoyant as a cork, a handsome upright postman and letter sorter, loathing issues of any sort and joying in the open road as only an English cyclist can. The mother was the spark of the family, and her courage kept them secure until her last illness. Brother Jack, taciturn and practical, was the young realist who brought the temperamental youngster back to earth. Only a poet could have opened these inner doors of experience; only an artist could have recaptured so truly the people, the episodes, the love which gave this boy his impetus.

Freedom or fear

In *The Blessings of Liberty* (Lippincott, \$5.00) **Zechariah Chafee, Jr.**, once more rises to the defense of our civil liberties. "I hope to let readers see," he writes, "how many sacrifices of freedom have taken place, and to set them questioning whether these sacrifices were all necessary to save the country." Professor Chafee, who has been a beacon at the Harvard Law School for more than a quarter of a century, is well aware that these acts, committees, loyalty oaths, repeated investigations of the character and connections of government employees against whom nothing resembling a charge of misconduct has been brought, anonymous witnesses, and police spies have all come about through fear of Russia — a fear which he does not discount. The bear that walks like a man inspires no confidence in Professor Chafee. What troubles him deeply, as it troubles many others, is the question of what is being accomplished. Is all this red tape and uproar defending the country, or is it merely forcing a mindless acquiescence upon the citizens? The right to honest dissent is, in Chafee's view, not only constitutional but valuable to the majority as well as to the dissenting minority.

The author's analysis of the machinery by which a citizen's legal rights are simply by-passed is lucid and frightening. His illustrations of use and misuse of powers by subordinate government officers are at once lively and infuriating; his arguments on the legal and ethical levels come to the reader with cracker-barrel common sense, and his gloomiest views of official absurdity are illuminated by familiarity with the Constitution, which he never permits the reader to forget. We need our Zechariah Chafees, our Elmer Davises, and our Gerald Johnsons to remind us that acquiescence is not the only duty of a citizen in a democracy.



Reader's Choice

BY

PHOEBE ADAMS

A Family Party (Random House, \$1.95) would be plain schmaltz if it had been written by anyone but **John O'Hara**. It's that old standard tribute to the small-town doctor who works like a dog for the good of the community and after forty years of selfless service is rewarded by general acclaim and not a dry eye in the house. In summary it sounds terrible. In fact it is a witty, shrewd, thoroughly engaging piece of writing.

It's the form that saves *A Family Party* from banality. Mr. O'Hara, always a master hand with conversation, has told his story in the form of a monologue. The doctor's old friend, Albert W. Shoemaker, is making the principal speech at a community dinner in the doctor's honor. Mr. Shoemaker, "president of the Shoemaker Printing Company and former editor and publisher of the *Lyons Republican*," would not call himself an orator, but he knows how to handle the sponsors of this dinner, who are the "Lyons Rotary Club, Kiwanis, Lions, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Patriotic Order Sons of America, Knights of Columbus, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Knights of Pythias, Ministerial Association, Holy Name Society, Veterans of Foreign Wars, American Legion, Lyons Gun Club, Merchants Association, Boy Scouts of America, Order of the Eastern Star, American Red Cross, Daughters of Isabella, Delphian Society, United Mine Workers of America, and the Nesquehela County Medical Society."

Having greeted all these distinguished people, Mr. Shoemaker sets the scene. "This town of ours used to be an important railroad center, before they put in the buses and before the business of mining coal was all shot to — well, a certain place that I understand they have all the coal they need, if the reverend clergy will pardon me." With this orthodox little joke, Mr. Shoemaker is off and away. His speech loops and wanders, he backtracks, he gossips, he gets lost in his own sentences, he snarls with civic pride at neighboring towns of less distinction than Lyons, he shifts

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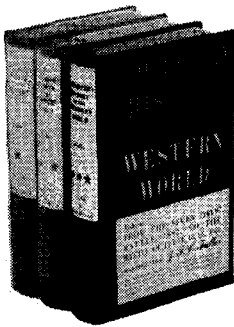
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from slang to formal (and borrowed) rhetoric in the same sentence or even the same phrase, he tosses asides at the audience and discourses on bear-hunting. Finally, he describes a train wreck with unexpected power, and having sidled up to the delicate question of the doctor's wife, handles it with the tenderest tact.

Surely no extempore speech was ever quite like Mr. Shoemaker's, but the illusion of the speaking voice is maintained all the way with such skill that one forgets everything else. Mr. Shoemaker is absolutely real and therefore his town, the mines, the hospital, the thundering herd of sponsors, are all real too, and above all, his dear old friend Samuel G. Merritt, M.D. It is a remarkable instance of creation by reflection, with most of the sentimentality inherent in the theme lost somewhere between the image and the mirror.

Fiction, Paris fashion

If, as her publishers claim, the question in every reader's mind has been, Can **Françoise Sagan** do it again? the public can now relax. With *A Certain Smile* (Dutton, \$2.95) Miss Sagan has done it again, so neatly and so precisely that the next question for public and publishers to mull over becomes, Can **Françoise Sagan** do anything else?

The heroine-narrator of *A Certain Smile* is, as in *Bonjour Tristesse*, a young girl, and the story she tells has to do with her relations with older people and her discovery that getting her own way is not necessarily entirely satisfactory. If there is any difference in merit between the two books, it lies in the plots. The action in *A Certain Smile* is more ordinary; there is less suspense, and the heroine drifts with the tide instead of manipulating events like a juvenile Iago. *A Certain Smile* is truer to life on the level of general probability. On the level of imaginative excitement and surprise, it is not quite the equal of its brilliant predecessor.

Miss Sagan is a born storyteller, however, and even with a rather commonplace plot on her hands she can compel interest to the end. Her heroine is giddily charming, a quality which doesn't appear at all in the straight narrative but is conveyed with great skill through dialogue alone. She is indolent, inquisitive, and quite without scruples. Her friends accuse her of being an Existentialist, but this seems to be merely

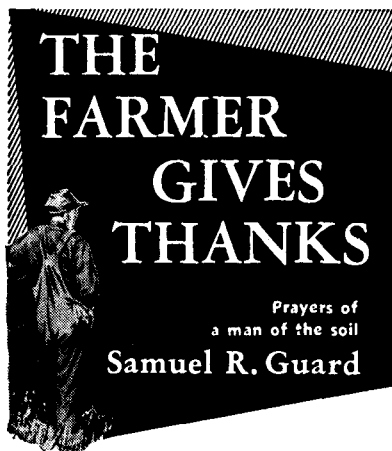
fashionable chatter, for Dominique's nearest approach to philosophy is a languid adherence to the tradition of the stiff upper lip. This unremarkable girl remains interesting because, for all her candid description of her actions and feelings, she never really explains herself. This is reasonable. Dominique is as puzzled by Dominique as anybody. The question that keeps the simple plot rolling is whether Dominique's agreement to conduct a brief love affair, with no affection on either side, will hold, and the author juggles it until the final curtain with great deftness.

Miss Sagan is a technician of a high order, working with exceptional economy and elegance in the tradition of Colette and Benjamin Constant. If there is any cause for concern in *A Certain Smile*, it is the lack of a sign that the author has tried to expand her view, vary her methods, or explore more deeply in the minds of her characters. *A Certain Smile* is a bull's-eye, true enough, but on the same range and the same target.

By contrast with the snow-crystal perfection of Miss Sagan's work, **Henri Troyat's** new novel, *Amelie in Love* (Simon & Schuster, \$4.50), is the beginning of a large, disorderly family chronicle in which everyone, at least in this first volume, behaves with the utmost virtue and propriety. Amelie is the daughter of a small-town blacksmith and dry-goods merchant, a prim, conscientious girl who wears her hair in a braid and exchanges literary letters with a bosom friend in Limoges. These letters, with their ornate style and solemnly idiotic sentiments, are nice sly comedy. They are not typical of the book as a whole.

The story clatters along at a fast trot, including everything suitable to this type of novel — local color, family quarrels, deaths and funerals, engagement, wedding, and life in Paris, where Amelie squabbles with her adored husband as enthusiastically as her mother had done with the blacksmith. The heroine's development from a timid, icy little girl to a passionate, self-assured woman is well managed, but this sort of thing has been done before and it isn't quite enough to lift *Amelie in Love* above the general level of family chronicles.

There is a curious lack of backbone to the book as it stands, although it is only fair to admit that the complete trilogy may produce an effect quite different from this isolated volume.



"O blessed Landlord, we who are let to work this bit of holy earth, do pray thee to walk beside us as we sow. Watch over us, our Father, to be good tenants, and worthy of this partnership which we seal with our toil. . . ."

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Things happen continually, but always in an easy, familiar way that seems designed to pass the reader's time pleasantly rather than to convey any particular idea. Well-written popular fiction is nothing to complain of, certainly, but there are occasional bits in *Amelie in Love*, notably the recurring mention of the Roman ruins at the edge of town, that suggest Mr. Troyat has something more in mind than merely amusing his readers. What precisely it is does not appear. The frosting has swamped the cake.

Southern opinion on segregation

Robert Penn Warren, a distinguished author, a Southerner, and a desegregationist, has made a survey of Southern opinion, both white and Negro, on the furiously argued question of racial segregation, publishing his findings as *Segregation* (Random House, \$1.95). Since Mr. Warren is reporting what he found rather than trying to confirm a theory, the book is necessarily inconclusive, but that is no deterrent to its interest.

Mr. Warren found every possible shade of opinion among the white Southerners he questioned, from ardent support of desegregation to hysterical, terrified hostility at the mere suggestion of such a thing. The most interesting comments came, not surprisingly, from the middle of the spectrum — that is, from those who agree in principle that segregation is wrong but can see the immediate, practical difficulties of desegregation only too clearly, or from those who insist that segregation is necessary but have given serious thought to ways of ameliorating conditions without abandoning the formal line of demarcation. The variety of theories and attitudes discovered by Mr. Warren is quite astonishing, as is the relative absence of militant bitterness among all but the fiery-cross minority, who are, he believes, held in general disesteem, although probably not to the extent of calling the law if such a group should get out of hand.

Mr. Warren found less variation of opinion among Negroes. He seems to have interviewed fewer of them, the interviews tended to be more formal, and a genuinely pro-segregation Negro is pretty unlikely by the mere nature of things. Mr. Warren describes a wryly funny scene in which an attempt to record an interview with just such a man backfired. Too late, the Northern journalists handling the affair discovered that this



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particular Negro preacher was no Uncle Tom, after all. He was merely so polite and philosophical in his opposition to segregation that they hadn't grasped his real position.

Although the author draws no conclusions from his material, he has some penetrating things to say about the reasons, both conscious and unconscious, for the Southern stand on segregation, and he is far from unsympathetic to all the men and women who disagree with his own view. Perhaps his chief accomplishment is to give the non-Southern reader some conception of the enormous complication of the situation that actually exists in the South, which, badgered by demands for action and confused by the presence of many splinter groups, cannot yet raise an acting majority under any banner.

To the tune of the sagas

In *The Ultimate Viking* (Harcourt, Brace, \$5.75), **Eric Linklater**, who has written successful novels, biography, history, poetry, and a few other things as well, has a go at the early history of Iceland and Orkney. The book is not formal history, for Mr. Linklater claims to be an amateur. As he explains, "The scholar must be cautious in all he says, for his reputation is at stake and his claim to scholarship may founder on a false assumption. But the amateur has nothing to lose save his freedom, and in his freedom he may hit upon the truth."

Having cannily established himself on this ground, the author speculates about the characters of various Viking heroes and suggests unexpected meanings behind the adventures so bluntly recorded in the sagas. He maintains, for example, that the importance given to the battle of Clontarf in both Gaelic and Viking history is out of all proportion to its actual significance, unless it was in fact part of an international campaign which the Norsemen planned but never brought off. He makes out a good case for this view, and a better one for his quarrel with an inconvenient date in *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*.

As for his main thesis, that the pagan Vikings judged conduct on an aesthetic rather than a moral basis, and that many of their doings were dictated by the desire to become the subject of a memorable saga, he defends it admirably. His chief exhibit for the defense is the ultimate Viking of the title, one Sweyn Asliefsson of

Orkney, who combined whimsical warfare with highly practical piracy, and stuck to the trade long after his countrymen had taken to building cathedrals and settling disputes over a quiet keg of ale.

Now it must be admitted that this lively, witty book is a somewhat specialized item. Readers who have no taste for uproars and battles long ago, who disapprove of pyromania and are not enchanted by the mere mention of a sword-happy poet by the name of Egil Skallagrimsson, had better think twice before signing on for the cruise. The book is packed with strange footnotes to history, exquisite descriptions of northern landscape, spine-tingling translation from the sagas, savage comedy, and the fierce poetry of gales and battles, but it will not provide any useful cocktail party chitchat, while as a guide to political action it is worse than useless. Only romantics need apply themselves.

The campaign of 1928

A Catholic Runs for President (Ronald, \$3.50) is a rather desperate attempt to analyze the campaign of 1928, in which Al Smith was defeated by a combination of anti-Catholic prejudice, prohibitionist fervor, Southern suspicion of Tammany, social snobbery, and simple faith in the incumbent Republican Party, which was running Mr. Hoover and a business boom. The author, **Edmund A. Moore**, is chairman of the Department of History at the University of Connecticut. He has obviously worked hard to sort out the elements of this peculiar campaign and determine exactly what defeated Smith. It is a hopeless task, in the long run, for it is quite possible that no Democratic candidate could have won that particular election.

Although Mr. Moore is unable to find a final answer to his problem, he turns up some worthwhile data in his delvings. The libelous material that went through the mails unquestioned would raise an uproar today. The strength of the prohibitionist group, and the evangelical assurance with which they stated their cause, are awesome. A great number of Protestant ministers (although certainly not all of them) dove into the fray and exhorted their congregations to vote against Smith because he, as a Catholic, was assumed to be automatically oversusceptible to clerical influence — an unedifying spectacle from any

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point of view, and logically indefensible from their own. Much of the potential excitement of the affair is thrown away by Mr. Moore, who writes with excessive sobriety even for a scholar and refuses, out of a kindly desire not to reopen old wounds, to quote the more scurrilous undercover attacks on Smith. Being told that "this writer" has seen certain letters and pamphlets of outrageous import is not at all the same thing as reading a direct quotation, even when the quotation is bowdlerized.

Al Smith was an exceptional man, and his campaign for the Presidency was unique in our history. The subject is worth a bit of daring and enthusiasm. Mr. Moore doesn't provide either.

The irony of love

Bitter Honeymoon (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.50) is a collection of short stories by Alberto Moravia, who probably couldn't write anything undistinguished if he tried. Even when he condescends, as he does in "The Fall," to a standard horror story about a cat, the work takes on dimensions normally unknown to this type of chiller.

The other stories, written at intervals over a considerable period, are about love, or rather about situations between men and women which require some pretense of or attempt at love. A dour irony underlies all of them. Nothing is quite what Moravia's bemused heroes suppose it to be; or if they see a situation clearly, their vision comes after the opportunity to profit by it has passed. Love is represented as a melancholy joke on humanity, offering the irresistible bait of companionship which turns out, when it is swallowed, to be merely another form of isolation. For all the wealth of solid setting and intimate action in these stories, the protagonists are enclosed in little worlds of their own, like ice cubes, and Mr. Moravia uses them to illustrate various aspects of the modern preoccupation with the remoteness of individual being.

Lost paradise

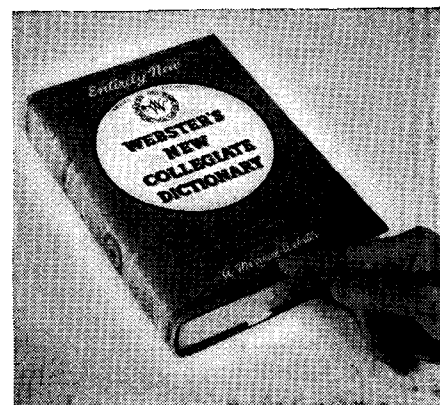
Beyond the Aegean (Vanguard, \$3.50), by the Greek author Ilias Venezis, is as far from the general run of contemporary fiction as the very different work of Nikos Kazantzakis, with whom he evidently shares a sweeping distaste for the restrictions

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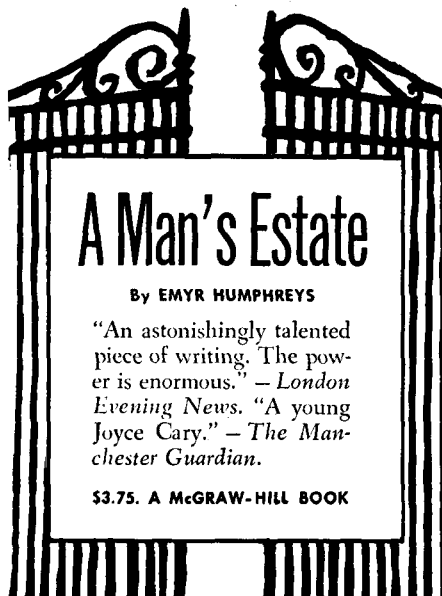
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imposed by physical or psychological naturalism. The book, ostensibly a reminiscence of the author's childhood, actually concerns a lost paradise.

The narrator describes his boyhood visits to his grandfather's farm, a holding hacked out of the Anatolian hills and just barely in sight of the sea, which is the boy's first love. The house is an enormous, semi-fortified establishment, crammed with peasant helpers, relatives, guests, random travelers, the boy's sisters, and the grandparents, who are the kindly god and goddess of this little world. Everything is seen through a golden mist, larger, more beautiful, more exciting than reality could ever be. Time stands still. The children are now six and now eleven, but their ideas and conduct are the same at both ages. The boy describes events of fifty years past as if he were present at them. A maniac in search of his little white-headed camel, a character straight out of legend, moves on the same level as the boy and his sister Artemis going about their games. Bandits and smugglers act out episodes that have the ring of antique folk tales while the children look on, and a young neighbor's English bride turns into a fairy princess and bewitches half the countryside. There is cruelty and violence in the story, but no meanness, and within the family there is complete love and understanding.

This magic world ends when somebody, for unimaginable reasons, shoots a mysterious creature called an archduke at a place named Sarajevo. First the grownups whisper about war, a word connected in the children's minds only with the annual campaign to keep jackals out of the crops, and then everything collapses in a swirl of murder, terror, and flight through the darkness down to the sea. All that is left of the farm on the mountain is a handkerchief full of dirt that grandfather stowed in his pocket on the run. "Our dreams and memories of the past rocked on the waves of the Aegean . . . Oh, land of my birth, Aeolia, my native land . . ."

Beyond the Aegean is not to be approached like normal prose. It is essentially poetic, and it employs the tactics of poetry—arbitrary emphasis, exaggeration, ellipsis—to compose a paean and a memorial to the lost Greek settlements of Anatolia. It is a lament for a golden age, and

on its own lyrical level a beautiful thing.

Arsenic and lemon-colored gloves

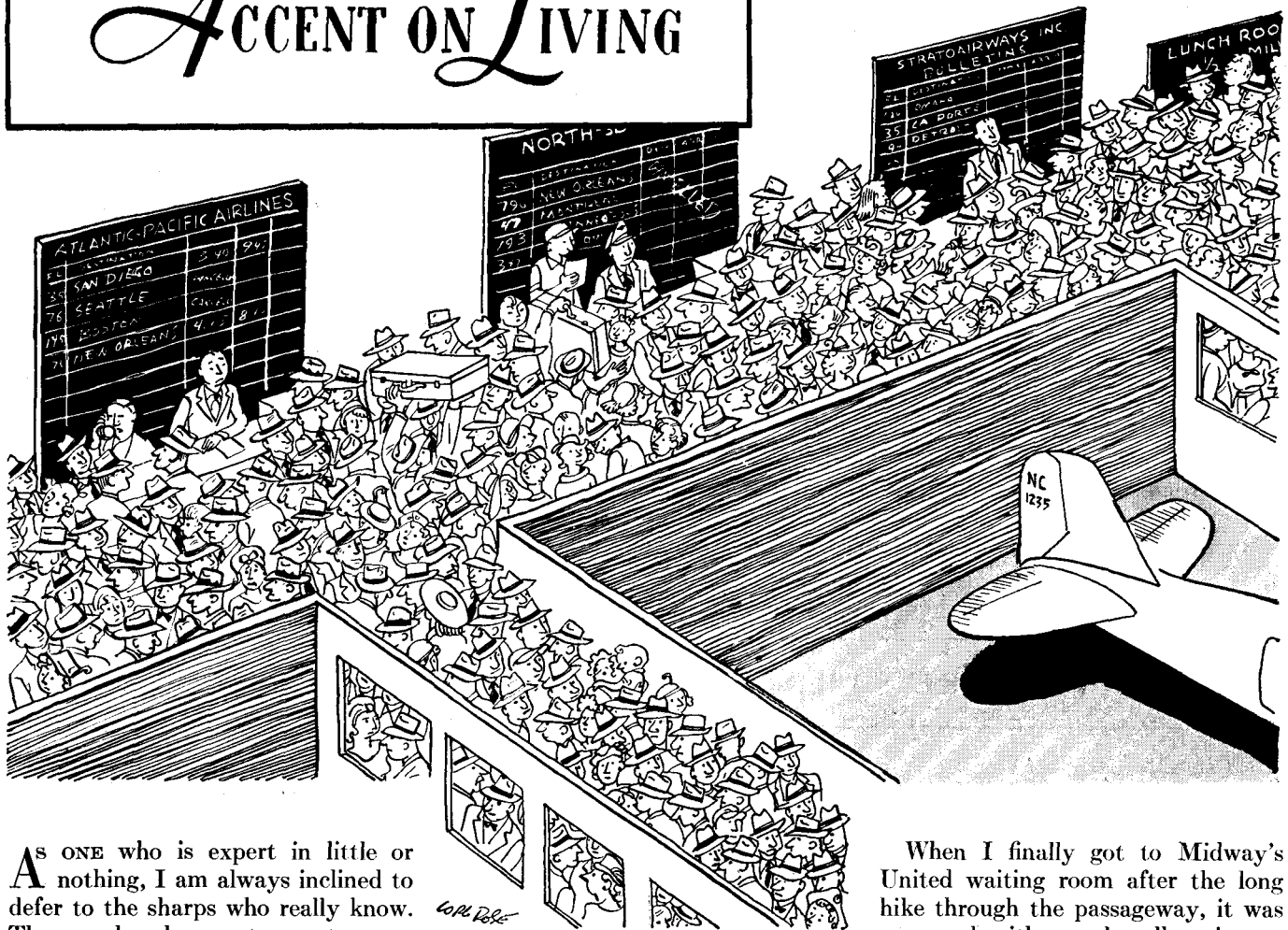
Charles Norman's *The Genteel Murderer* (Macmillan, \$3.75) is an unpretentious study of an early Victorian murder case, written with a light touch and a nice appreciation of the odder aspects of the affair. Thomas Griffiths Wainwright came of a successful publishing dynasty and, after a short experiment with the army, settled down in London as a sort of literary buck. He was a friend of Lamb, and his lemon-colored gloves were remarked by Byron. He wrote hideously whimsical pseudo-criticism of painting under the name of Janus Weathercock. He had expensive tastes, but his inheritance was merely income from securities in the hands of the Bank of England.

One thing led to another—forgery, to be exact—and the bank was parted from the securities. Wainwright was by now in possession of the family mansion, since the uncle who owned the place had died with convenient suddenness soon after his nephew moved in with him. He had also acquired a wife who brought him a mother and two sisters but no money at all. The securities couldn't last this expensive ménage very long.

It was a dreadful run of bad luck. In addition to his debts, poor Wainwright suffered the sudden death of his mother-in-law, and around Christmas time one of his wife's sisters was carried off, poor girl, by a strange illness caused, according to the doctor who attended her, by coming home from the theater with wet feet and eating oysters for supper. Nobody would have doubted this extraordinary diagnosis if the girl hadn't taken out a vast quantity of short-term life insurance hardly three months earlier. The insurance companies balked. Wainwright sued them. He also removed, hotfoot, to the Continent.

At this point, everything seems set for an orthodox account of English justice inevitably bringing the poisoner to book. Nothing of the sort happens, however, because it seems English justice was far from inevitable in those more casual days. What happened in the matter of Wainwright and the insurance companies is almost beyond belief, a gloriously absurd entanglement demonstrating that three murders are a bagatelle compared with the ultimate horror of swindling the Bank of England.

ACCENT ON LIVING



AS ONE who is expert in little or nothing, I am always inclined to defer to the sharps who really know. The people who create great enterprises and run them profitably must know a good deal more about what they are doing than I know.

I have no idea, for instance, why the Chicago Midway Airport is laid out the way it is, yet I am willing to believe that this was done by diligent, well-paid specialists who had excellent reasons for all that they did. The best brains of the airlines, high finance, and the government must have combined in establishing these reasons, and after spending a foggy afternoon at the Chicago Airport in the cubicle of United Airlines, I should like to hear about some of them.

There must be some good reason for locating the various airlines in a long strip, one after another, linked by a rather narrow passageway which seems to go on for miles and miles. Each airline, in this setup, has its own waiting room and luggage and ticket office. It's like a series of small shops, each selling distance; and if the waiting room hasn't enough seats, so that only a few of the customers can sit down while they are waiting,

I suppose the reasoning is that neither does the average bargain basement provide seats for the shoppers.

As for stringing out the airlines' quarters along the interminable passageway, it is easy to see that the passengers are simply being given a chance to do some walking and limber up when they change from one line to another. There is nothing like a quarter mile or so of two-way pedestrian traffic in a narrow corridor, especially if one happens to be carrying a bag or two, to get the kinks out.

For those who like to walk, this is a much better arrangement than a more centralized type of building, on several levels, with escalators, waiting rooms, restaurants, and other facilities brought more closely together. (The layout at La Guardia offers a different kind of walk, where the waiting rooms and ticket offices are merged with the passage itself, and the effect, if anything, is even more unusual than Chicago's.)

When I finally got to Midway's United waiting room after the long hike through the passageway, it was crammed with people, all trying to find out when various flights would arrive or depart. A hypercritical traveler might have said that the room was not ventilated, but I prefer to think that its designers had intended, rather, to protect the passengers from drafts. In this purpose, they had shielded one side of the room from the outer air by the passageway, which contained no air at all, while any currents from the flying field side were excluded simply by keeping the doors shut. There may have been a theory, also, that the outside air was malarial or full of noxious gases. But whatever the reason for sealing it off, the designers had succeeded most admirably.

The bulletin board was less readily understood, and I am still not quite sure what the reasons might have been for the way it was maintained. Throughout the afternoon, for instance, it continued to list my own flight as leaving on schedule at 1:20 P.M., although changes in several others were made from time to time: at three o'clock the bulletin board held that

another flight, leaving at 1:45, would be delayed until 2:15, an arrival expected at 12 noon would not make it until two, and so on. But no such uncertainties came up concerning my flight; it stood firmly as leaving on the dot at 1:20 until half past five, when I returned from a lively scrimmage at the telephone booths and found that the word "Canceled" had replaced the 1:20 P.M. item.

The big crowd and the curious condition of the bulletin board were occasioned, of course, by the fog, which shut down almost all arrivals and departures. But I never did learn the reason for continuing, right up to the end of the afternoon, to insist that the 1:20 P.M. flight would leave at 1:20, instead of offering some courtly euphemism about "substandard weather conditions" or "slight delay."

My guess would be that the bulletin board was being shrewdly managed by a master psychologist, who understood how to keep a crowd on its toes and how to prevent it from brooding about there being no place to sit down, no bar, no coffee bar, and that sort of thing. There was a restaurant, so I heard, a few miles down the passageway, if one cared to make the trek and risk missing the flight.

By six o'clock, I was still absorbed in trying to find out whether I was about to travel somewhere by plane or not. Queuing up for a chance to telephone ahead about the delays was diverting on several occasions, and if I got tired of standing, I could vary it by leaning, even though leaning space was almost as fully occupied as the seating. What finally drove me off was — and I blush to confess it — the need of something to eat.

"How would you like a fine steak in a cool, quiet restaurant?" I asked

my wife, who looked at me as if I had lost my wits. "Come with me," I said.

I retrieved the luggage and solved another peculiarity of the Midway Airport by getting a taxi. "Union Station," I whispered to the driver, once we were out of earshot of the air-minded.

The Union Station had several interesting features of its own, although, as I said, I am not an expert on such matters. The Fred Harvey steak was a great success. The Burlington delivered us on time the next morning, after a luxurious ride. The service was, I suppose, out of date — that is, it was polite and effective. In the Union Station there were seats in the waiting room. There was even a man with a dustpan who swept up a bit of trash here and there. (What won't they think of next?)

CHARLES W. MORTON

SEVENTH-REEL STRETCH

by MICHAEL JACKSON

MICHAEL JACKSON, who lives at Laguna Beach, California, where he is engaged in newspaper work, is one of our more recent contributors.

MOVIE producers are blaming bad business on television. Instead of beefing, producers should steal TV's stuff. When TV puts on a baseball game, Dizzy Dean and Buddy Blattner supply an engrossing stream of sidelights and statistics. Dizzy tells the viewer that the pitcher is thirty-three years old, won fourteen, lost ten last year, and was born in Pistol Creek, Arkansas. Buddy Blattner advises kids to watch the way the hitter stands up there at the plate, nice and loose. They make any ball game interesting.

Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons could do the same thing for movies. Even the best pictures have scenes that are dull but necessary. Hedda and Louella could use these spots to inject narration. I am certain that their combined salaries would be less than a symphony orchestra's. What movie fan would not love to see Marlon Brando, Marilyn Monroe, and Humphrey Bogart costarred in a film narrated by Hedda and Louella? Who would not prefer their voices to a musical score?

In opening shot, as Marlon moves down slum street, Louella could give us just the facts we are dying to know: "Marlon broke in at the Actors Studio. He had 547 T-shirts ripped off during run of *A Streetcar Named Desire*. He has gone steady nine times, been engaged twice, never married. He reads classical books. Plays the bongo drums, won't give autographs.



Studio won't let him ride motorcycle during production. Looks like he's going to say something to Marilyn, standing there on the corner. Well, fans, this is starting out like a real good movie. Nothing beats getting out to the old neighborhood theater with a bag of popcorn, does it, Hedda?"

"Nothing in the world, Lolly," Hedda agrees. "Now all you teen-

agers, watch the way Marlon moves in on Marilyn, real close but not too fast. Notice the way he keeps his feet spread wide apart in case she repulses him. He'd be ready to move to the right or left. Good luck to all you youngsters who hope to be movie stars yourselves someday."

During dialogue, Hedda and Louella are quiet, of course. But there will be plenty of opportunities for them to liven things with fascinating facts. They can also make sure that the fan is missing none of the fine points of the plot. Long shots of speeding trains or mountain vistas will provide interludes when Louella and Hedda can recapitulate and analyze.

"Well, fans, here we are in the fifth reel. Things don't look good for Marlon and Marilyn. She believes that he is tied up with the gangsters and Marlon can't tell her the truth, that he is putting his mother through Beauty Shoppe College. Marilyn doesn't realize yet that Humphrey Bogart is a gangster while pretending to be a manufacturer."

"That's right," says Hedda. "But the picture is never over till the last reel, Lolly. Don't forget that. Last week, John Wayne was surrounded by 243 bloodthirsty Apaches in the seventh reel, and the cavalry was

twenty miles away. But John triumphed in the end.

"Remember that, you teen-agers. A picture is never over till the lights go on."

When Bogart inspects his revolver, Louella is on the sound track to inform us, "Bogey fired fifteen revolvers



in eight movies. He has been a gangster seven times and a detective twice. He was killed in the last reel of *The Petrified Forest*, in which he played a writer. Bogey loves books and will read any classic. He has been married three times, has one child, sails his own yacht. He has been thrown out of El Morocco and the Stork Club and was told to be quiet at the Mocambo. He has never been thrown out of Ciro's. This gives Bogey a lifetime average of .250."

All scenes of Marilyn Monroe in motion will present opportunities for Hedda to point out, "Marilyn is a switch walker. She is good going away or approaching, and is equally dangerous with cleavage or derriere. Marilyn will average 37-23-37 season in, season out. Under her new contract, she will make \$400,000 for four pictures. She loves to cook and is thoroughly unspoiled."

As the film approaches its climax, Louella and Hedda can make sure that the fan has everything straight and is prepared for the final big scenes. "Trouble is due to pop real soon," Louella lets us know. "Bogey has told Marlon to meet him at the deserted factory, but it is just a trap. Marilyn will wait outside in Bogey's Rolls-Royce. Today many stars drive fast foreign cars, among them Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, and Tony Curtis. Bogey wears a toupee."

"That's right, Lolly," Hedda chimes in. "And, teen-agers, don't wear a toupee unless you are bald. It will only give you a high pompadour."

The big fight scene will have spots into which can be injected odd bits of

pertinent information. "This is a marvelous melee. Bogart has won eight movie fights, lost seven. Marlon has never been defeated. Clark Gable has been victorious over Indians, gangsters, Japs, and Germans, but lost to the English navy in *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Errol Flynn has defeated everyone, including the Pakistani. Gary Cooper has walked down most deserted streets to shoot it out with horse thieves. Roy Rogers' horse, Trigger, holds most wins for a horse. Lassie still has a long way to go to match the win records of Rin Tin Tin and Strongheart."

Final fade-outs are proper times for résumés. While Marlon and Marilyn embrace, Hedda and Louella can give us the vital statistics. "Well, that's it, folks. Looked bad back there in the seventh reel, but everything turned out fine. This movie used seventeen sets, employed 975 extras, twenty-two bit players, five character actors, and four supporting players. Brando had most lines, with 143. Marilyn had most close-ups with eighteen, and most changes of costume with nine. Bogart had most scenes, forty-five. There were no fluffs."

"Well, Louella and I will be back next week, bringing you the play by play of another exciting movie. Remember, fans, movies are your best form of entertainment. But don't forget the amateurs in your own home town. Go see your local players, too. They are the stars of tomorrow. Good luck to all you teen-agers."

"Next week's line-up includes Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, and Burt Lancaster. Ava Gardner has been married to Artie Shaw, Mickey Rooney, and Frank Sinatra. Burt Lancaster was once a circus acrobat. Stewart Granger has killed more ele-



phants in Technicolor than any other English actor, and is said to be at his best in this new triumph. We'll be seeing you."



THE TURTLE

For My Grandson

by WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Not because of his eyes,
the eyes of a bird,
but because he is beaked,
birdlike, to do an injury,
has the turtle attracted you.
He is your only pet.

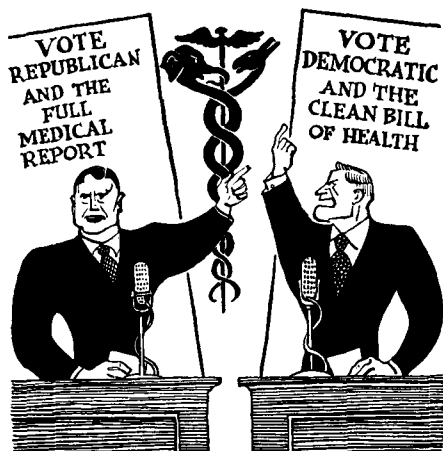
When we are together
you talk of nothing else
ascribing all sorts
of murderous motives
to his least action.
You ask me
to write a poem,
should I have poems to write,
about a turtle.

The turtle lives in the mud
but is not mud-like,
you can tell it by his eyes
which are clear.

When he shall escape
his present confinement
he will stride about the world
destroying all
with his sharp beak.
Whatever opposes him
in the streets of the city
shall go down.
Cars will be overturned.
And upon his back
shall ride,
to his conquests,
my Lord,
you!

You shall be master!
In the beginning
there was a great tortoise
who supported the world.
Upon him
all ultimately
rests.

Without him
nothing will stand.
He is all wise
and can outrun the hare.
In the night
his eyes carry him
to unknown places.
He is your friend.



ELECT THE HEALTHIEST!

by JAMES NELSON

JAMES NELSON left editorial work in New York to become a full-time free lance. He lives in California, and his book *The Trouble with Gumballs* is being published by Simon and Schuster.

IN THE 1968 presidential election, as a result of the three previous campaigns and their sequelae, the major parties acknowledged only one overwhelming issue: health.

The Democrats, eager to steal a march, fired the first big gun several months before their convention. They released a survey made for them by Impartial Research, Inc., which showed that during the past eight years — four Democratic, four Republican — 23.5 per cent more Republicans than Democrats died in elective office. The survey, coming on the heels of Republican ex-President Garrison's announcement of his availability, was obviously timed to catch the Grand Old Party off balance. And it did.

The following Monday, however, Garrison made the first major Republican rebuttal. In a friendly, informal television talk, he declared that not only was his own health sound, but so was the party's. He then produced an elaborate series of colored charts which purported to demolish the Democratic survey — first by demonstrating bias in the sample, and then by pointing out that the Democratic study took no account of the Accident versus Death from Natural Causes factor. More than half the Republicans dying in office, Garrison declared, were struck down not by disease but by moving vehicles — of which, he added, 61 per cent were driven by Democrats!

Bold though the speech was, two

weeks later Garrison reached into the ring and withdrew his hat. At first this tended to confirm rumors that Garrison had prepared his charts with more enthusiasm than research.

The aging Alsops were not the first to point out the hollowness of this explanation. Easily a dozen Washington columnists carried the exclusive story that Garrison's recent physical had turned up a mild anemia. It then remained for the venerable Reston, in the *Times*, to bring to light the fact that Garrison, during the four preceding Democratic years, had suffered increasingly from nagging backache as well as from pain and distress of upset stomach.

One week later, gleeful that the popular ex-President had been forced out of the race, the Democrats convened at Chicago. There they selected Frank Dolliver Guptill to head their 1968 slate. Although Guptill, up to the time of the convention, had served only as a minor functionary, addressing envelopes, licking stamps, and the like, it was not hard, as more became known, to see why he was selected. Even the Southern Democrats, who had come to Chicago fearful that civil rights might once again split the party, found it easy to rally round a clear-eyed candidate whose blood pressure was 130 over 80, and who neither smoked nor drank.

The nonsmoking angle was getting a big play in Democratic propaganda at the time the Republican convention opened, particularly because Washington B. McDonald, the leading Republican contender since Garrison's withdrawal, had a long history of cigarette addiction, as well as a tennis elbow. Thus it was no surprise when the party solons by-passed McDonald and selected Vaughan Hardwick Timmons, Jr., as their candidate. Timmons, a vigorous stripling of thirty-eight, had never had a major illness in his life.

Timmons vs. Guptill. Guptill vs. Timmons. Even Drew Pearson would predict no more than a record vote.

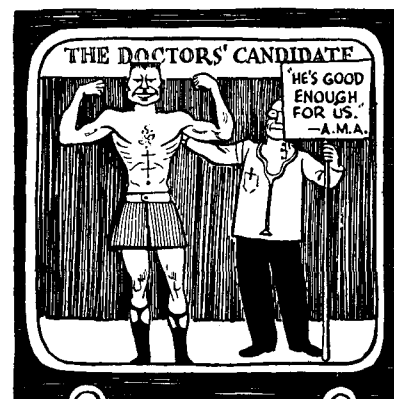
Five days before the election the Democrats, who had three hundred private detectives on the job, came up with the information that Timmons had undergone major surgery late in 1967 and that the Republican high command had deliberately concealed the fact.

This was the break the Republicans had been waiting for. Jubilantly they replied that the appendectomy had not been occasioned by abdominal

pains or by a high white-count; on the contrary, Timmons had *voluntarily* elected to have it, as a purely prophylactic measure. Unlike Guptill, whose appendix was still firmly (and dangerously, the Republicans hinted) attached to his caecum, Timmons was now in a position to "better serve his country without loss of work time due to emergency surgery."

Furthermore, said the Republicans, who had been employing a few detectives of their own, why didn't Democratic candidate Guptill salt his food? Was he on a low-salt diet? A *salt-free* diet? The nation deserved to know.

This was a telling blow, and Guptill took to the air waves to answer it. Three nights before the election, in a simple, moving speech, Guptill reviewed his medical history: Born, normal delivery. Measles at age 4, mumps at age 8, chickenpox and tonsillitis (nonrecurrent) at age 10. Minor orthodontia at age 12 to correct an overbite. Broke nose at age 14 playing touch football; set properly, septum undeviated. Greenstick fracture of the upper arm just before the eighteenth birthday, also while playing football. Inoculated at various times for smallpox, diphtheria, yellow fever, polio, hay fever. As for his abstinence from salt, it was not ominous. No one in his family — purely as a matter of preference and



not for medical reasons — had ever used much salt.

The humble tone of Guptill's address left many a TV viewer dabbing at his eyes. The political columnists, furthermore, agreed that the Republican attack on Guptill's salt habits, far from weakening his position, had actually strengthened it.

Time was short, and the shaken Republicans grasped at straws. Chairman Alston Benedict assembled a panel of noted allergists for a half hour on TV which ended with the doctors in unanimous agreement that

Guptill's hay fever shots were worthless. An ironic note is provided by the fact that, because Benedict and his confreres were so busy trying to build Guptill's two fractures into an abnormal interest in sports (portending excessive absence from the White House to participate), they entirely overlooked the fact that Guptill had never been inoculated for tetanus.

The day before the election, Republican Timmons came down with a bad case of laryngitis and a cold. In his windup television address that night, it was obvious he was merely mouthing words that were being read by someone else.

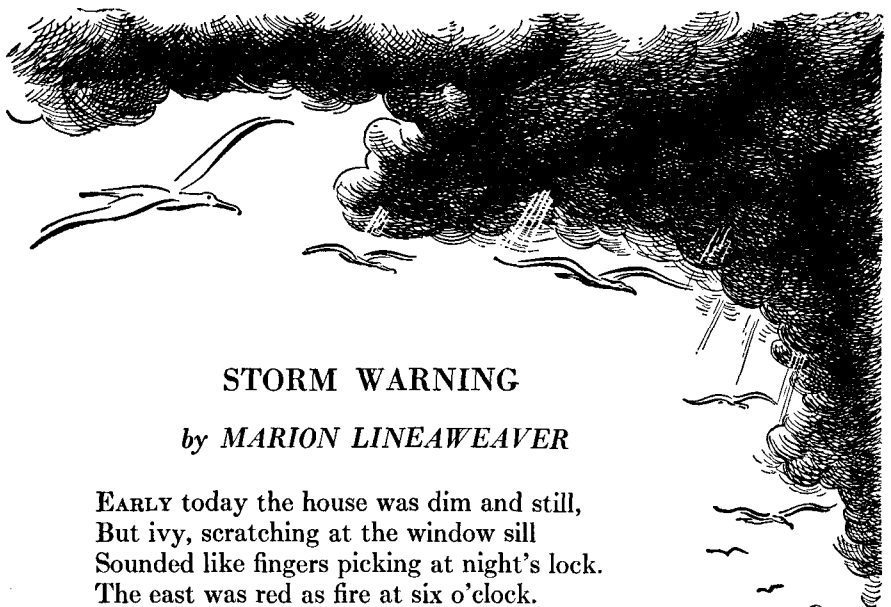
Guptill, on the other hand, kept gaining momentum to the last. On his final 10-10:30 TV stint election eve, as a clincher, he introduced a diversified group of twelve of the nation's foremost medical specialists, and then proceeded to strip to his underwear shorts for the first complete physical in TV history.

Fourth-estate pundits who watched both broadcasts, including the rather startling barium fluoroscopy with which Guptill closed his appeal, no longer hesitated. Guptill, they predicted in stories for the morning editions, was in.

They had not reckoned with the power of television. At exactly 10:31, while Guptill was still buttoning his shirt, a cascade of glockenspiels announced the widely viewed Million-Dollar Quiz. Some twelve minutes later, an untidy 65-year-old farmer from Drawstring, Arkansas, whose name was Alfred Higgins and whose category was bootlegging, came up for his \$250,000 question. During the customary pre-question pleasantries, the master of ceremonies asked Higgins, facetiously, how he would stack up, were he running against Timmons and Guptill in the morrow's election.

"Well, I ain't no spring chicken," Higgins replied candidly, "and I got a leaky valve in the old pump, but I'll tell you this, young feller: if I was President, I'd sure-by-gum support all crops at 110 per cent of parity! And double that there minimum wage!"

Needless to say, Higgins, thanks to the Twenty-fifth (write-in vote) Amendment, became the nation's thirty-ninth President. He served until December 28, 1971, on which day he died of acute alcoholism, thereby leaving the 1972 election as wide open as any ever had been in the history of these United States.



STORM WARNING

by MARION LINEAWEAVER

EARLY today the house was dim and still,
But ivy, scratching at the window sill
Sounded like fingers picking at night's lock.
The east was red as fire at six o'clock.

All morning long the rusty windmill turned
In a discordant, burning breeze that churned
The iron swell of the sea to a tatter of foam,
And shook like rags the small craft sailing home.

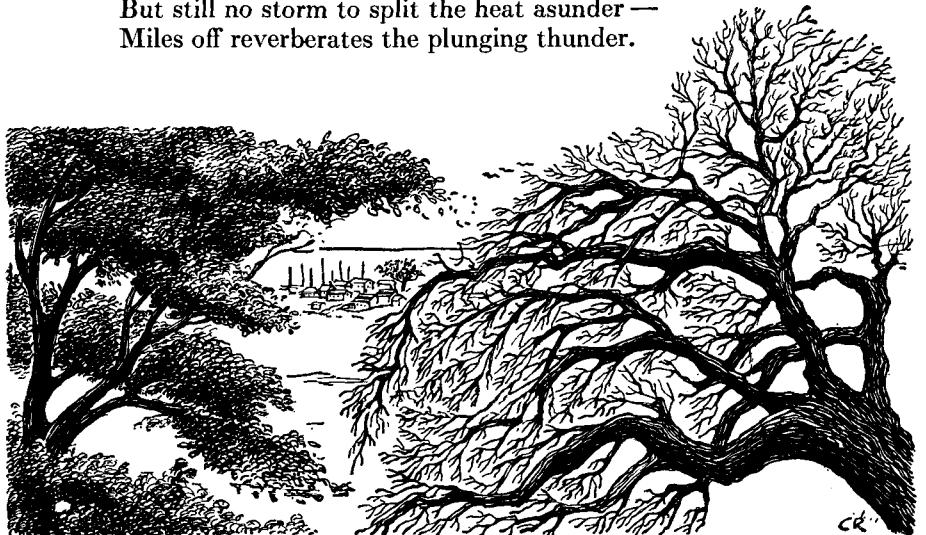
The boats are moored now, battened down, bone-white
As cut-out paper in the ashen light
That yet reflects a shadowless, hot glare.
A dog's bark, far away, blunts in the air.

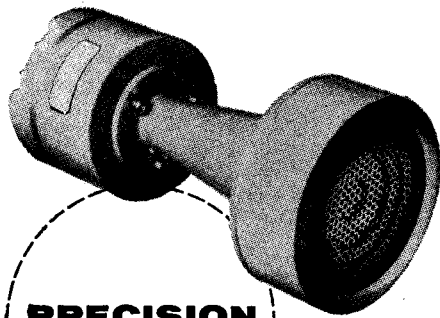
The cattle brood, hour on oppressive hour,
Munching dry grass; milk in the pail stands sour,
And leaves turn inside out, pale as they spin.
The shrilling cricket's plaint is vexed and thin.

The pallid sun, metallic as the moon,
Stares with a jaundiced eye at afternoon,
While mackerel gulls, with swirling wings and wet,
Cascade across the sky in silhouette,

Whirling inland, scattering and screaming
Like banshees, born of a vindictive dreaming.
They warn of that voluminous, huddled crest
Of clouds that smoulder in the low southwest.

A paltry spit of rain pockmarks the sand,
A prong of lightning spears the arid land,
But still no storm to split the heat asunder —
Miles off reverberates the plunging thunder.





PRECISION

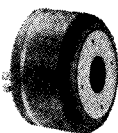
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RECORD REVIEWS

by JOHN M. CONLY

Bartók: Mikrokosmos (Two versions. Vol. 1: Edith Farnadi, piano; Westminster XWN-18182: 12". Complete: Georgy Sandor, piano; Columbia SL-229: three 12"). Bela Bartók began composing the 153 piano studies that comprise *Mikrokosmos* when his son Peter, hardly out of infancy, first showed signs of musical talent. Peter developed at variance with the implied aim, becoming a noted sound-engineer rather than a pianist, and *Mikrokosmos* outgrew its initial scope, becoming a sort of guidebook to twentieth-century musical construction. Like Bach's *Inventions* and the *Art of the Fugue*, it has musical content that quite outshines its instructive utility; it is fascinating to listen to. It is a little more fascinating as played by Miss Farnadi, unabashedly grown-up, than as played by Mr. Sandor, who makes it sound like exercises. Both are abetted by excellent piano reproduction.

Bartók: Complete Piano Music, Vols. 1-4 (Andor Foldes, piano; Decca DL-9801/9804: four 12"). How many volumes this series will run to I do not know; there may be only one more to come. The works are assembled according to length and convenience rather than chronology. Foldes, a friend of Bartók's, is a leading interpreter of his piano works; his playing here is absolutely easy, unaffected and convincing, though conceivably there could be deeper intellectual penetration. The recording (by Deutsche Grammophon) is good also. It is hard to carp at so grand an undertaking, but hard too not to find imperfections in it; they are bound to be present. I will settle by saying that they are outweighed by the unity and integrity of the performance.

Beethoven: Sonatas No. 21, "Waldstein," and No. 30 (Byron Janis, piano; RCA Victor LM-1978: 12"). This is the second "Waldstein" in three months to come from a very young pianist and take rank at once with the very best; the other

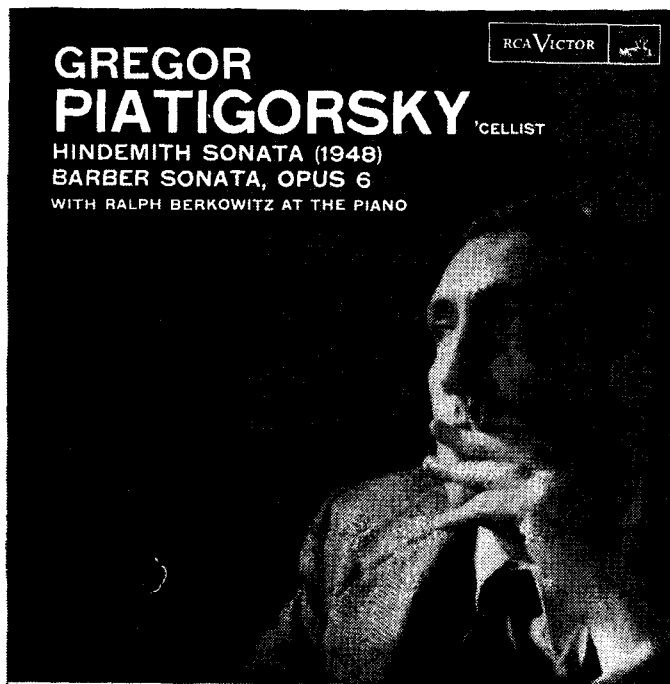
was by Jacob Lateiner for Westminster. I can best describe the difference between them by saying that though I enjoy the Janis, I can cut it off at will; whereas if I start the Lateiner, the suspenseful continuity keeps me with it to the end. Of the otherworldly Opus 109, I should put the Janis version just behind that of Myra Hess (and he is better than she in the finale).

Mahler: Des Knaben Wunderhorn (Felix Prohaska conducting Alfred Poell, Lorna Sydney, and Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Vanguard VRS-478: 12"). Through variable groove-spacing, Vanguard has managed to get old VRS-412/3, two disks, on this single with no loss of fidelity, and equalized to the RIAA curve. RIAA curve or no, Miss Sydney's pretty mezzo still wobbles, but Dr. Poell and Mahler's mighty singing brasses sound great.

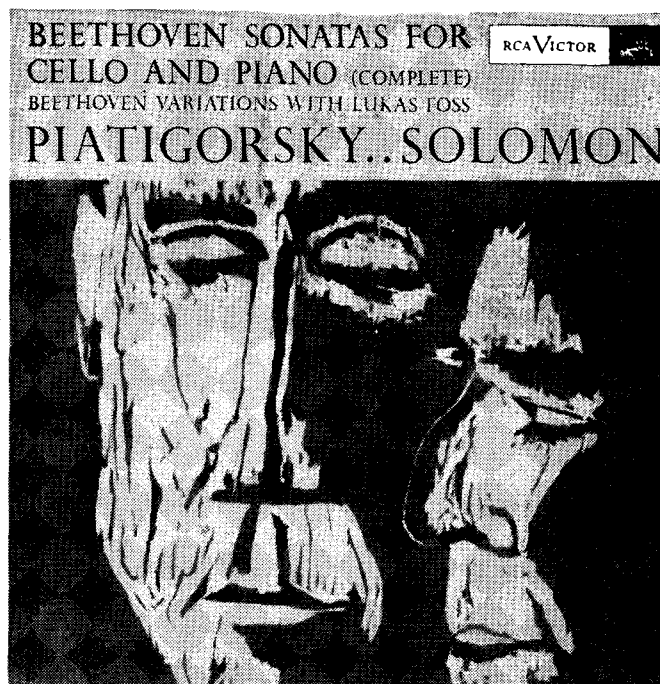
Mendelssohn: Concerto in E Minor with Mozart: Concerto No. 4 in D (David Oistrakh, violin; Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML-5085: 12"). Playing practically into the microphone, Oistrakh pours such a richness of tone into these two works that their dancing spirits are well-nigh drowned, along with the sound of the Philadelphians. My favorite performance of the Mendelssohn remains that by Francescatti, and of the Mozart that by Grumiaux.

Mendelssohn: Incidental Music to A Midsummer Night's Dream (Sir Adrian Boult conducting Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra; Westminster W-Lab-7308: 12"). The only other complete version I know of is the aging Decca by Frisay, which cannot compare sonically with the new Westminster Laboratory Series recording. Boult and the disguised London Philharmonic have a very good time indeed with this, and so will their listeners.

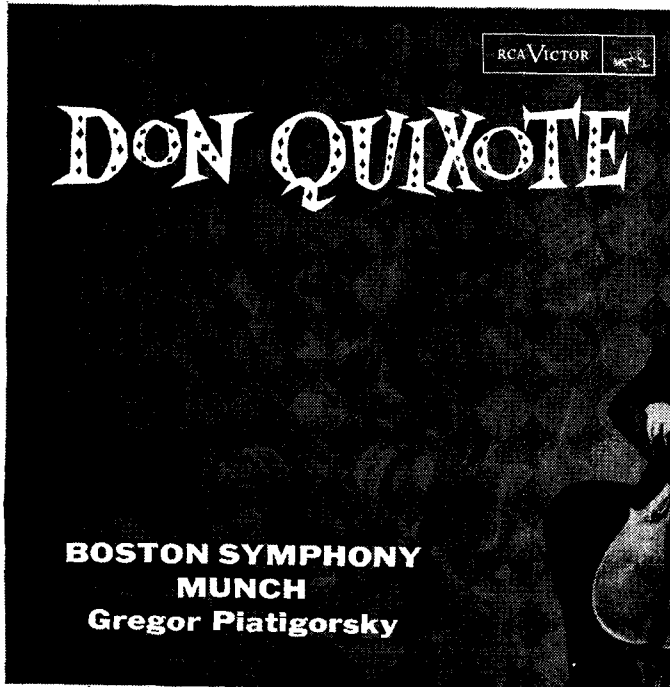
Orff: Catulli Carmina; Trionfo di Afrodite (Eugen Jochum conducting soloists, Bavarian State Radio Chorus and Orchestra; Decca DL-9824 and DL-9826: two separate 12").



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With this pair Decca completes the recording of the trilogy *Trionfi*, begun with *Carmina Burana*, which is deservedly the hit piece of the three — much more varied, vital, and tuneful than the other two. Of these, *Trionfo di Afrodite*, a sort of neo-classic charivari, to verses of Sappho, Euripides, and Catullus, is the livelier. Its companion piece is all to Catullus's poems, and deals with low fidelity in the Kinseyan sense of the term. There is another version of *Catulli Carmina* on a Vox disk, neither better nor worse than the Decca. Jochem and his singers perform these works enthusiastically, and the engineering is exemplary.

Poulenc: Concerto for Organ, Strings, and Timpani with Hanson: Concerto for Organ, Strings, and Harp (Richard Elsasser, organ; Arthur Winograd conducting Hamburg Philharmonia Orchestra; MGM E-3361: 12"). An older recording by E. Power Biggs of Poulenc's organ concerto was something of a sonic marvel in its day; this one could have been if the Hamburg organ used were not rather ugly in tone. Never mind: the concerto still is a marvel — comprehensible from the first note onward, dramatic and leanly beautiful. The Hanson work, smaller scaled, is a fine companion piece, frankly Romantic and honestly unpretentious.

Scarlatti Orchestra (Thomas Schippers conducting Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples; Angel 35335: 12"). This handsomely recorded, completely charming mélange of eighteenth-century music includes Vivaldi's Sinfonia "The Holy Sepulchre" and Concerto for Orchestra in C Major, Francesco Durante's Concertos for Strings No. 1 and No. 5, and Antonio Salieri's Overture to *Azur, Re d'Ormus*. All are delightful, particularly the Vivaldi concerto (edited necessarily by Alfredo Casella; some of the original instruments are extinct), with its piquant combinations of strings plucked and bowed. Young Mr. Schippers, from these shores, appears to know and love the music, and certainly the orchestra does.

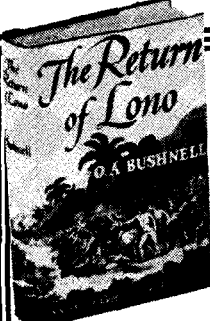
Stravinsky: Apollon Musagète; Rénard (Ernest Ansermet conducting Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London LL-1401: 12"). The delicately lovely ballet suite, *Apollo and the Muses*, is purveyed in beautiful performance and some of the most transparent recorded sound I know of. The *Rénard*, except sonically, is a waste of time for anyone who doesn't

speak French, since no translation is furnished.

Surinach: Doppio Concertino with Chavez: Sonatina and Revueltas: Three Pieces for Violin and Piano (Anahid Ajemian, violin; Maro Ajemian, piano; Carlos Surinach conducting MGM Chamber Orchestra; MGM E-3180: 12"). Surinach's concertino, commissioned by the Ajemian sisters, is brightly Spanish but far more than merely atmospheric. Chavez's early sonatina is somewhat purposefully Mexican but good and granitic. The Revueltas works impressed me most: flashing wit and sharpness; music that Charles Ives might have written had he been a Mexican instead of a New Englander. Performances and sound are excellent.

Tchaikovsky: Concerto No. 1 (Julius Katchen, piano; Pierino Gamba conducting London Symphony Orchestra; London LL-1423: 12"). London brags in boldface on the jacket of this recording, and justifiably, about its sonic fidelity. It is superb, making it a pity that the London Symphony isn't the world's smoothest orchestra. Young Mr. Katchen is his usual (or unusual) flashing self, and teen-aged Mr. Gamba drives the whole works along at a grand rolling pace. One of the very best versions, beyond a doubt.

Loesser: The Most Happy Fella (Two versions. Complete, with all dialogue: Columbia O3L-240: three 12". Excerpts: Columbia OL-5118: 12". Robert Weede, Jo Sullivan, and others of the Broadway cast, Herbert Greene conducting). Trying a complete recording of a Broadway musical was the idea of Goddard Lieberson, president of Columbia Records, and I think it was a good one. I rather wish he had started with *My Fair Lady*, but I'll settle for Loesser's adaptation of Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted*. It's a very mild, gentled-down adaptation, but it held my interest. Robert Weede is fine as the genial cuckolded husband of a mail-order wife; in fact, everyone is fine, and so is the sound. The main criticism I can find to make is that Loesser has here written a folk-opera, and he isn't quite as good at folk-operas as he is at Runyonesque musical comedies. How many Gershwins can we expect in a half-century? The short form, so to speak, of TMHF is a typical "original cast" selection, and sounds trivial after the complete version. How about *My Fair Lady*, Mr. Lieberson?



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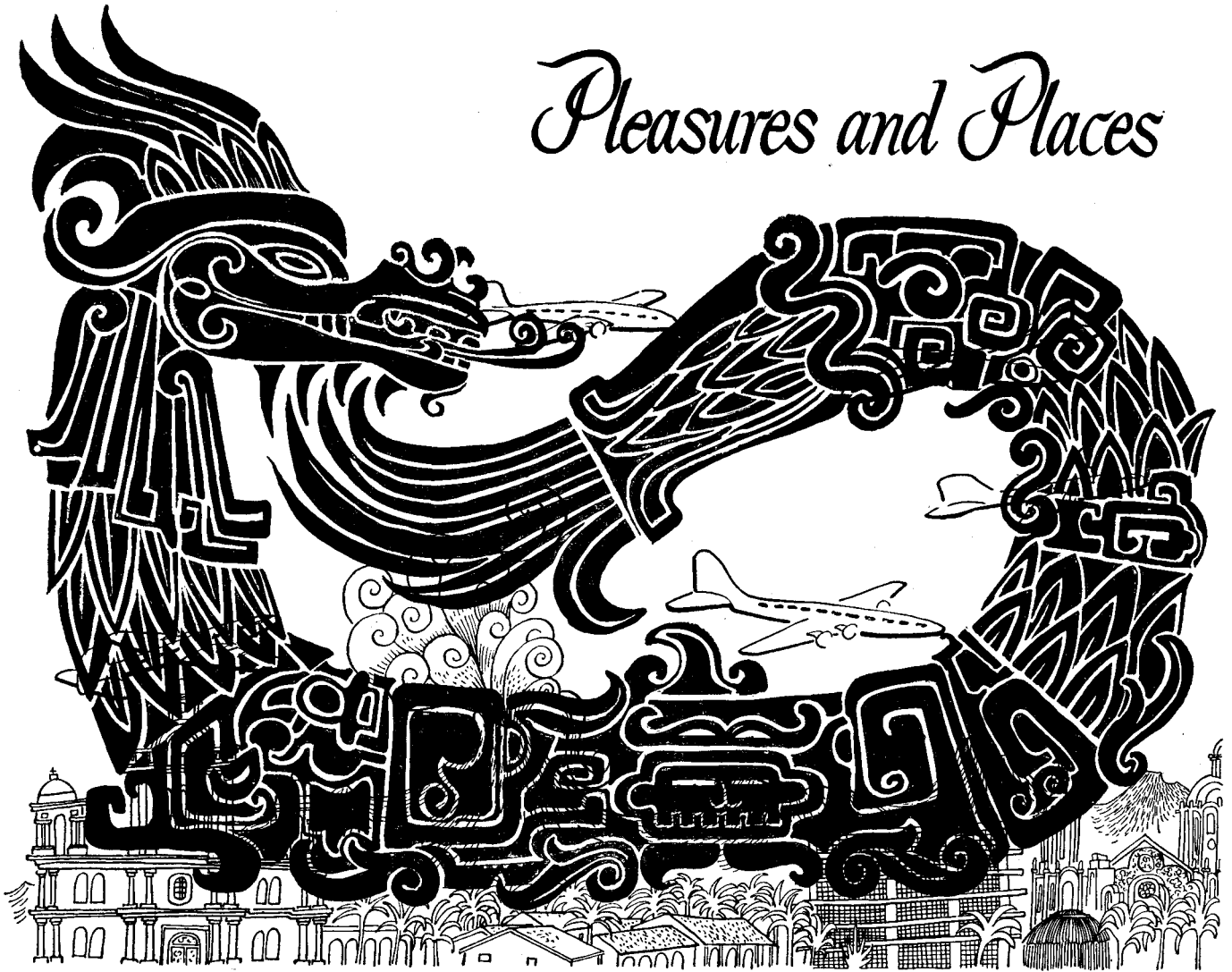
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Pleasures and Places



MEXICO. II

MEXICO with its many isolated half-concealed pockets of culture — Indian, Spanish, and mestizo — remains almost unknown to the traveler. It is not, like Europe, neatly mapped and plotted tourist ground. Nor is it, essentially, a country of highlights, of tourist attractions. What lies behind and inside the flamboyant geography must be searched out at leisure.

There are two regions, each a grouping of three or four states, each centered on two or three characterful towns, with good roads and good rail service; and these regions contain concentrations of all the country's essential elements, as well as excellent accommodations and facilities for recreation. The first is the western region made up of the states of Jalisco, Nayarit, Michoacán, and Colima, with Guadalajara and Morelia as principal bases. The second is the

long crescent-shaped Gulf-to-Isthmus region east and south of Mexico City, consisting of the states of Puebla, Veracruz, and Oaxaca, with the towns of the same names as focal points.

Each of these areas could be effectively surveyed in a week by air, air service being frequent in both; or each could easily fill a month or more of intense exploration. They are strongly contrasted, and together they contain the whole spectrum of Mexico's color and design. If more time is available, Chiapas and Yucatán should be added to enrich the mixture; both are made readily accessible by air in spite of their remoteness.

The National Museum

The National Museum of Popular Arts and Crafts in Mexico City is much more than a museum. It is the artificial, but warm and effective,

heart of Mexico. It contains, in the small shell of a graceful old church, samplings of the best of the native crafts of Mexico: the baskets of Lerma, the glass of Guadalajara, pottery from Puebla and Guerrero, lacquer from Olinala.

For the shopper, certainly, the Museum is a rare opportunity, both as a source of the best and as a guide to it. Its influence extends to three regional museums in Tlaquepaque, Uruapan, and Chiapas de Corzo, and beyond them to a number of workshops and a great many individual craftsmen to whom it supplies money, tools, materials, advice, and an outlet. In six years this nonprofit museum and shop has perhaps made the difference between life and death for the native crafts, counteracting the corrosive bad taste of Mexican and foreign shoppers.

The traveler who looks closely and asks questions (the saleswomen are intelligent and helpful) will find it a true guide; for where the craftsmen

are, there too, almost always, are the interesting markets, the best-preserved traditions, the most spirited fiestas, the most characterful towns,



and often, perhaps coincidentally, some of the most important of the archaeological sites. Some of the best modern work does, in fact, derive from the oldest artifacts; the old techniques and designs are still in use in hundreds of Indian villages.

The Museum, then, confirms the choice of regions, suggesting primarily the vitality and integrity of Michoacán and Oaxaca, the two most significant states. It guides one first to the dense colonial-Indian complex of Jalisco, Nayarit, Michoacán, and Colima.

Jalisco

The beginning is the 1½-hour flight from Mexico City to Guadalajara, the capital of Jalisco. If one travels by road, the 425 miles are as satisfying a slice of Mexico as one will find: the huge market of Toluca, the thousand peaks above the high plateau, the forested mountains of Michoacán, and then down to the bronze and green hills around Lake Chapala, which is larger than all the northern Italian lakes together.

Guadalajara is a big, comfortable town, colonial and modern, with great green squares around the cathedral, and many fine craftsmen and small shops. It also has good hotels, a golf course, some good restaurants, and other conveniences. In workers' housing projects, supermarkets, and in new buildings of steel and glass, here is one version of the new Mexico. But the significance of Guadalajara for the traveler lies in its strategic location as a base: it is the most important road, air, and rail center in the west, the center of this rich travel region. It leads to the following important cities and states.

Nayarit

A one-hour flight from Guadalajara is Tepic, capital of Nayarit. This is a small colonial-provincial city, graced with arcades around the plaza and alive with birds, strolling musicians, and tropical flowers. To its Sunday market come the mountain people, Cora and Huichol Indians in colorful dress, sometimes bringing some of their fine textiles to sell. These are some of the rarest preconquest styles.

Northeast of Tepic, in the Sierra de los Huicholes, the hunter will find a great abundance of game. Pack-horse trips can be arranged through the hotels — there are three presentable ones — or with the advice of airline officials. Equipment can be rented, but the serious hunter will do well to bring his own guns; the prohibition against importation of arms has been lifted in the past two years.

North of Tepic is the well-paved side road leading through luxuriant jungle to San Blas, full of thatched huts and tall palms and with inns of real character — like the Posada del Bucanero — much to be preferred, all along the Pacific coast, to the more modern hotels.

Along Nayarit's 300 miles of undeveloped coast there are little-known tropical beach villages like Los Corchos; small offshore islands; and well out at sea, the fascinating group of larger islands called Las Tres Marias, where there are superb beaches and fishing, completely unspoiled — a good destination for a sport-fishing excursion out of San Blas or Puerto Vallarta. Twin-screw cabin cruisers, sleeping four, with crew and equipment cost \$4 an hour maximum, or \$50 a 24-hour day. During October and November and again in the spring, important fishing tournaments are held successively at Manzanillo, La Paz, and Guaymas; quick air connections make it possible to compete in all of them. There are equivalents at the Gulf sport-fishing centers of Tampico and Veracruz.

Nayarit has its fairs and fiestas in attractive towns like Acaponeta (February 2); Compostela, on the new all-weather road from Tepic to Puerto Vallarta (December 1-8); San Blas (January 30-February 3); and Tepic (July 25).

Michoacán

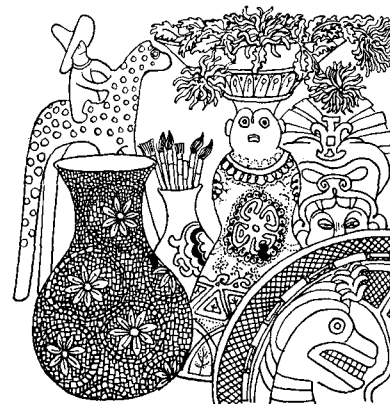
A short flight (or 225 miles of unsurpassed scenic highway) from Guadalajara is Morelia, the loveliest and most integral of the colonial cities,

located in a green valley at 6200 feet. This is a countryside of lakes, waterfalls, and great fertile valleys between forested mountains; it is one of the two or three richest regions for the popular arts and the center of the highly developed civilization of the Tarascos, a proud and intelligent people still very much alive. This is the old Mexico: the remains of huge haciendas; Indians plowing with oxen; donkey trains on their way to market. Morelia is well preserved, a town in which to stroll, to pore over baroque details of old palaces, mansions, churches, and patios with carved stone columns. It is a city of high culture and energy, good music and food, and an interesting market and state museum. A fine hotel here, called the Virrey de Mendoza, was once a magnificent colonial mansion.

All around Morelia are easy drives to delightful villages such as Cuitzeo and Yuriria and their lakes, located along the short way to beautiful Guanajuato. Close by, in complete contrast, is the Indian life: fishermen on Lake Pátzcuaro, the lacquer craftsmen, and the Friday market in Pátzcuaro.

The state is known for its serapes and rebozos, lacquer, pottery, and copper; these things do not often travel beyond the Pátzcuaro market. See the potters of Patamba and Tzintzuntzan (site of the ruins of the Tarascan capital) and the woodworkers of Paracho. Pátzcuaro, in the Tarascan language, means the Place of Delight. Here Indians come to the market along cobbled hilly streets; women talk at the old wells, water jars balanced on their heads.

A fifteen-minute drive to El Estribo provides a long view of the town, lake, valley, and mountains. All around the lake and its islands are delightful primitive villages, each with its own handcraft. Hotels will arrange for boats to tour its thirteen-



mile length. See Janitzio, Iguatzio (a fiesta with dances on October 4), Jaracuaro, Erongaricuaro and its Sunday market, and the dancers of Cucu Chuchu; then, on two- or three-hour drives, Santa Clara del Cobre (coppersmiths), Tacámbaro, Tupataro, and Juancito (pottery).

Uruapan, in the heart of wooded mountains, is a place to stop and stay. Accommodations are excellent. The natives' famous lacquer work has degenerated, as has that of Quiroga, but in the Museum of Popular Arts are examples of what it can be at its best.

In Michoacán, the National Museum of Popular Arts has begun two significant experiments: at Pátzcuaro, in an old convent, a school-workshop where young painters and sculptors can work at and learn from the old crafts; at Tzintzuntzan, a new open-air market in a plaza, with craft



wares only of the best, to encourage local craftsmen to create their purest work.

This is an area noted for the spirit and fantasy of its folk dances. There are important fiestas in Tzintzuntzan in the week before Lent, and in Pátzcuaro from December 8 to 11, when the market is especially good. The Indians bring ritual and ceremonial objects for sale, which remain pure even in those areas where other craft products have become commercialized. The Fiesta for the Day of the Dead (November 2) is especially moving on the island of Janitzio. Morelia holds a fiesta on September 30 and a carnival from February 13 to 18; Uruapan has two regional fiestas, September 29 and October 4.

The fishing in the lakes and streams of Michoacán, as in many other parts of Mexico, is worth noting: trout in the rapids and pools below the lovely Tzaráracua Falls near Uruapan and in the Las Rosas,

Puruato, and Santa Catarina Dams; black bass near Villa Jiménez; other good lake fishing on Pátzcuaro, Zira-huén, Zacapu, and Tizapanito, all accessible by good roads. Closed season on trout is November through February; on lake fish, July through August 15. (See the Pemex booklet, *Fishing in Mexico*.)

Colima and the sea

This small final segment of the Jalisco-Nayarit-Michoacán-Colima region is luxuriantly beautiful and the least visited. The city of Colima, a gay, languid, sixteenth-century colonial town, is a place of gardens and palm groves and guitars, where vendors sell the refreshing milk straight from the coconut, and where one glimpses the high peaks—one of snow, the other fire—of two huge volcanoes.

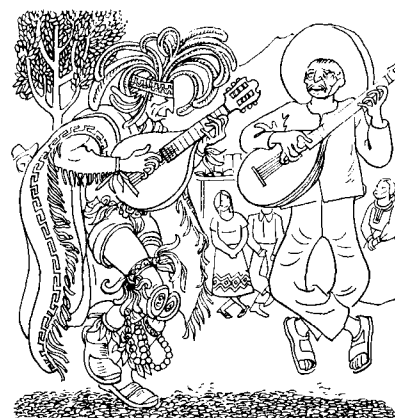
It is an hour by plane from Guadalajara, but much better is the unforgettable daylong journey by train that continues on to Manzanillo and the sea. Colima makes a good base for explorations of this part of the coast, and a new airline, Aeorlineas Mexicanas, makes possible some original and highly rewarding itineraries, flying from the beautiful Zihuatanejo, which is above Acapulco, up through Colima, Uruapan, Morelia, and Guadalajara. An interesting sidetrack can be made by linking this service with that of the Lagosa line, which flies from Oaxaca to Pochutla and then up through a series of small towns as far as Acapulco. Still another extension can be added by way of the small line called Lausa, which flies another off-track route from near the west coast to Mexico City and then on, with interesting stops in the interior, as far as Tampico on the Gulf.

If the Jalisco-Nayarit-Michoacán-Colima quadrangle is rich, the Puebla-Veracruz-Oaxaca triangle is richer still. These three main cities together with their environs offer as full a cross section of the wonders of Mexico as the one- or two-week visitor might hope for. Puebla, Veracruz, and Oaxaca should also be the choice of visitors who have a full month to spend in Mexico but want to explore only one region.

Veracruz

The port of Veracruz is gay, spiced, sensuous, slow, and easy; there is the exotic mood of the Caribbean in it. Behind the grand boulevards of the

harbor front are winding streets worth exploring if only for the wonderful small restaurants. Here, as in Puebla



and Oaxaca, one eats very well indeed.

No city of Mexico offers more captivating excursions on good roads in all directions: the road along the ocean to Papantla, where the fiesta with the flying pole dancers on Corpus Christi lasts ten days; the road to the Tuxtlas in the mountains, where there is good hunting; the road or railroad down to the musical fishing village of Alvarado, to the ruins of Tres Zapotes, and to beautiful Lake Catemaco; and everywhere the fragrance of flowers and orange groves. Take the bus and cable car from Orizaba through marvelous country to the Indian village of Tuxpango.

Puebla

The road to Puebla from Veracruz leads past haciendas and hill villages through charming old Jalapa (they call it the Mexican Athens), its steep narrow streets overhung with balconies. The city of Puebla is more sedate, more solid, producing its excellent pottery, eating well such dishes as *mole poblano*, *chalupitas*, *tinga*, and *muéganos*. It is one of the hand-somest colonial towns, with a sweeping view of the four great volcanoes, a marvelous cathedral, a large market, and good hotels.

From here it is a short trip to the state of Tlaxcala, where there are fine wool textiles from the mountain villages. See the markets of San Martín and Huejotzingo, where the most spectacular carnival in Mexico is staged; visit Santa Ana for serapes, Amozoc for toys, and Acatlán for pottery. Look for the rare preconquest styles of textiles from the mountain interior of Puebla in the markets of Huachinango (Saturday) and Acaxochitlán (Sunday), especially the closed cape called the *quechquemill*.

Throughout Puebla and Veracruz the roads are many and good, the distances short.

Oaxaca

In another direction is another world altogether. Take the mail boat



from Alvarado up the broad and busy Papaloapan River to Tlacotalpan and Tuxtepec in Oaxaca, past sugar and banana plantations and many atmospheric old towns like Cosama-loapan. There are comfortable hotels in Tlacotalpan and Alvarado. Follow the river to the completely new city of Ciudad Aleman, the heart of the Papaloapan Basin Project which is Mexico's TVA. The city has a good hotel and makes a convenient base for exploration.

The state of Oaxaca is the heart of the traveler's Mexico. It is incomparable in the way in which it combines a vigorous and varied Indian life with colonial grace and serenity; and it offers some of the best craft products, markets, fiestas, and archaeological sites. The city itself is unique in its close integration of the Indian and white cultures.

Not far away, in the three linked valleys of Oaxaca, are the craft villages: Quiotepec, Ocotlán, and Atzompa, which make pottery; and Teotitlán, a community of weavers. In Oaxaca itself are the shops of the town weavers, like Cervantes and Aldifredd. The hotels are very comfortable, especially the inns like Los Molinos and the Posada del Ray, where the food is good.

Come to Oaxaca in the week before Christmas, a time of great public festivity, or in mid-July to see the dancers and costumes from all over the state at the huge fiesta Lunes del Cerro.

Fiestas

With barely a glance at the tourist,

the explosive Mexicans every year stage about 1200 large and small fairs and fiestas. In and among these the *Charrería*, the recklessly exciting competitions of the elegantly dressed horsemen called *charros*, are the most neglected by travelers. This is the true national sport. Throughout the year, but especially on September 29, one sees them all over Mexico; the best are in Jalisco. For color and daring they rank with the bullfights.

Seek out the exuberant celebrations of Juchitán and Tehuantepec on the Isthmus, especially in May, August, September, October, and January. The carnivals of Veracruz, Mérida, Tampico, and Mazatlán are the most exciting; but perhaps that of Las Casas, with its many primitive Indians, is the most interesting. (See the excellent free 142-page guidebook of the National Travel Office, *Calendario de Fiestas en Mexico*.)

Shopping, crafts, markets

The native markets of Mexico are widespread; to sample them all would take months. The shop of the National Museum of Popular Arts is a godsend for the short-run traveler. The fixed prices here are about 25 per cent higher than at the source, but in the markets the foreigner will be asked about double the real price; unless he knows how to bargain, he will pay a penalty of more than 25 per cent. There are other advantages: there are no "seconds" to be wary of, or materials whose colors will run. And the Museum does a competent job of packing and shipping, something unknown in the markets.

But since there is nothing like the act of discovery, here are some other sources worth exploring. Begin with the larger regional markets like those of Toluca (see the Museum of Popular Arts there, too), Oaxaca, Pátzcuaro, Mérida, Texcoco, Las Casas, Puebla, Querétaro, Celaya, Guanajuato, Uruapan, Iguala, Culiacán, and Tepic, and work out from these to the village markets and to the craft villages themselves. All through the Toluca Valley, for example, there are groups of craft villages accessible by car.

Through certain specialty shops like that of Richard Hecht (Imperial) in Guadalajara, and Cervantes in Mexico City and Oaxaca, it is still possible to gather a collection of pre-Columbian sculpture at very little cost, of a kind that has not been seen since the findings in Greece and Italy one hundred years ago.

Cooking

There is one place in the capital, a kind of culinary equivalent of the Museum of Popular Arts, that will serve as a guide to good eating in Mexico. It is an inn-like establishment at Liverpool 166 called Fonda El Refugio, known to the true connoisseurs of Mexico City and not to many others. Most of its recipes date from the eighteenth century. About \$1.50 to \$2 will ensure anyone his fill.

Other towns known for their cuisine are Puebla, Oaxaca, Veracruz, Morelia, Tampico, and Mérida. Mexican food is *not* all chili and pepper; with that prejudice set aside, one can eat well. The beer, bread, soups, seafood, and coffee are often superb.

Costs

Inflation over the last two years has more or less negated the traveler's gain through devaluation of the peso. But prices measured in dollars remain very low, especially outside the capital. The smaller, and much more pleasurable, west coast places like Puerto Vallarta still cost about \$4 a day, American plan. A Coke costs — basically — 2½ cents, a bottle of beer 8 cents, and a good meal less than a dollar, a good hotel room \$2 (single), a fine embroidered blouse \$3, gold filigree earrings \$4. The cost of handcrafts is unbelievably low.

A plane ticket in a circle from Mexico City, stopping at Oaxaca, Itepec, Tapachula, Tuxtla Gutiérrez, Minatitlán, and Veracruz, costs only about \$45 (air fares are approximately 40 per cent lower than in the U.S.).



But on the luxury level, where special (and completely unnecessary) catering is done for Americans — "You'd never know you were in Mexico" seems to be the slogan — costs are not much different from those in the United States.

MITCHELL GOODMAN

PLEASURES AND PLACES



Versailles

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